SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1890. No. 6.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

By Henry M. Stanley.

Basket-work Pot of the Avi Navaya.

NO one knows what is asked when I am called upon suddenly, and without previous warning, to sit down promptly and write quickly an article on the subject of my recent explorations in quest of Emin Pasha, for so important a periodical as SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Such a task demands leisure and careful thought, without which it would not be possible to convey even the baldest outline of my adventures. Apart from this, it is no slight undertaking to endeavor successfully to condense, within the compass of a magazine article, a readable and interesting epitome of nearly three long years of toil, of anxiety, and of cruel suffering. This demand comes upon me, too, at a time when every minute, from early morning till late at night, is fully occupied; when my heart and brain are alike centred in writing a full and faithful record of all that has befallen me and those under my charge.

Under these circumstances I think I cannot do better than begin with an extract from a prefatory letter to Sir William Mackinnon, which will appear in my forthcoming work, and which, as it touches upon many of the most important episodes, will not, I trust, fail to be of great interest to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE: —

I regret that I was not able to accomplish all that I burned to do when I set out from England, in January, 1887; but the total collapse of the Government of Equatoria thrust upon us the duty of conveying in hammocks so many aged and sick people, and protecting so many helpless, feeble folks, that we became transformed from a small fighting column of tried men into a mere hospital corps, to whom active adventure was denied. The Governor was half-blind and possessed much luggage; Casati was weakly and had to be carried, and ninety per cent. of their followers were, soon after starting, scarcely able to travel from age, disease, weakness, or infancy. Without sacrificing our sacred charge, to assist which was the object of the expedition, we could neither deviate to the right nor to the left from the most direct road to the sea.

You, who throughout your long and varied life have steadfastly believed in the Christian's God, and before men have professed your devout thankfulness for many mercies vouchsafed to you, will better understand than many others the feelings which animate me when I find myself back in civilization, uninjured in life or health, after passing through so many stormy and distressful periods. Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help, I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was

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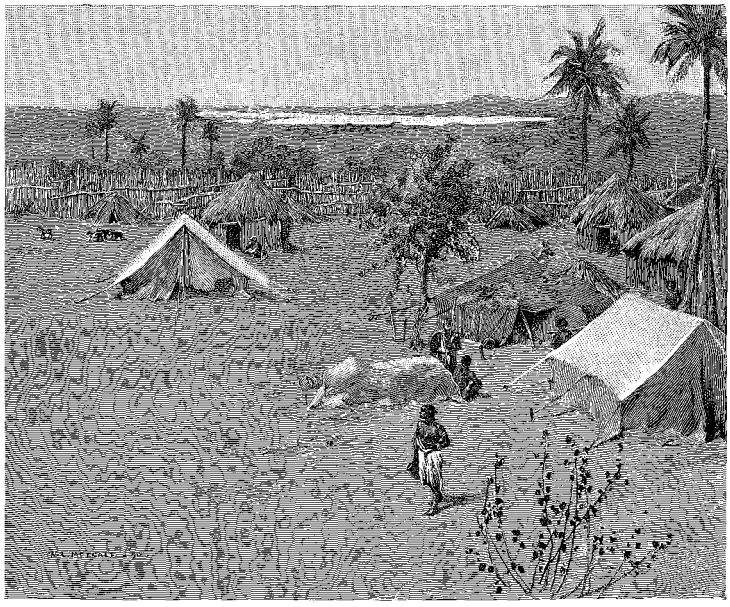
midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson-flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column.



A Stockaded Camp.
(From a photograph.)

Again we had emerged into the open country, out of the forest, after such experiences as, in the collective annals of African travels, there is no parallel. We were approaching the region wherein our ideal Governor was reported to be beleaguered. All that we heard from such natives as our scouts caught prepared us for desperate encounters with multitudes, of whose numbers or qualities none could inform us intelligently; and when the population of Undesuma swarmed in myriads on the hills, and the valleys seemed alive with warriors, it really seemed to us, in our dense ignorance of their character and power, that these were of those who hemmed in the Pasha to the west. If he with 4,000 appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before, I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of those brave words, or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard, "Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee, he will not fail thee nor forsake thee." When on the next day Mazamboni commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp; whereas, the evening before, we exclaimed in bitterness, on seeing four of our men fly before one native, "And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha."

And yet again. Between the confluence of the Ihuru and the Dui Rivers in December, 1888, one hundred and fifty of the best and strongest of our men had been despatched to forage for food. They had been absent for many days more than they ought to have been, and in the meantime 130 men, besides boys and women, were starving. They were supported each day with a cup of warm thin broth, made of buttermilk and water, to keep death away as long as possible. When the provisions were so reduced that there were only sufficient for 13 men for ten days, even of the thin broth, with four tiny biscuits each per day, it became necessary for me to hunt up the missing men. They might, being without a leader, have been reckless, and been besieged by an overwhelming force of vicious dwarfs. My following consisted of 66 men, a few women and children, who, more active than the others, had assisted the thin fluid with the berries

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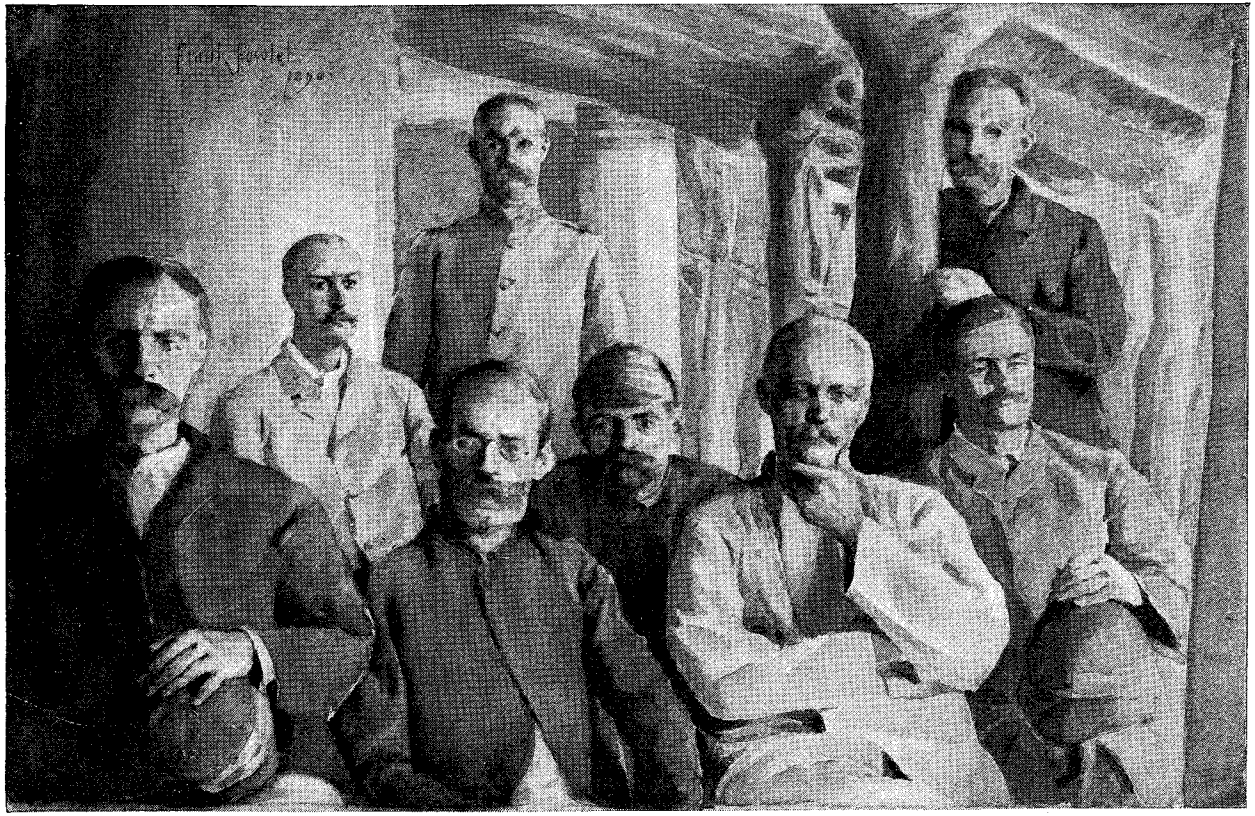

Stairs. Nelson. Casati. Emin. Jephson. Stanley. Bonny. Parke.

Stanley, Emin, Casati, and Officers of the Expedition.
(From a photograph taken at Urambiro.)

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of the phrynium and amomum, and such fungi as could be discovered in damp places, and therefore were possessed of some little strength, though the poor fellows were terribly emaciated; 51 men, besides boys and women, were so prostrated with debility and disease that they would be hopelessly gone if within a few hours food did not arrive. My white comrade and 13 men were assured of sufficient for ten days to protract the struggle against painful death. We, who were bound for the search, possessed nothing; we could feed on berries until we should arrive at a plantation. As we travelled that afternoon we passed several dead bodies in various stages of decay, and the sight of doomed, dying, and dead produced on my nerves such a feeling of weakness that I was well-nigh overcome.

Every soul in that camp was paralyzed with sadness and suffering. Despair had made them all dumb. Not a sound was heard to disturb the deathly brooding. It was a mercy to me that I heard no murmur of reproach, no sigh of rebuke. I felt the horror of the silence of the forest, and thought intensely. Sleep was impossible. My thoughts dwelt on the recurring disobediences, which caused so much misery and anxiety. Stiff-necked, rebellious, incorrigible human nature, ever showing its animalism and brutishness! Let the wretches be forever accursed! Their utter thoughtlessness and oblivious natures, and continual breach of promises, kill more men and cause more anxiety than the poison of the dart, or barbs and points of the arrows. If I meet them, I will — but before the resolve was uttered, flashed to my memory the dead men on the road, the doomed in the camp, and the starving with me, and the thought that those 150 men were lost in the remorseless woods beyond recovery, or surrounded by savages without hope of escape. Then do you wonder that the natural hardness of the heart was softened, and that I again consigned my care to Him who could alone assist us?

The next morning, within half an hour of the start, we met the foragers, safe, sound, robust, loaded, bearing four tons of plantains. You can imagine what cries of joy these wild children of nature uttered; you can imagine how they flung themselves upon the fruit, and kindled the fires to roast and boil and bake, and how, after they were all filled, we strode back to the camp to rejoice those unfortunates with Mr. Bonny.

As I mentally review the many grim episodes, and reflect on the marvellously narrow escapes from utter destruction to which we have been subjected during our various journeys to and fro through that immense and gloomy extent of primeval woods, I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of His own, preserved us. All the armies and armaments of Europe could not have lent us any aid in the dire extremity in which we found ourselves in that camp between the Dui and Ihuru; an army of explorers could not have traced our course to the scene of the last struggle had we fallen; for deep, deep as utter oblivion had we been surely buried under the humus of the trackless wilds.

It is in this humble and grateful spirit that I commence this record of the progress of the expedition, from its inception by you to the date when, at our feet, the Indian Ocean burst into view, pure and blue as heaven, when we might justly exclaim, "It is ended!"

. . . . . .

What the public ought to know, that have I written. . . . I write to you and to your friends, and for those who desire more light on darkest Africa, and for those who can feel an interest in what concerns humanity.

My creed has been, is, and will remain so, I hope, to act for the best, think the right thought, and speak the right word as well as a good motive will permit. When a mission is intrusted to me, and my conscience approves it as noble and right, and I give my promise to exert my best powers to fulfil this according to the letter and spirit, I carry with me a law that I am compelled to obey. If any associated with me prove to me by their manner and action that this law is equally incumbent on them, then I recognize my brothers. There-

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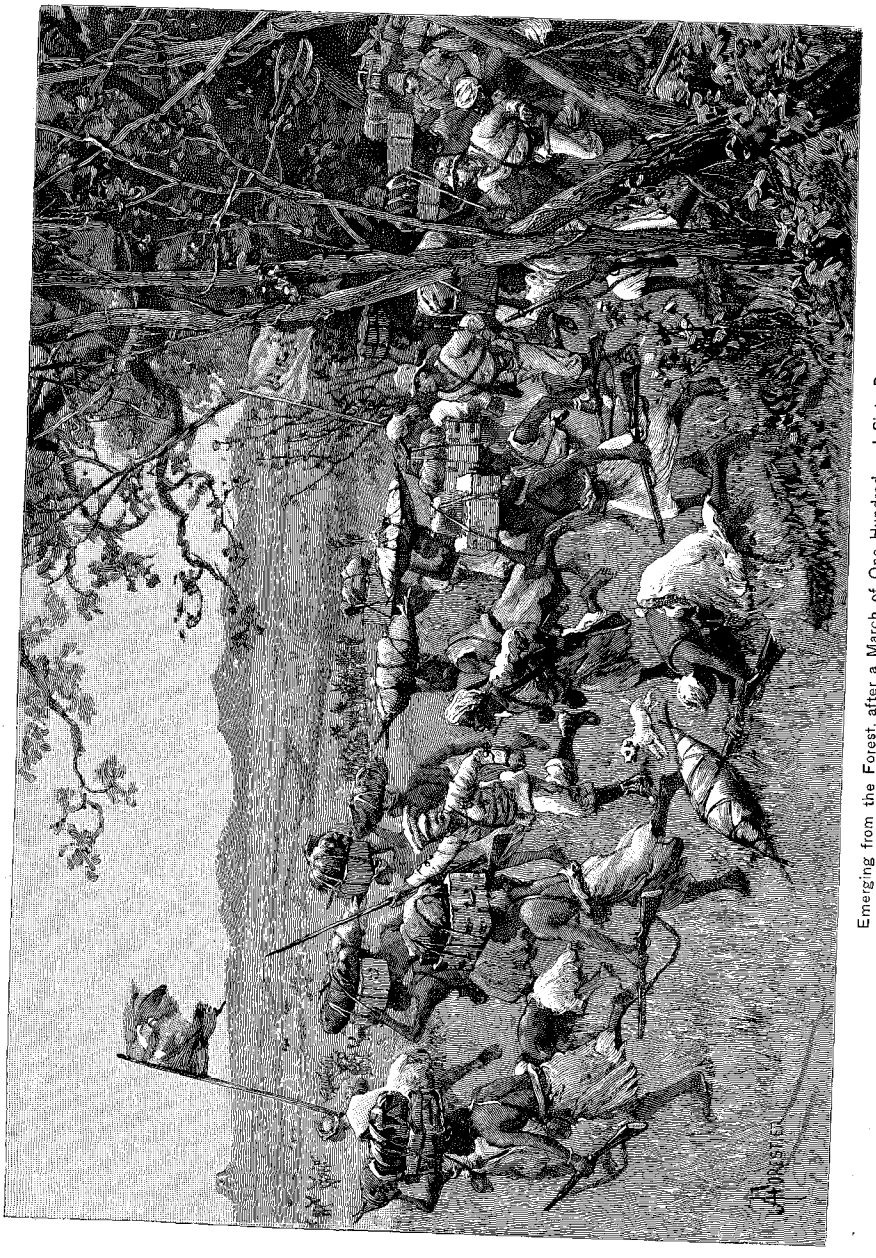

Emerging from the Forest, after a March of One Hundred and Sixty Days.

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fore, it is with unqualified delight that I acknowledge the priceless services of my friends Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, and Parke—four men whose devotion to their several duties was as perfect as human nature is capable of. As a man's epitaph can only be justly written when he lies in his sepulchre, so I vainly attempted to tell them during the journey how much I valued the ready and prompt obedience of Stairs; that earnestness for work which distinguished Jephson; the brave, soldierly qualities of Nelson; and the gentle, tender devotion paid by our doctor to his ailing patients. But now that the long wanderings are over, and they have bided and labored ungrudgingly throughout the long period, I feel that my words are poor indeed when I need them to express in full my lasting obligation to each of them.

Concerning those who have fallen, or who were turned back by illness or accident, I will admit, with pleasure, that while in my company every one seemed most capable of fulfilling the highest expectations formed of him. I never had a doubt of any of them until Mr. Bonny poured into my ears the dismal story of the rear column. While I possess positive proofs that both the Major and Mr. Jameson were inspired by loyalty, and burning with desire throughout those long months at Yambuya, I have endeavored to ascertain why they did not proceed as instructed by letter, or why Messrs. Ward, Troup, and Bonny did not suggest that to move little by little was preferable to rotting at Yambuya, which they were clearly in danger of doing, like the 100 dead followers. To this simple question there is no answer. The eight visits to Stanley Falls and Kasongo amount in the aggregate to 1,200 miles; their journals, log-books, letters, teem with proofs that every element of success was in and with them.

I cannot understand why the five officers, having means for moving, confessedly burning with the desire to move, and animated with the highest feelings, did not move on along our track, as directed, or why, believing I was alive, the officers sent my personal baggage down river, and reduced their chief to a state of destitution; or why they should send European tinned provisions and two dozen bottles of Madeira down river, when there were thirty-three men sick and hungry in camp; or why Mr. Bonny should allow his own rations to be sent down while he was present; or why Mr. Ward should be sent down river with a despatch, and an order be sent after him to prevent his return to the expedition. These are a few of the problems which puzzle me, and to which I have been unable to obtain satisfactory solutions. Had any other person informed me that such things had taken place, I should have doubted them; but I take my information solely from Major Barttelot's official despatch. The telegram which Mr. Ward conveyed to the sea requests instruction from the London committee; but the gentlemen in London reply, "We refer you to Mr. Stanley's letter of instructions." It becomes clear to everyone that there is a mystery for which I cannot conceive a rational solution; and therefore each reader of my narrative must think his own thoughts, but construe the whole charitably.

After the discovery of Mr. Bonny at Banalya I had frequent occasions to remark to him that his good-will and devotion were equal to that shown by the others, and as for bravery, I think he has as much as the bravest. With his performance of any appointed work I never had cause for dissatisfaction, and as he so admirably conducted himself, with such perfect and respectful obedience while with us from Banalya to the Indian Sea, the mystery of Yambuya life is deepened the more; for with 2,000 such soldiers as Bonny, under a competent leader, the entire Soudan could be subjugated, pacified, and governed.

What is herein related about Emin Pasha need not, I hope, be taken as derogating in the slightest from the high conception of our ideal. If the reality differs somewhat from it, no fault can be attributed to him. While his people were faithful, he was equal to the ideal; when his soldiers revolted, his usefulness as a governor ceased; just as the cabinet-maker with his tools may turn out finished wood-work, but without them can do nothing. If the pasha was

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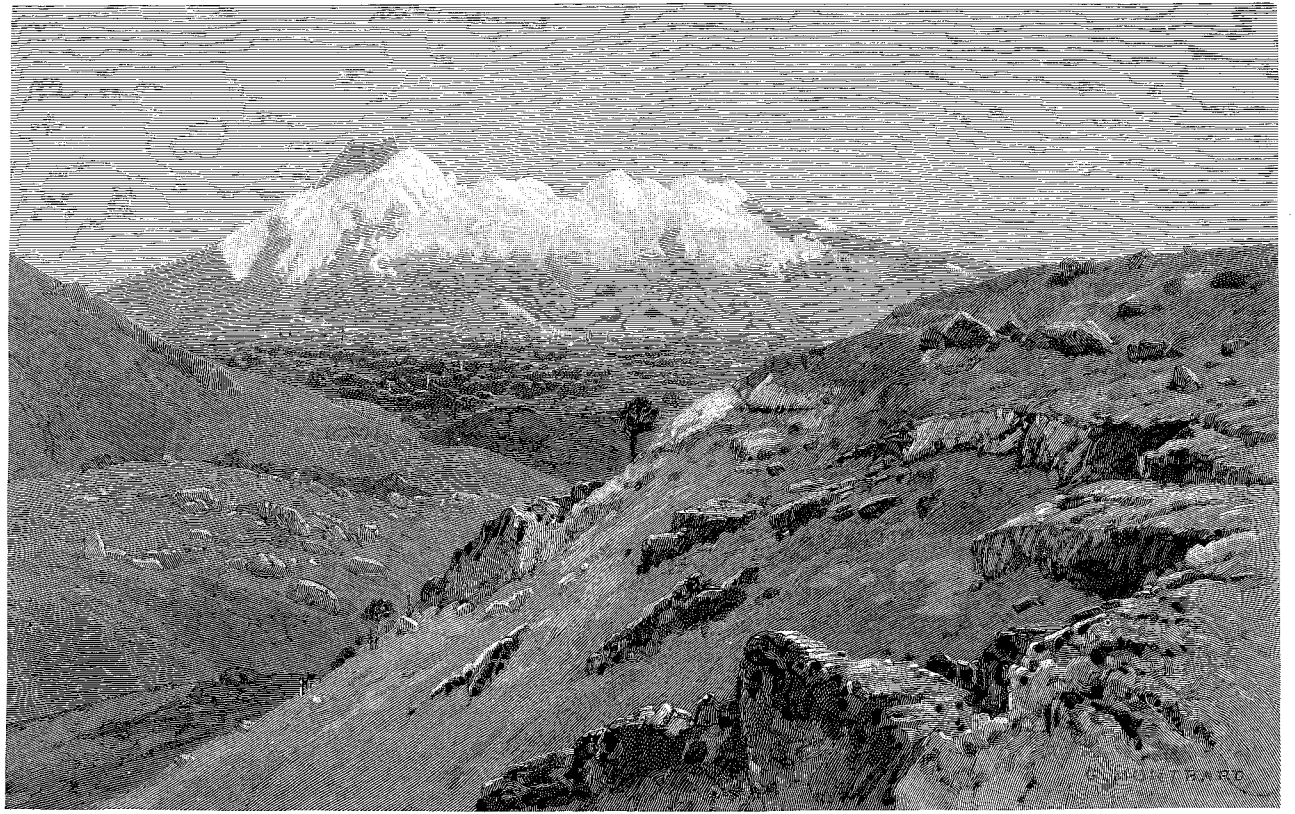

Ruwenzori (The Snowy Mountain), identified by Stanley with "the Mountains of the Moon."
Ascended 10,677 feet above sea-level by Lieutenant Stairs. Total height about 16,600 feet.
(From a drawing by Mr. Stanley, made at the time of the discovery.)

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not of such gigantic stature as we had supposed him to be, he certainly cannot be held responsible for that any more than he can be held accountable for his unmilitary appearance. If the pasha was able to maintain his province for seven years, he cannot in justice be held answerable for the wave of insanity and the epidemic of turbulence which converted his hitherto loyal soldiers into rebels. You will find two special periods in this narrative wherein the pasha is described with strictest impartiality in each; but his misfortunes never cause us to lose our respect for him, though we may not agree with that excess of sentiment which distinguished him, for objects so unworthy as sworn rebels. As an administrator he displayed the finest qualities; he was just, tender, loyal, merciful, and affectionate to the natives who placed themselves under his protection; and no higher and better proof of the esteem with which he was regarded by his soldiery can be desired than that he owed his life to the reputation for justness and mildness which he had won. In short, every hour saved from sleep was

Lieutenant W. E. Stairs.

devoted, before his final deposition, to some useful purpose conducive to increase of knowledge, improvement of humanity, and gain to civilization. You must remember all these things, and by no means lose sight of them, even while you read our impressions of him.

I am compelled to believe that Mr. Mounteney Jephson wrote the kindliest report of the events that transpired during the arrest and imprisonment of the pasha and himself, out of pure affection, sympathy, and fellow-feeling for his friend; indeed the kindness and sympathy he entertains for the pasha are so evident that I playfully accuse him of being either a Mahdist, Arabist, or Eminist—as one would naturally feel indignant at the prospect of leading a slave's life at Khartoum. The letters of Mr. Jephson, after being shown, were indorsed, as will be seen, by Emin Pasha; later observations proved the truth of those made by Mr. Jephson when he said, "Sentiment is the pasha's worst enemy; nothing keeps Emin here but Emin himself." What I most admire in him is the evident struggle between his duty to me, as my agent, and the friendship he entertains for the pasha.

While we may naturally regret that Emin Pasha did not possess that influence over his troops which would have commanded their perfect obedience, confidence, and trust, and made them pliable to the laws and customs of civilization, and compelled them to respect natives as fellow-subjects, to be guardians of peace and protectors of property, without which there can be no civilization—many will think that as the Governor was unable to do this, it is as well that events took the turn they did. The natives of Africa cannot be taught that there are blessings in civilization if they are permitted to be oppressed, and to be treated as unworthy of the treatment due to human beings, to be despoiled and enslaved at will by a licentious soldiery. The habit of regarding the aborigines as nothing better than Pagan *abed*, or slaves, dates from Ibrahim Pasha, and must be utterly suppressed before any semblance of civilization can be seen outside the military settlement. When every grain of corn, and every fowl, goat, sheep, and cow, which is necessary for the troops is paid for in sterling money, or its equivalent in necessary goods, then civilization will become irresistible in its influence, and the Gospel even may be introduced; but without impartial justice both are impossible — certainly never possible when preceded and accompanied by

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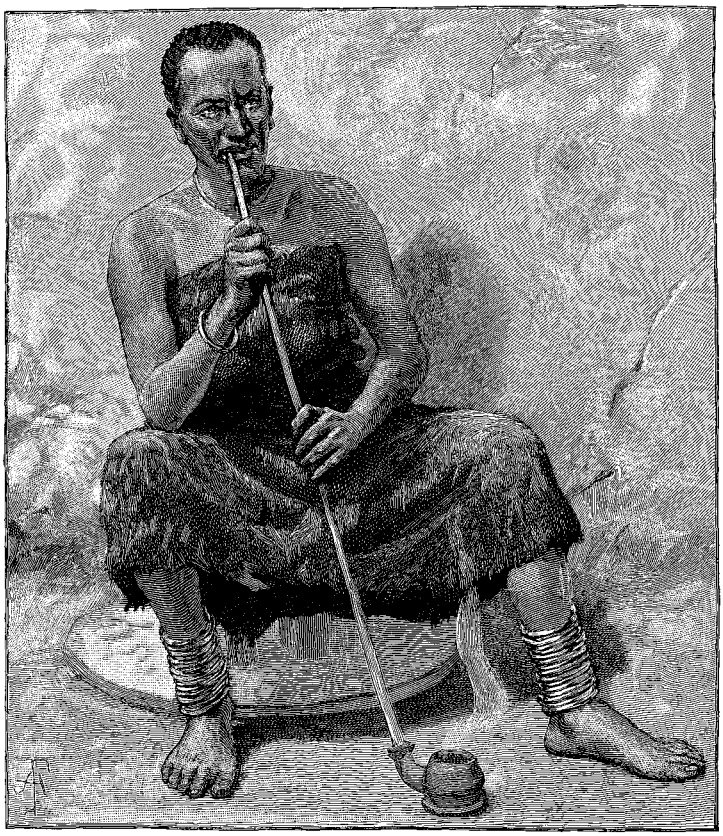
spoliation, which I fear was too general a custom in the Soudan.

Those who have some regard for righteous justice may find some comfort in the reflection that until civilization in its true and real form be introduced into Equatoria, the aborigines will now have some peace and rest; and that whatever aspects its semblance bore—except a few orange and lime trees—can be replaced within a month, under higher, better, and more enduring auspices.



Kavalli, Chief of the Babiassi.

I conclude this narrative with a passage from my forthcoming work, describing one of the most eventful periods of our journey:

NELSON'S STARVATION CAMP.

On the morning of October 6 [1887] we were 271 in number, including white and black; since then two had died of dysentery, one from debility, four had deserted, and one man was hanged. We had, therefore, 263 men left. Out of this number 52 had been reduced to skeletons—who, first attacked by ulcers, had been unable to forage, and who had wasted by their want of economy, rations which would have been sufficient to maintain them during the days that intervened of total want. These losses in men left me 211 still able to march; and as among these there were 40 men non-carriers, and as I had 227 loads, it followed that when I needed carriage I had about 80 loads more than could be carried. Captain Nelson, for the last two weeks, had also suffered from a dozen small ulcers, which had gradually increased in virulence. On this day, when the wild state of the river quite prohibited further progress by it,

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he and 52 men were utterly unfit and incapable of travel.

It was a difficult problem that now faced us. Captain Nelson was our comrade, whom to save we were bound to exert our best force. To the 52 black men we were equally bound by the most solemn obligations, and dark as was the prospect around us we were not so far reduced but that we entertained a lively hope that we could save them. As the Manyema had reported that their settlement was only five days' journey, and we had already travelled two days' march then, probably the village or station was still three days' ahead of us. It was suggested by Captain Nelson that if we dispatched intelligent couriers ahead they would be enabled to reach Kilonga-Longa's settlement long before the column. As the suggestion admitted of no contradiction, and as the headmen were naturally the most capable and intelligent, the chief of the headmen and five others were hastened off at once, and instructed to proceed along the south bank of the river until they discovered some landing-place, whence they must find means to cross the Ituri, find the settlement, and obtain an immediate store of food.

Before starting, officers and men demanded to know from me whether I believed the story of Arabs being ahead. I replied that I believed it most thoroughly, but that it was possible the Manyema had underestimated the distance to gratify or encourage us and abate our apparent anxiety.

After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, that we might not all be lost, and send relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the 52 men, 81 loads, and 10 canoes in charge of Captain Nelson, bade him be of good cheer, and, hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of six hundred feet, and pent in the never-ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream, and the twin cataracts which ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves coiling and twisting into uprising columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times, and past generations; then think of the night with its palpable blackness; the dead, black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness; that misery engendered by loneliness, and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men.

And what of us, trudging up those wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland, to tramp on and on, whither, we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food, with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible cañon?

As I looked at the poor men struggling wearily onward, it appeared to me as though a few hours only were needed to insure our fate — one day, perhaps two days, and then life would ebb away. How their eyes searched the wild woods for the red berries of the phrynia, and the tartish, crimson and oblong fruit of the amoma; how they rushed for the flat beans of the forest, and gloated over their treasures of fungi! In short, nothing was rejected in this severe distress to which we were reduced, except leaves and wood. We passed several abandoned clearings, and some men chopped down pieces of banana stalk, then searched for wild herbs to make potage; the bastard

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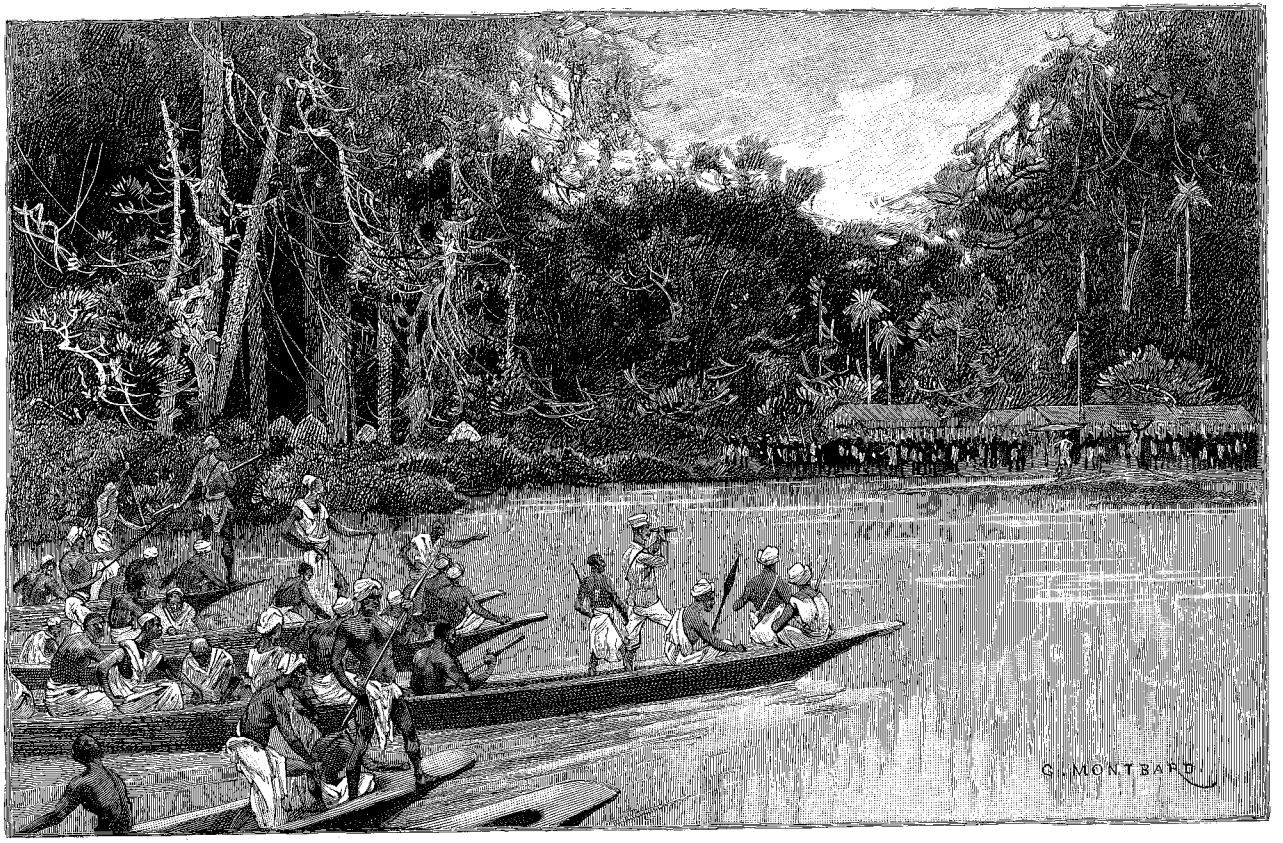

Stanley Meeting with the Rear Column at Banalya.

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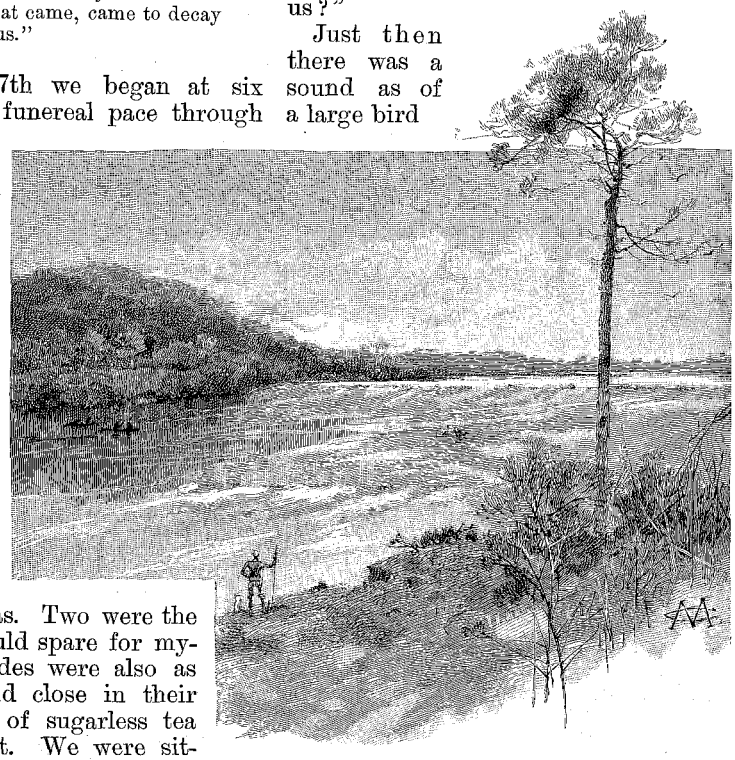
jack fruit or the *fenessi* and other huge fruit became dear objects of interest as we struggled on.

> "Return we could not, nor
> Continue where we were; to shift our place
> Was to exchange one misery with another.
> And every day that came, came to decay
> A day's work in us."

On October 7th we began at six thirty A.M. that funereal pace through the trackless region on the crest of the forest uplands. We picked up fungi, and the *matonga* wild fruit, as we travelled, and after seven hours' march we rested for the day. At 11 A.M. we had halted for lunch at the usual hour. Each officer had economized his rations of bananas. Two were the utmost that I could spare for myself. My comrades were also as rigidly strict and close in their diet, and a cup of sugarless tea closed the repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time that it would take them to return; and they desired to know whether, in my previous African experience, I had encountered anything so grievous as this.

"No; not quite so bad as this," I replied. "We have suffered; but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way into Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbiré we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was much to be pitied; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if anyone will minister unto us?"

Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vice as of iron [p. 685].



Yambuya—up-river view.

"There, boys," I said, "truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past," and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea-fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share; and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings.

On the next day, in order to relieve the boat-bearers of their hard

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work, Mr. Jephson was requested to connect the sections together; and two hours after starting on the march we came opposite an inhabited island. The advance scouts seized a canoe and bore straight on to the island, to snatch in the same unruly manner as Orlando, meat for the hungry.

"What would you, unruly men?"

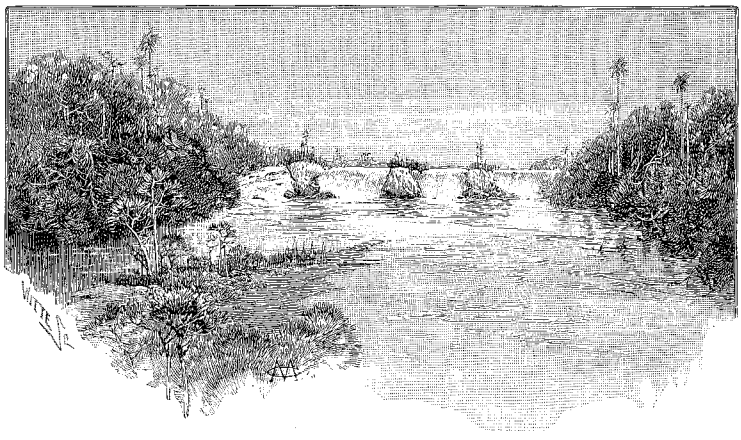
"We would have meat! Two hundred stagger in these woods and reel with faintness."

The natives did not stand for further questions, but vanished kindly, and left their treasures of food. We received as our share two pounds of Indian corn and half a pound of beans. Altogether about twenty-five pounds of corn were discovered, which was distributed among the people.

In the afternoon I received a note from Mr. Jephson, who was behind with the boat: "For God's sake, if you can get any food at village, send us some."

Despatched answer to Jephson to hunt up the wounded elephant that I had shot, and which had taken refuge on an island near him and, in reply to his anxious letter, a small handful of corn.

On October 9th one hundred men volunteered to go across the river and explore inland from the north bank, with a resolute intention not to return without food of some kind. I went up river with the boat's crew, and Stairs down river to strike inland by a little track, in the hope that it might lead to some village; those who were too dispirited to go far wandered southward through the woods to search for wild fruit and forest beans. This last article was about four times the size of a large garden bean, encased in a brown leathery rind. At first we had contented ourselves with merely skinning it and boiling it, but this produced sickness of the stomach. An old woman captured on the island was seen to prepare a dish of these beans by skinning them and afterward scraping the inner covering, and finally scraping them as we would nutmegs. Out of this floury substance she made some patties for her captor, who shouted in ecstasies that they were good. Whereupon everybody bestirred themselves to collect the beans, which were fairly plentiful. Tempted by a "lady-finger" cake of this article that was brought to me, I ventured to try it, and found it sufficiently filling, and about as palatable as a mess of acorns. Indeed, the flavor strongly reminded me of the acorn. The fungi were of several varieties, some pure and perfect mushrooms, others were of a less harmless kind; but surely the gods protected the miserable human beings condemned to live on such things. Grubs were collected;



Panga Falls.

also slugs from the trees, caterpillars, and white ants—these served for meat. The *mabengu* (nux vomica) furnished the dessert, with *fenessi* or a species of bastard jack fruit.

The following day some of the for-

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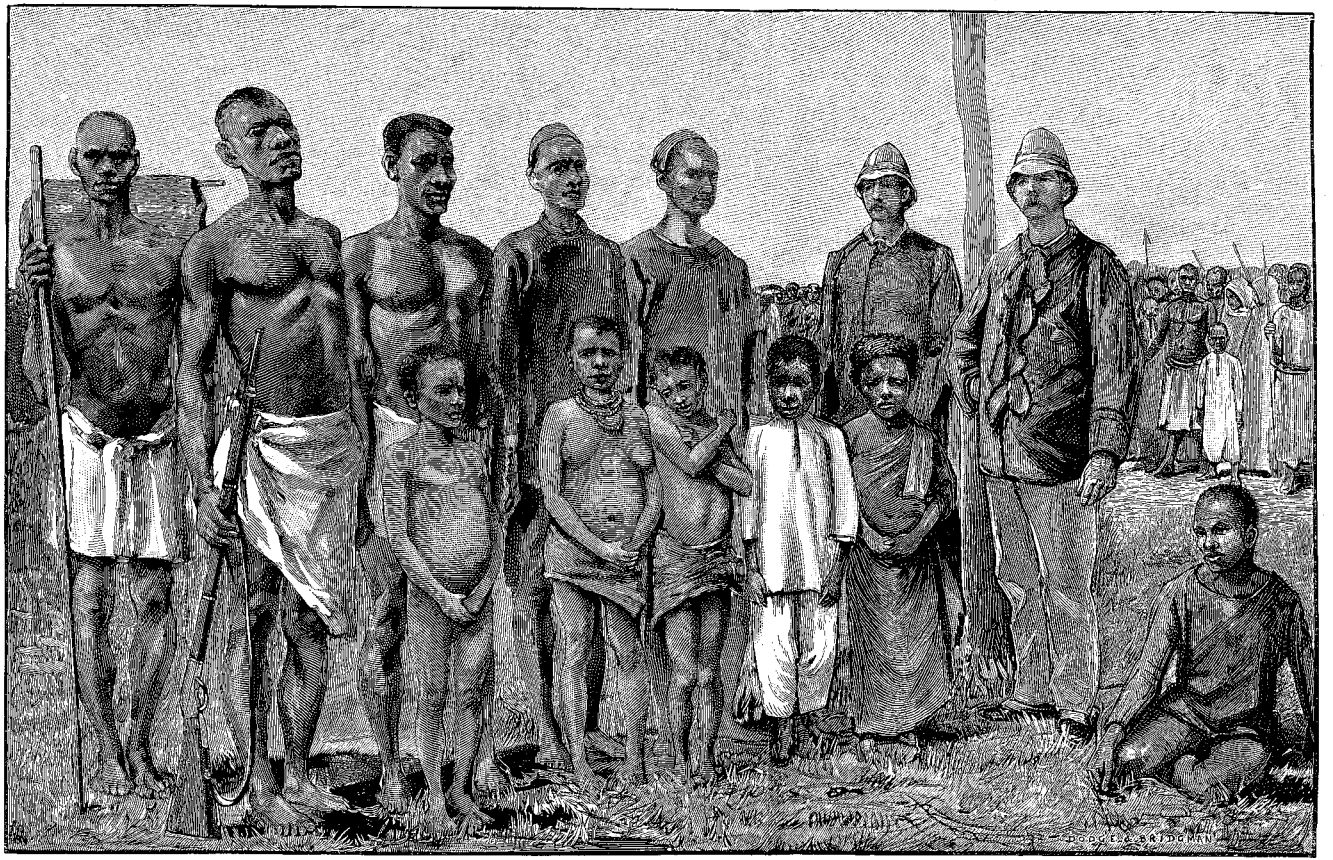

Group of Wambutti Dwarfs—the first ever photographed.

(Scattered among the Balesse, between Ipoto and Mount Pisgah, and inhabiting the land situated between the Nzaiyu and Ituri Rivers, a region equal in area to about two-thirds of Scotland, are the Wambutti, variously called Batwa, Akku, and Bazungu. These people are undersized nomads, dwarfs, and pygmies, who live in the uncleared virgin forest, and support themselves on game, which they are very expert in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown male adult may weigh ninety pounds.—From "In Darkest Africa.")

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agers from across the river returned bringing nothing, because they had discovered such emptiness on the north bank as we had found on the south bank; but "Inshallah!" they said, "we shall find food either to-morrow or the next day."

In the morning I had eaten my last grain of Indian corn, and my last portion of everything solid that was obtainable and reserved, and at noon the horrid pains of the stomach had to be satisfied with something. Some potato-leaves brought me by Wadi Khamis, a headman, were bruised fine and cooked. They were not bad; still the stomach ached from utter depletion. Then a Zanzibari, with his face aglow with honest pride, brought me a dozen fruit of the size and color of a prize pear which emitted a most pleasant fruity odor. He warranted them to be lovely, and declared that the men enjoyed them, but the finest had been picked out for myself and officers. He had also brought a patty made out of the wood bean-flower, which had a rich, custardy look about it. With many thanks I accepted this novel repast, and I felt a grateful sense of fulness. In an hour, however, a nausea attacked me, and I was forced to seek my bed. The temples presently felt as if constricted by an iron band, the eyes blinked strangely, and a magnifying-glass did not enable me to read the figures of Norie's epitome. My German servant, with the rashness of youth, had lunched bravely on what I had shared with him of the sweetly smelling pear-like fruit, and consequently suffered more severely. Had he been in a little cockle boat on a mad Channel sea he could scarcely have presented a more flabby and disordered aspect than had been caused by the forest pears.

Just at sunset the foragers of No. 1 Company, after an absence of thirty-six hours, appeared from the north bank, bringing sufficient plantains to save the Europeans from despair and starvation; but the men received only two plantains each, equal to four ounces of solid stuff, to put into stomachs that would have required eight pounds to satisfy.

The officers Stairs, Jephson, and Parke, had been amusing themselves the entire afternoon in drawing fanciful menus where such things figured as:

> Filet de bœuf en Chartreuse.
> Pâté de volailles à la Lucullus.
> Petites bouchées aux huîtres d'Ostende.
> Bécassines rôties à la Londres.

Another had shown his Anglo-Saxon proclivities for solids such as:

> Ham and eggs, and plenty of them.
> Roast beef and potatoes unlimited.
> A weighty plum-pudding.

There were two of the foragers missing, but we could not wait for them. We moved from this starvation camp to one higher up, a distance of eleven miles.

A man of No. 3 Company dropped his box of ammunition into a deep affluent and lost it. Kajeli stole a box of Winchester ammunition and absconded. Salim stole a case containing Emin Pasha's new boots and two pairs of mine, and deserted. Wadi Adam vanished with Surgeon Parke's entire kit. Swadi, of No. 1 Company, left his box on the road, and departed himself to parts unknown. Bull-necked Uchungu followed suit with a box of Remington cartridges.

On October 12th we marched four and a half miles, east by south. The boat and crew were far below, struggling in the rapids. We wished now to cross the river to try our fortunes on the north bank. We searched for a canoe, and saw one on the other side, but the river was four hundred yards wide, and the current was too strong against the best swimmers in their present state of debility.

Some scouts presently discovered a canoe fastened to an island only forty yards from the south bank, which was situated a little above our halting-place. Three men volunteered, among whom was Wadi Asmani, of the Pioneers, a grave man, faithful, and of much experience in many African lands. Twenty dollars reward was to be the prize of success. Asmani lacked the audacity of Uledi, the coxswain of the "advance," as well as his bold, high spirit, but was a most prudent and valuable man.

These three men chose a small rapid for their venture, that they might ob-

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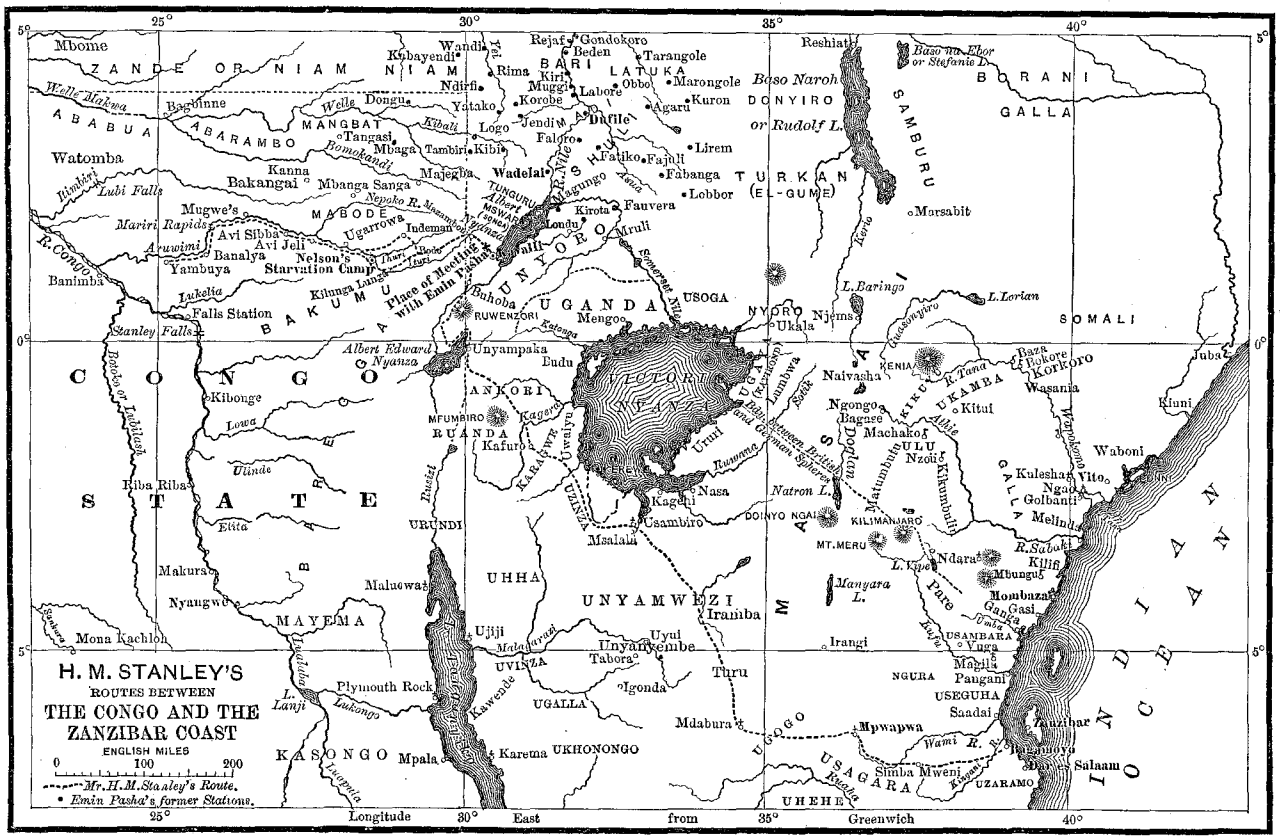

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tain a footing now and then on the rocks. At dusk two of them returned to grieve us with the news that Asmani had tried to swim with his Winchester on his back, and had been swept by the strong current into a whirlpool, and was drowned.

We were unfortunate in every respect; our chiefs had not returned, we were fearing for their fate, strong men deserted. Our rifles were rapidly decreasing in number. Our ammunition was being stolen. Feruzi, the next best man to Uledi as a sailor, soldier, carrier, good man and true, was dying from a wound inflicted on the head by a savage's knife.

The following day was also a halt. We were about to cross the river, and we were anxious for our six chiefs, one of whom was Rashid bin Omar, "the father of the people" as he was called. Equipped with only their rifles, accoutrements, and sufficient ammunition, such men ought to have travelled, in the week that had elapsed since our departure from Nelson's camp, over a hundred miles. If they, during that distance, could not discover the Manyema settlement, what chance had we, burdened with loads, with a caravan of hungry and despairing men, who for a week had fed on nothing but two plantains, berries, wild fruit, and fungi? Our men had begun to suffer dearly during this protracted starvation. Three had died the day before.

Toward evening Jephson appeared with the boat, and brought a supply of Indian corn, which sufficed to give twelve cupfuls to each white. It was a reprieve from death for the Europeans.

The next day, the 15th, having blazed trees around the camp, and drawn broad arrows with charcoal for the guidance of the headmen when they should return, the expedition crossed over to the north bank and camped on the upper side of a range of hills. Feruzi Ali died of his wound soon after.

Our men were in such a desperately weak state that I had not the heart to command the boat to be disconnected for transport; as, had a world's treasure been spread out before them, they could not have exhibited greater power than they were willing to give at a word. I stated the case fairly to them thus:

"You see, my men, our condition in brief is this: We started from Yambuya 389 in number and took 237 loads with us. We had 80 extra carriers to provide for those who by the way might become weak and ailing. We left 56 men at Ugarrowwa's Settlement, and 52 with Captain Nelson. We should have 271 left, but instead of that number we have only 200 to-day, including the chiefs who are absent. Seventy-one have either died, been killed, or deserted. But there are only 150 of you fit to carry anything, and therefore we cannot carry this boat any farther. I say let us sink her here by the river side, and let us press on to get food for ourselves and those with Captain Nelson, who are wondering what has become of us, before we all die in these woods. You are the carriers of the boat—not we. Do you speak, what shall be done unto her?"

Many suggestions were made by the officers and men, but Uledi of "Through the Dark Continent," always Uledi, the ever faithful Uledi, spoke straight to the purpose. "Sir, my advice is this. You go on with the caravan and search for the Manyema, and I and my crew will work at these rapids, and pole, row, or drag her on as we can. After I have gone two days up, if I do not see signs of the Manyema I will send men after you to keep touch with you. We cannot lose you, for a blind man could follow such a track as the caravan makes."

This suggestion was agreed by all to be the best, and it was arranged that our rule of conduct should be as Uledi sketched out.

We separated at 10 A.M., and in a short time I had my first experience among the loftier hills of the Aruwimi valley. I led the caravan northward through the trackless forest, sheering a little to the northeast to gain a spur, and using animal tracks when they served us. Progress was very slow, the undergrowth was dense; berries of the phrynium and fruit of the amomum, *fenessi*, and nux vomica, besides the large wood beans and fungi of all sorts, were numerous, and each man gathered a plentiful harvest. Unaccustomed to hills for years, our hearts palpitated violently as we

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breasted the steep wooded slopes, and cut and slashed at the impending creepers, bush, and plants.

Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through that endless forest, following one white man, who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself! They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter, death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on, broke through the bush, trampled down the plants, wound along the crest of spurs zigzagging from northeast to northwest, and, descending to a bowl-like valley by a clear stream, lunched on our corn and berries.

During our mid-day halt, one Umari having seen some magnificent and ripe *fenessi* at the top of a tree sixty feet high, essayed to climb it; but, on gaining that height, a branch or his strength yielded, and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

At 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness of arums, amoma, and bush, we came to a dark amphitheatral glen, and at the bottom found a camp just deserted by the natives, and in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours! Two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans awaited us in this camp.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar showed symptoms of surrender. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of my faithful animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it. That constituent of the human being which marks him as superior to all others of the animal creation was so deadened by hunger that our men had become merely carnivorous bipeds, inclined to be as ferocious as any beast of prey.

On the 16th we crossed through four deep gorges one after another, through wonderful growths of phrynia. The trees frequently bore *fenessi* nearly ripe, one foot long and eight inches in diameter. Some of this fruit was equal to pineapple; it was certainly wholesome. Even the rotten fruit was not rejected. When the *fenessi* were absent, the wood-bean tree flourished and kindly sprinkled the ground with its fruit. Nature seemed to confess that the wanderers had borne enough of pain and grief. The deepest solitudes showed increasing tenderness for the weary and long-suffering. The phrynia gave us their brightest red berries, the amoma furnished us with the finest, ripest scarlet fruit, the *fenessi* were in a state of perfection, the wood-beans were larger and fatter, the streams of the wood glens were clear and cold; no enemy was in sight, nothing was to be feared but hunger, and nature did its best with her unknown treasures, shaded us with her fragrant and loving shades, and whispered to us unspeakable things, sweetly and tenderly.

During the mid-day halt the men discussed our prospects. They said, with solemn shaking of their heads, "Know you that such and such a man is dead? that the other is lost! another will probably fall this afternoon! the rest will perish to-morrow!" The trumpet summoned all to their feet, to march on, and strive, and press forward to the goal.

Half an hour later the pioneers broke through a growth of amoma, and stepped on a road. And lo! on every tree we saw the peculiar "blaze" of the Manyema, a discovery that was transmitted by every voice from the head to the rear of the column, and was received with jubilant cheers.

"Which way, sir?" asked the delighted pioneers.

"Right turn, of course," I replied, feeling far more glad than any, and fuller

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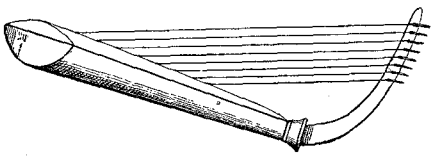
of longings for the settlement that was to end this terrible period, and shorten the misery of Nelson and his dark followers.

"Please God," they said, "to-morrow or the next day we shall have food," which meant that, after suffering unappeasable hunger for three hundred and thirty-six hours, they could patiently wait, if it pleased God, another thirty-six or sixty hours more.

We were all frightfully thin, the whites not so much reduced as our colored men. We thought of the future and abounded with hope, though deep depression followed any inspection of the people. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger, followed by despair, killed many. Many freely expressed their thoughts, and declared to one another plainly that we knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in unexplored depths of woods? But, as they said, it was their fate to follow us, and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness sets in through emptiness; it is still worse to do so when burdened with sixty pounds' weight. Over fifty were yet in fair condition; 150 were skeletons covered with ashy-gray skins, jaded and worn out, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies, and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan, and shed tears and sigh. My only dog "Randy," alas! how feeble he had become! Meat he had not tasted—except with me of the ass's meat—for weeks. Parched corn and beans were not fit for a terrier, and *fenessi* and *mabengu* and such other acid fruit he disdained, and so he declined, until he became as gaunt as the pariah of a Moslem. Stairs had never failed me. Jephson every now and then had been fortunate in discoveries of grain treasures, and had always showed an indomitable front; and Parke was ever striving, patient, cheerful, and gentle. Deep, deep down to undiscovered depths our life in the forest had enabled me to penetrate human nature with all its endurance and virtues.

Along the track of the Manyema it was easy to travel. Sometimes we came to a maze of roads; but once the general direction was found there was no difficulty to point to the right one. It appeared to be well travelled, and it was clearer



Musical Instrument of the Balegga.

every mile that we were approaching a populous settlement. As recent tracks became more numerous, the bush seemed more broken into with many a halt and many wayward strayings. Here and there trees had been lopped of their branches. Cording vines lay frequently on the track; pads for native carriers had often been dropped in haste. Most of the morning was expended in crossing a score of lazy, oozy rillets, which caused large breadths of slime-covered swamp. Wasps attacked the column at one crossing, and stung a man into high fever, and being in such an emaciated conditon there was little chance of his recovery. After a march of seven miles southeastwardly we halted on the afternoon of the 17th.

The night was ushered in by a tempest which threatened to uproot the forest and bear it to the distant west, accompanied by floods of rain, and a severe, cold temperature. Nevertheless, fear of famishing drove us to begin the march at an early hour on the following day. In about an hour and a half we stood on the confines of a large clearing, but the fog was so dense that we could discern nothing further than two hundred feet in front. Resting awhile to debate upon our course, we heard a sonorous voice singing in a language none of us knew, and a lusty hail and an argument with what appeared to be some humor. As this was not a land where aborigines would dare to be so light-hearted and frivolous, this singing we believed could proceed from no other people than those who knew they had nothing to fear. I fired a Winchester rapidly in the air. The response by

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heavy-loaded muskets revealed that these were the Manyema whom we had been so long seeking, and scarcely had the echoes ceased their reverberations than the caravan relieved its joy by long-continued hurrahs.

We descended the slope of the clearing to a little valley, and from all sides of an opposite slope were seen issuing lines of men and women to welcome us with friendly hails. We looked to the right and left, and saw thriving fields, Indian corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and beans. The well-known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship burst upon our ears; and our hands were soon clasped by lusty, huge fellows, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands. These came principally from Manyema, though their no less stout slaves, armed with percussion muskets and carbines, echoed heartily their superiors' sentiments and professions.

We were conducted up the sloping clearing through fields of luxuriant grain, by troops of men and youngsters, who were irrepressibly frolicsome in their joy at the new arrivals and dawning promise of a holiday. On arrival at the village, we were invited to take our seats in deep, shady verandas, where we soon had to answer to hosts of questions and congratulations. As the caravan filed past us to its allotted quarters, which men were appointed to show, numerous were the praises to God uttered by them for our marvellous escapes from the terrible wilderness that stretched from their settlement of Ipoto to the Basopo Cataract, a distance of 197 miles—praises in which, in our inmost hearts, each one of our sorely tried caravan most heartily joined.

This community of ivory hunters, established at Ipoto, had arrived five months previous to our coming from the banks of the Lualaba, from a point situated between the exits of the Lowwa and the Leopold into the great river. The journey had occupied them seven and a half months, and they had seen neither grass nor open country, nor even heard of them during their wanderings. They had halted a month at Kinnena on the Lindi, and had built a station-house for their chief, Kilonga-Longa, who, when he had joined them with the main body, sent on about two hundred guns and two hundred slave carriers to strike further in a northeasterly direction, to discover some other prosperous settlement far in advance of him, whence they could sally out in bands to destroy, burn, and enslave natives in exchange for ivory. Through continual fighting, and the carelessness which the unbalanced mind is so apt to fall into after one or more happy successes, they had decreased in number within seven and a half months to a force of about ninety guns. On reaching the Lenda River they heard of the settlements of Ugarrowwa, and sheered off the limits of his raiding circle to obtain a centre of their own, and, crossing the Lenda, they succeeded in reaching the south bank of the Ituri, about south of their present settlement at Ipoto.

As the natives would not assist them over the river to the north bank, they cut down a big tree, and with axe and fire hollowed it into a sizable canoe, which conveyed them across to the north bank to Ipoto. Since that date they had launched out on one of the most sanguinary and destructive careers to which even Tippu-Tib's or Tagamoyo's career offer but poor comparison. Toward the Lenda and Ihuru Rivers, they had levelled into black ashes every settlement; their rage for destruction had even been vented on the plantain groves, every canoe on the rivers had been split into pieces, every island had been searched, and into the darkest recesses whither a slight track could be traced, they had penetrated, with only one dominating passion, which was to kill as many of the men and capture as many of the women and children as craft and cruelty would enable them. How far northward or eastward had these people reached? one said nine days' march, another fifteen days'; but wherever they had gone they had done precisely as we had seen between the Lenda River and Ipoto, and reduced the forest land into a howling wilderness, and throughout all the immense area had left scarcely a hut standing.

What these destroyers had left of groves and plantations of plantain and

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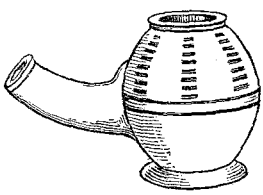
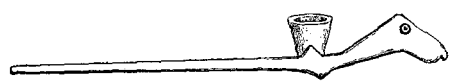
bananas, manioc, and corn-fields, the elephant, chimpanzee, and monkeys had trampled and crushed into decaying and putrid muck, and in their places had sprung up, with the swiftness of mushrooms, whole hosts of large-leafed plants native to the soil, briars, calamus and bush, which the natives had in times past suppressed with their knives, axes, and hoes. With each season the bush grew more robust and taller, and a few seasons only were wanted to cover all traces of former habitation and labor.

From Ipoto to the Lenda the distance by our track is one hundred and five miles. Assume that this is the distance eastward to which their ravages have extended, and northward and southward, and we have something like forty-four thousand square miles. We know what Ugarrowwa has done, what he is still doing with all the vigor of his mind; and we know what the Arabs about Stanley Falls are doing on the Lumami, and what sort of devil's work Mumi Muhala and Bwana Mohamed are perpetrating around Lake Ozo, the source of the Lulu; and once we know where their centres are located, we may with a pair of compasses draw great circles round each, and park off areas of forty thousand and fifty thousand square miles into which half a dozen resolute men, aided by their hundreds of bandits, have divided about three-fourths of the great upper Congo forest for the sole purpose of murder, and becoming heirs to a few hundred tusks of ivory.



Pipe of the Undusuma.

At the date of our arrival at Ipoto, there were the Manyema headmen, physically fine stalwart fellows, named Ismailia, Khamisi, and Sangarameni, who were responsible to Kilonga-Longa, their chief, for the followers and operations intrusted to their charge. At alternate periods each set out from Ipoto to his own special subdistrict. Thus to Ismailia all roads from Ipoto to Ibwiri, and east to the Ituri, were given as his special charge. Khamisi's area was along the line of the Ihuru, then east to Ibwiri; to Sangarameni all the land east and west between the Ibina and Ihuru affluents of the Ituri. Altogether there were one hundred and fifty fighting men, but only about ninety were armed with guns. Kilonga-Longa was still at Kinnena, and was not expected for three months yet.



Pipe from Avijeli.

The fighting men under the three leaders consisted of Bakusu, Balegga, and Basongora, youths who were trained by the Manyema as riders in the forest region, in the same manner as in 1876. Manyema youths had been trained by Arabs and Waswahili of the east coast. We see in this extraordinary increase in the number of raiders in the upper Congo basin the fruits of the Arab policy of killing off the adult aborigines and preserving the children. The girls are distributed among the Arab, Swahili, and Manyema harems, the boys are trained to carry arms and are exercised in the use of them. When they are grown tall and strong enough they are rewarded with wives from the female servants of the harem, and then are admitted partners in these bloody ventures. So many parts of the profits are due to the great proprietor, such as Tippu-Tib, or Said bin Abed; a less number becomes the due of the headmen, and the remainder becomes the property of the bandits. At other times large ivories, over thirty-five pounds each, become the property of the proprietor; all over twenty pounds to thirty-five pounds belong to the headmen; scraps, pieces, and young ivory are permitted to be kept by the lucky finders. Hence every member of the caravan is inspired to do his best. The caravan is well armed and well manned by the proprietor, who stays at home on the Congo or Lualaba indulging in rice and pilaf and the excesses of his harem; the headmen, inspired by greed and cupidity, become ferocious and stern; the bandits fling themselves upon a settlement without

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mercy, to obtain the largest share of loot, of children, flocks, poultry, and ivory.

All this would be clearly beyond their power if they possessed no gunpowder. Not a mile beyond their settlements would the Arabs and their followers dare venture. It is more than likely that if gunpowder was prohibited entry into Africa there would be a general and quick migration to the sea of all Arabs from inner Africa, as the native chiefs would be immeasurably stronger than any combination of Arabs armed with spears. What possible chance could Tippu-Tib, Abed bin Salim, Ugarrowwa and Kilonga-Longa have against the Basongora and Bakusu? How could the Arabs of Ujiji resist the Wajiji and Warundi, or how could those of Unyamyembe live among the bowmen and spearmen of Unyamwezi?

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the Continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employees; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece, and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalized as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom, after all, does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and Negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude.

On arriving in civilization after these terrible discoveries, I was told of a crusade that had been preached by Cardinal Lavigerie, and of a rising desire in Europe to effect a reform by force of arms, in the old crusader style, and to attack the Arabs and their followers in their strongholds in central Africa. It is just such a scheme as might have been expected from men who applauded Gordon when he set out with a white wand and six followers to rescue all the garrisons of the Soudan, a task which 14,000 of his countrymen, under one of the most skilful English generals, would have found impossible at that date. We pride ourselves upon being practical and sensible men, and yet every now and then let some enthusiast—whether Gladstone, Gordon, Lavigerie, or another—speak, and a wave of Quixotism spreads over many lands. The last thing I heard in connection with this mad project is that a band of one hundred Swedes, who have subscribed twenty-five pounds each, are about to sail to some part of the East Coast of Africa, and proceed to Tanganyika to commence ostensibly the extirpation of the Arab slave-trader, but in reality to commit suicide.

However, these matters are not the present object. We are about to have a more intimate acquaintance with the morals of the Manyema, and to understand them better than we ever expected we should.

They had not heard a word or a whisper of our headmen whom we had despatched as couriers to obtain relief for Nelson's party, and as it was scarcely possible that a starving caravan would accomplish the distance between Nelson's camp and Ipoto before six active and intelligent men, we began to fear that among the lost men we should have to number our Zanzibari chiefs. Their track was clear as far as the crossing-place of December 14th and 15th. It was most probable that the witless men would continue up the river until they were overpowered by the savages of some unknown village. Our minds were never free from anxiety respecting Captain Nelson and his men. Thirteen days had already elapsed since our parting. During this period their position

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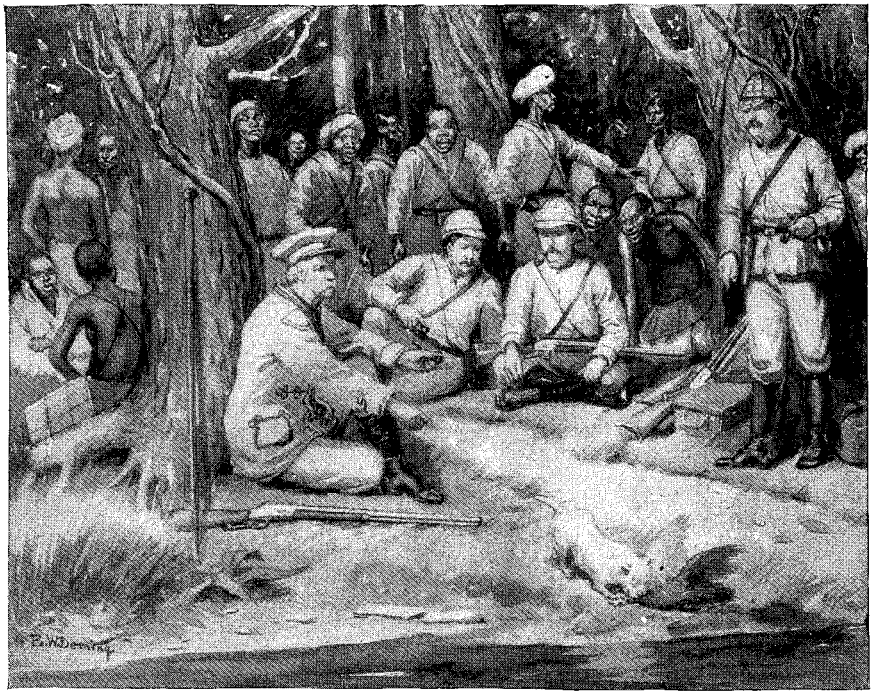

Randy and the Guinea Fowl.—Page 674.

was not worse than ours had been. The forest was around them as it was around us. They were not loaded down as we were. The most active men could search about for food, as they could employ their canoes to ferry themselves over to the scene of the forage of December 3d, one day's journey by land, or an hour by water. Berries and fungi abounded on the crest of the hills above their camp as in other parts. Yet we were anxious; and one of my first duties was to try and engage a relief party to take food to Nelson's camp. I was promised that it should be arranged next day.

For ourselves we received three goats and twelve baskets of Indian corn, which, when distributed, gave six ears of corn per man. It furnished us with two good meals, and many must have felt revived and refreshed, as I did.

On the first day's halt at Ipoto we suffered considerable lassitude. Nature either furnishes a stomach and no food, or else furnishes a feast and robs us of all appetite. On the day before and on this we had fed sumptuously on rice and pilaf and goat's stew, but now we began to suffer from many illnesses. The masticators had forgotten their office, and the digestive organs disdained the dainties, and affected to be deranged. Seriously, it was the natural result of over-eating; corn mush, grits, parched corn, beans, and meat, are solids requiring gastric juice, which, after being famished for so many days, was not in sufficient supply for the eager demand made for it.

The Manyema had about three hundred or four hundred acres under corn, five acres under rice, and as many under beans. Sugar-cane was also grown largely. They possessed about one hundred goats—all stolen from the natives. In their store-huts they had immense supplies of Indian corn, drawn from some village near the Ihuru, and as yet unshucked. Their banana plantations were well stocked with fruit. Indeed the condition of everyone in the settlement was prime.

It is but right to acknowledge that we were received on the first day with ostentatious kindness, but on the third day something of a strangeness sprang

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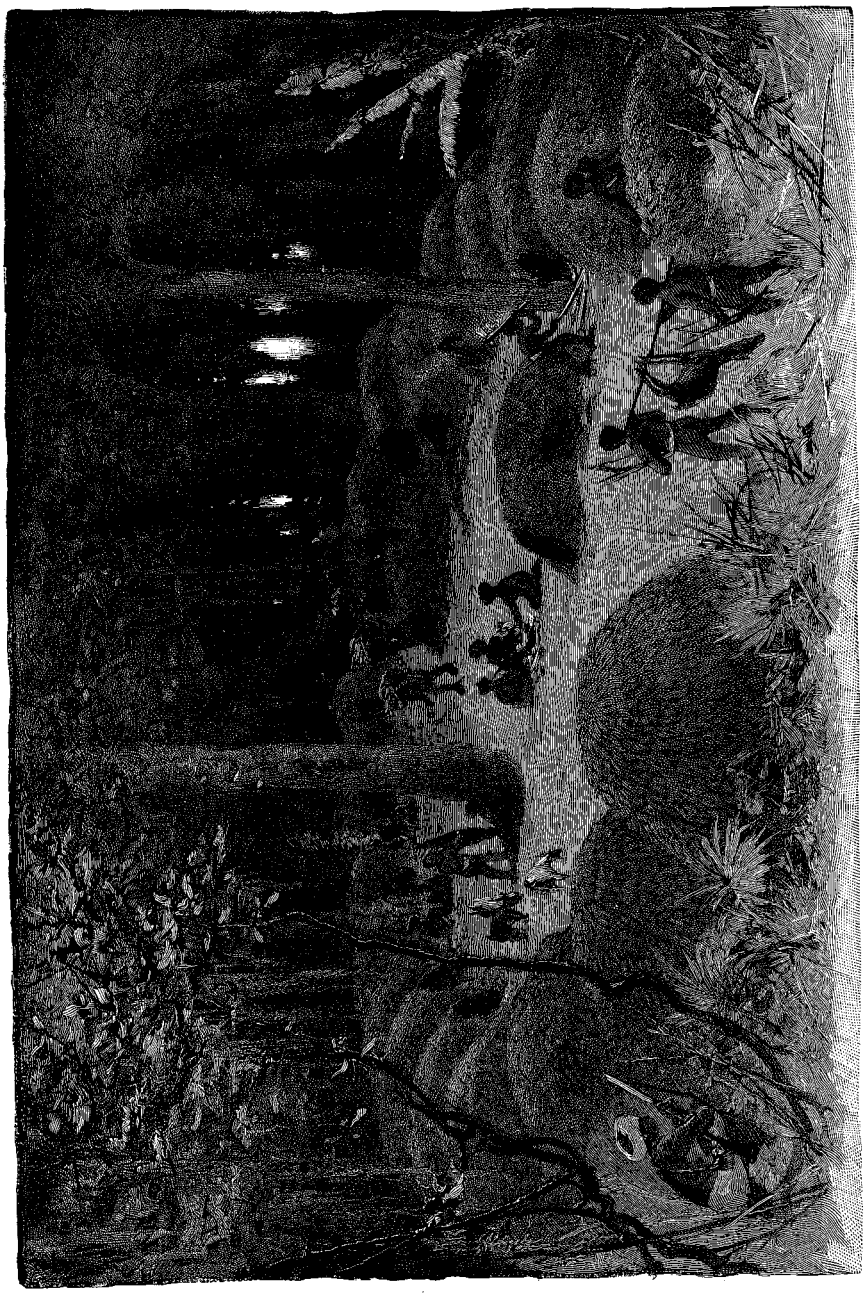

A Village of Wambutti Dwarfs.

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up between us. Their cordiality probably arose from a belief that our loads contained some desirable articles; but unfortunately, the first-class beads that would have sufficed for the purchase of all their stock of corn were lost by the capsizing of a canoe near Panga Falls, and the gold-braided Arab burnooses were stolen below Ugarrowwa, by deserters. Disappointed at not receiving the expected quantity of fine cloth or fine beads, they proceeded systematically to tempt our men to sell everything they possessed, shirts, caps, daoles, waist-cloths, knives, belts, which, being their personal property, we had no objection. But the lucky owners of such articles, having been seen by others less fortunate hugely enjoying varieties of succulent food, were the means of inspiring the latter to envy, and finally to theft. The unthrifty and reckless men, sold their ammunition, accoutrements, bill hooks, ramrods, and finally their Remington rifles. Thus, after escaping the terrible dangers of starvation and such injuries as the many savage tribes could inflict on us, we were in near peril of becoming slaves to the Arab slaves.

Despite entreaties for corn, we could obtain no more than two ears per man per day. I promised to pay triple price for everything received on the arrival of the rear column; but with these people a present possession is better than a prospective one. They professed to doubt that we had cloth, and to believe that we had travelled all this distance to fight them. We represented, on the other hand, that all we needed were six ears of corn per day during nine days' rest. Three rifles disappeared. The headmen denied all knowledge of them. We were compelled to reflect that if it were true they suspected we entertained sinister intentions toward them, that surely the safest and craftiest policy would be to purchase our arms secretly, and disarm us altogether, when they could enforce what terms they pleased on us.

On the 21st six more rifles were abstracted. At this rate the expedition would be wrecked in a short time, for a body of men without arms, in the heart of the great forest, with a host of men to the eastward and a large body to the westward depending upon them, were lost beyond hope of salvation. Both advance and retreat were equally cut off, and no resource would be left but absolute submission to the chief who chose to assert himself to be our master, or death. Therefore I proposed, for my part, to struggle strongly against such a fate, and either to provoke it instantly, or ward it off by prompt action.

A muster was made, the five men without arms were sentenced to twenty-five lashes each and to be tied up. After a considerable fume and fuss had been exhibited, a man stepped up, as one was about to undergo punishment, and begged permission to speak.

"This man is innocent, sir. I have his rifle in my hut, I seized it last night from Juma [one of the cooks], son of Forkali, as he brought it to a Manyema to sell. It may be Juma stole it from this man. I know that all these men have pleaded that their rifles have been stolen by others while they slept. It may be true as in this case." Meantime Juma had flown, but was found later on hiding in the corn fields. He confessed that he had stolen two, and had taken them to the informer to be disposed of for corn, or a goat, but it was solely at the instigation of the informer. It may have been true, for scarcely one of them but was quite capable of such a course; but the story was lame, and unreasonable in this case and was rejected. Another now came up and recognized Juma as the thief who had abstracted his rifle, and having proved his statement, and confession having been made, the prisoner was sentenced to immediate execution, which was accordingly carried out by hanging.

It now being proved beyond a doubt that the Manyema were purchasing our rifles at the rate of a few ears of corn per gun, I sent for the headmen, and made a formal demand for their instant restitution, otherwise they would be responsible for the consequences. They were inclined to be wrathy at first. They drove the Zanzibaris from the village out into the clearing, and there was every prospect of a fight, or, as very probable, that the expedition was about to be wrecked. Our men being so utterly demoralized, and utterly broken in

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spirit from what they had undergone were not to be relied on, and as they were ready to sell themselves for corn—there was little chance of our winning a victory in case of a struggle. It requires fulness of stomach to be brave. At the same time death was sure to conclude us in any event, for to remain quiescent under such circumstances tended to produce an ultimate appeal to arms. With those eleven rifles, three thousand rounds of ammunition had been sold. No option presented itself to me than to be firm in my demand for the rifles; it was reiterated, under a threat that I would proceed to take other means, and as a proof of it they had but to look at the body hanging from a tree; for if we proceeded to such extremities as putting to death one of our own men, they certainly ought to know that we should feel ourselves perfectly prepared to take vengeance on those who had really caused his death by keeping open doors to receive stolen property.

After an hour's storming in their village they brought five rifles to me, and to my astonishment pointed out the sellers of them. Had it not been impolitic in the first place to drive things to the extreme, I should have declined receiving one of them back before all had been returned, and could I have been assured of the aid of fifty men I should have declared for a fight; but just at this juncture Uledi, the faithful coxswain of the *Advance*, strode into camp bringing news that the boat was safe at the landing-place of Ipoto and of his discovery of the six missing chiefs in a starving and bewildered state four miles from the settlement. This produced a revulsion of feeling. Gratitude for the discovery of my lost men, the sight of Uledi—the knowledge that, after all, despite the perverseness of human nature, I had some faithful fellows, left me for the time speechless.

Then the tale was told to Uledi and he undertook the business of eradicating the hostile feelings of the Manyema, and pleaded with me to let bygones be bygones, on the score that the dark days were ended, and happy days he was sure were in store for us.

"For surely, dear master," he said, "after the longest night comes day, and why not sunshine after darkness with us? I think of how many long nights and dark days we pulled through in the old times when we pierced Africa together, and now let your heart be at peace. Please God we shall forget our troubles before long."

The culprits were ordered to be bound until morning. Uledi, with his bold, frank way, sailed straight into the affections of the Manyema headmen. Presents of corn were brought to me, apologies were made and accepted. The corn was distributed among the people, and we ended this troublesome day, which had brought us all to the verge of dissolution in much greater content than could have been hoped from its ominous commencement.

Our land-wandering chiefs, who were sent as heralds of our approach to Ipoto, arrived on Sunday the 23d. They surely had made but a fruitless quest, and they found us old residents of the place they had been despatched to seek. Haggard, wan, and feeble from seventeen days' feeding on what the uninhabited wilderness afforded, they were also greatly abashed at their failure. They had reached the Ibina River, which flows from the southeast, and struck it two days above the confluence with the Ituri; they had then followed the tributary down to the junction, had found a canoe and rowed across to the right bank, where they had nearly perished from hunger. Fortunately Uledi had discovered them in time, had informed them of the direction of Ipoto, and they had crawled as they best could to camp.

Before night Sangarameni, the third headman, appeared from a raid, with fifteen fine ivories. He said he had penetrated a twenty days' journey, and from a high hill had viewed an open country all grass land.

Out of a supply I obtained on this day I was able to give two ears of corn per man, and to store a couple of baskets for Nelson's party. But events were not progressing smoothly; I could obtain no favorable answer to my entreaty for a relief party. One of our men had been speared to death by the Manyema on a charge of stealing corn from the fields. One had been hanged,

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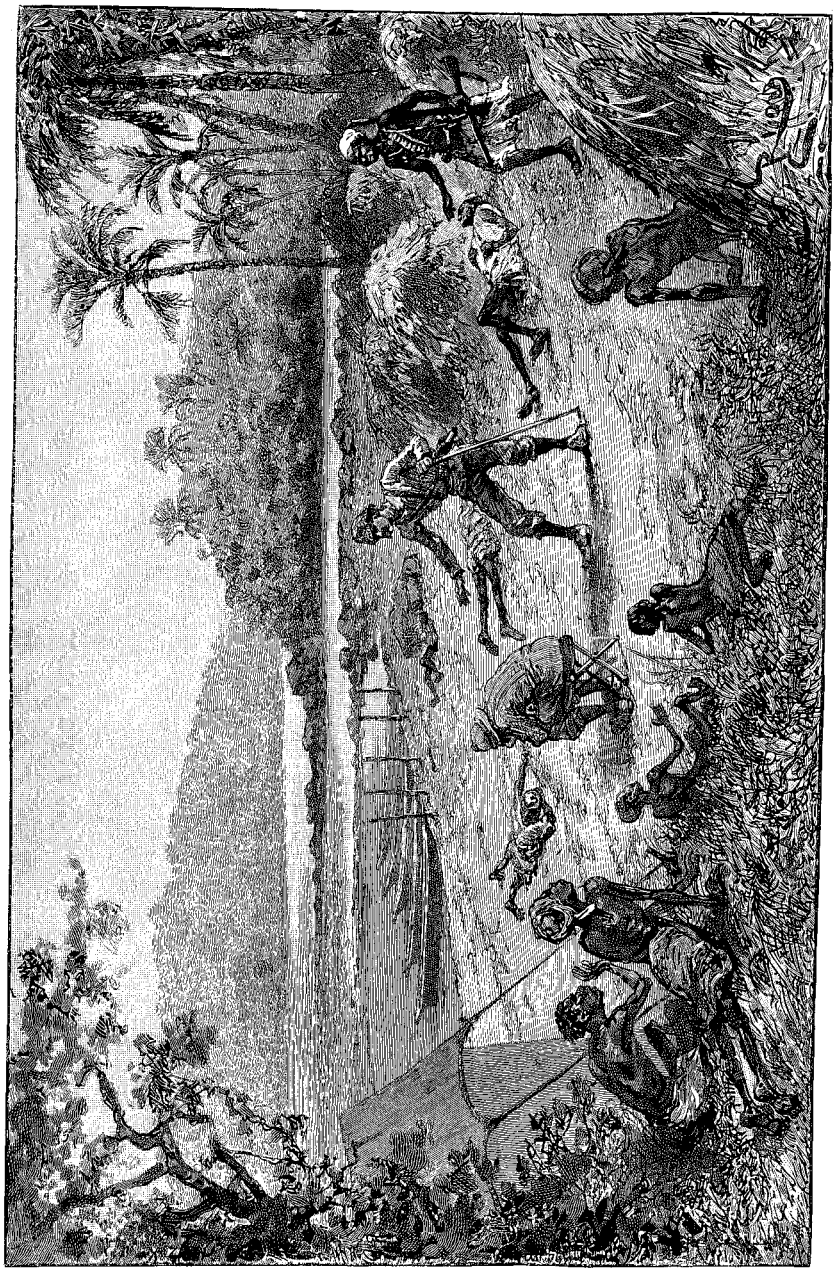

Finding Nelson in Distress at Starvation Camp.
(After a sketch.)

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twenty had been flogged for stealing ammunition, another had received two hundred cuts from the Manyema for attempting to steal. If only the men could have reasoned sensibly during these days how quickly matters could have been settled otherwise!

I had spoken and warned them with all earnestness to "endure, and cheer up," and that there were two ways of settling all this, but that I was afraid of them only, for they preferred the refuse of the Manyema to our wages and work. The Manyema were proving to them what they might expect of them; and with us the worst days were over; all we had to do was to march beyond the utmost reach of the Manyema raids, when we should all become as robust as they. Bah! I might as well have addressed my appeals to the trees of the forest as unto wretches so sodden in despair.

The Manyema had promised me three several times by this day to send eighty men as a relief party to Nelson's camp; but the arrival of Sangarameni, and various misunderstandings and other trifles had disturbed the arrangements.

A. J. Mounteney Jephson.

On the 24th firing was heard on the other side of the river, and under the plea that it indicated the arrival of Kilonga-Longa, the relief caravan was again prevented from setting out.

The next day those who had fired arrived in camp, and proved to be the Manyema knaves whom we had seen on October 2d. Out of fifteen men they had lost one man from an arrow wound. They had wandered for twenty-four days to find the track; but having no other loads than provisions these had lasted with economy for fifteen days, but for the last nine days they had subsisted on mushrooms and wild fruit.

On this evening I succeeded in drawing a contract, and getting the three headmen to agree to the following:

"To send thirty men to the relief of Captain Nelson, with four hundred ears of corn for his party.

"To provide Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and all sick men unable to work in the fields, with provisions, until our return from Lake Albert.

"The service of a guide from Ipoto to Ibwiri, for which they were to be paid one bale and a half of cloth on the arrival of the rear column."

It was drawn up in Arabic by Rashid, and in English by myself, and witnessed by three men.

For some fancy articles of personal property I succeeded in purchasing for Mr. Jephson and Captain Nelson two hundred and fifty ears of Indian corn, and for two hundred and fifty pistol cartridges I bought another quantity, and for an ivory-framed mirror from a dressing-case purchased two basketfuls; for three bottles of ottar of roses I obtained three fowls, so that I had one thousand ears of corn for the relieving and relieved parties.

On the 26th Mr. Mounteney Jephson, forty Zanzibaris, and thirty Manyema slaves started on their journey to Nelson's camp. I cannot do better than introduce Mr. Jephson's report on his journey.

Jephson's Rescue of Nelson.

ARAB SETTLEMENT AT IPOTO,
November 4, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I left at mid-day on October 26th, and arrived at the river and crossed over with thirty Manyema and forty Zanzibaris under my charge the same afternoon and camped on landing. The next morning we started off early and reached the camp, where we had crossed the river when we were wander-

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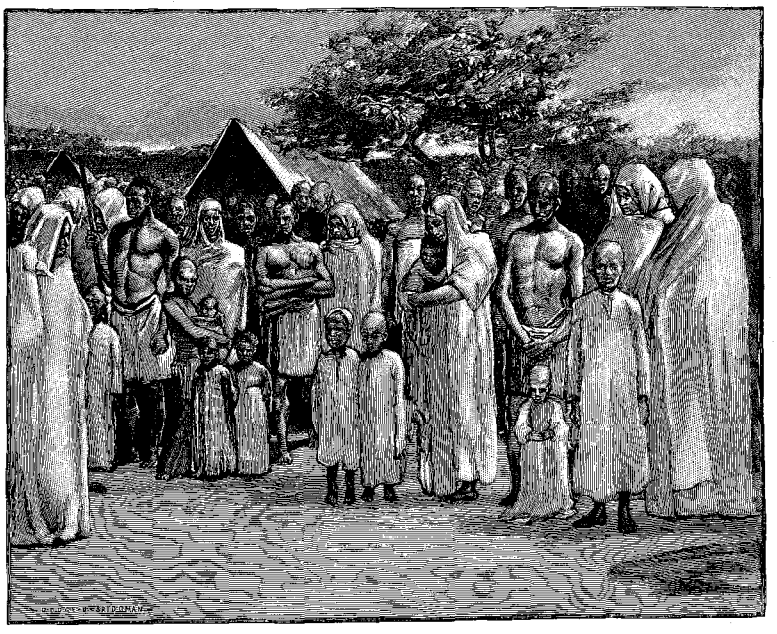
ing about in a starving condition in search of the Arabs; by mid-day the signs and arrow-heads we had marked All were passed by quickly to-day, and again the skeletons in the road testified to the trials through which we had



Egyptian Women and Children.
(From a photograph.)

on the trees to show the chiefs we had crossed were still fresh. I reached another of our camps that night. The next day we did nearly three of our former marches. The camp where Feruzi Ali had got his death-wound, and where we had spent three such miserable days of hunger and anxiety, looked very dismal as we passed through it. During the day we passed the skeletons of three of our men who had fallen down and died from sheer starvation; they were grim reminders of the misery through which we had so lately gone.

On the morning of the 29th I started off as soon as it was daylight, determining to reach Nelson that day and decide the question as to his being yet alive. Accompanied by one man only I soon found myself far ahead of my followers. As I neared Nelson's camp a feverish anxiety to know his fate possessed me, and I pushed on through streams and creeks, by banks and bogs, over which our starving people had slowly toiled with the boat sections. passed. As I came down the hill into Nelson's camp, not a sound was heard but the groans of two dying men in a hut close by. The whole place had a deserted and woe-begone look. I came quietly round the tent and found Nelson sitting there; we clasped hands, and then, poor fellow! he turned away and sobbed, and muttered something about being very weak.

Nelson was greatly changed in appearance, being worn and haggard-looking, with deep lines about his eyes and mouth. He told me his anxiety had been intense, as day after day passed and no relief came; he had at last made up his mind that something had happened to us, and that we had been compelled to abandon him. He had lived chiefly upon fruits and fungi which his two boys had brought in from day to day. Of the fifty-two men you left with him, only five remained, of whom two were in a dying state. All the rest had either deserted him or were dead.

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He has himself given you an account of his losses from death and desertion. I gave him the food you sent him, which I had carefully watched on the way, and he had one of the chickens and some porridge cooked at once; it was the first nourishing food he had tasted for many days. After I had been with him there a couple of hours my people came in, and all crowded round the tent to offer him their congratulations.

You remember Nelson's feet had been very bad for some days before we left him; he had hardly left the tent the whole time he had been here. At one time he had had ten ulcers on one foot, but he had now recovered from them in a great measure, and said he thought he would be able to march slowly. On the 30th we began the return march. I gave out most of the loads to the Manyema and Zanzibaris, but was obliged to leave thirteen boxes of ammunition and seven other loads; these I buried, and Parke will be able to fetch them later on.

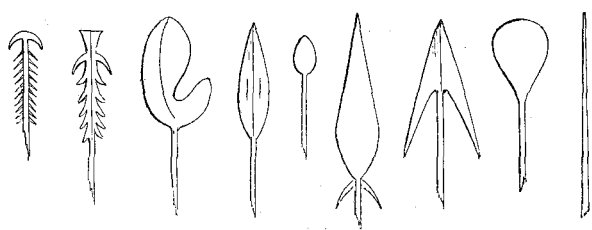
Nelson did the marches better than I expected, though he was much knocked up at the end of each day. On the return march we crossed the river lower down and made our way up the right bank and struck your old road a day's march from the Arab camp. Here again we passed more skeletons, at one place there were three within two hundred yards of each other.

On the fifth day, that is November 3d, we reached the Arab camp, and Nelson's relief was accomplished. He has already picked up wonderfully in spite of the marching, but he cannot get sleep at night, and is still in a nervous and highly strung state; the rest in the Arab camp will, I trust, set him up again. It is certain that in his state of health he could not have followed us in our wanderings in search of food; he must have fallen by the way.

I am &c., &c.,
(Signed) A. J. Mounteney Jephson.

On the evening of the 26th Ismaili entered my hut and declared that he had become so attached to me that he would dearly love to go through the process of blood-brotherhood with me. As I was about to intrust Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and about thirty sick men, to the charge of himself and to brother chiefs, I readily consented, though it was somewhat *infra dig.* to make brotherhood with a slave; but as he was powerful in that bloody gang of bandits, I pocketed my dignity and underwent the ceremony. I then selected a five-guinea rug, silk handkerchiefs, a couple of yards of crimson broad-cloth, and a few other costly trifles. Finally, I made another written agreement for guides to accompany me to the distance of fifteen camps, which he said was the limit of his territory, and for good treatment of my officers, and handed to him a gold watch and chain, value £49 in London, as pledge of this agreement, in presence of Surgeon Parke.

The next day, after leaving Surgeon Parke to attend to his friend Nelson, and twenty-nine men, we left Ipoto with our reduced force to strive once more with the hunger of the wilderness.



Arrow-heads of the Dwarfs.

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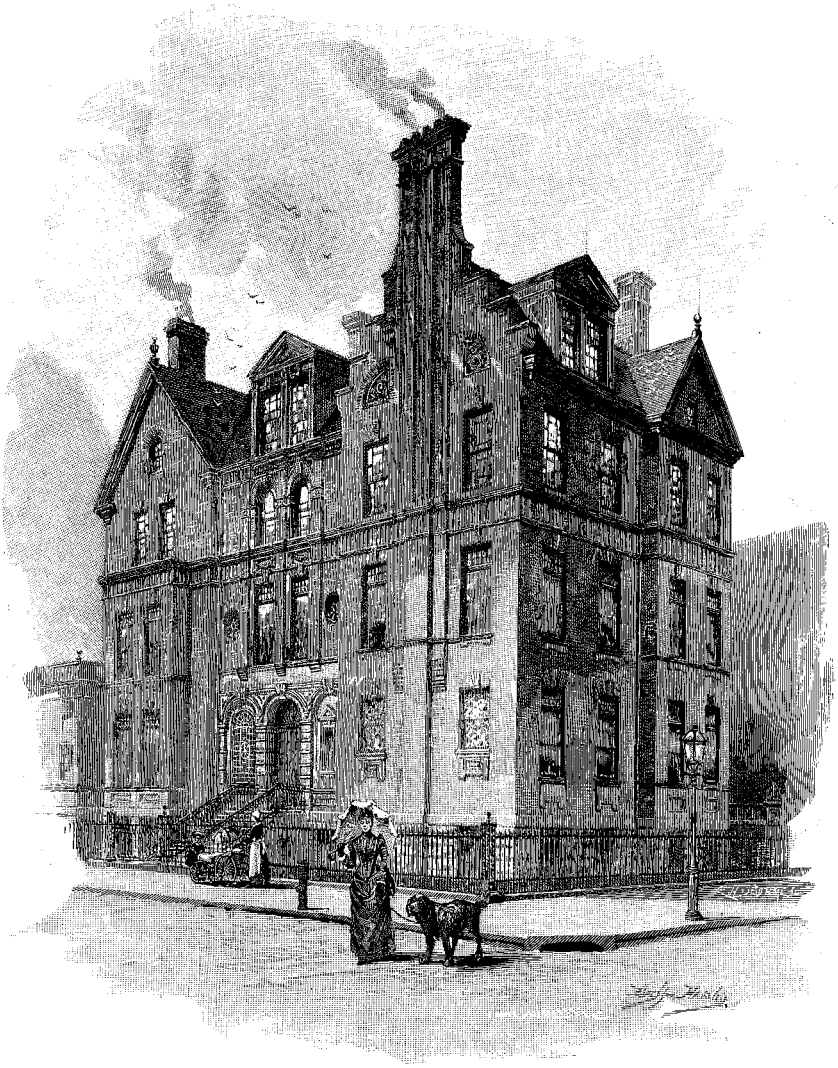

Brick House, corner of East Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue, New York, built about 1880.
(A good example of appropriate architectural effect produced without sculptured ornament or expensive stone-cutting.)

THE CITY HOUSE.

[THE EAST AND SOUTH.]

By Russell Sturgis.

IN this paper a city house is assumed to be one which forms part of a thickly built neighborhood. The city house, according to this standard, occupies a lot which it almost entirely fills. It is either enclosed on both sides, so as to have its windows in the two narrow faces only, or else, if a corner house, it has the street on two sides of it, and another house set close against it on one side. Houses which are freer in this respect, and have windows on all four

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Houses on Washington Square, North, New York.

sides, and those which have, moreover, some ground about them, which circumstance will usually modify their plan, come under the head of suburban houses, and will be considered at another time.

The very simple New York house of 1830 and the years following, and the more stately houses of the same epoch were alike planned nearly as in Plan 1. The mansion of Washington Square and the six-thousand-dollar house of an out-of-the-way street differ merely in dimensions, and in such minor features as the presence or absence of the columns which seem to reinforce the partition between the parlors, and the similar architectural adornments of the principal entrance. The stoop * contained

* This word, of Dutch origin, once unknown outside of New York and its immediate vicinity, but now in use throughout the country, is a desirable addition to the language, for it expresses what no other English word does. It corresponds very closely to the French *perron*.

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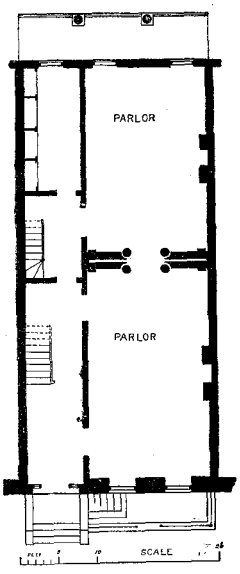
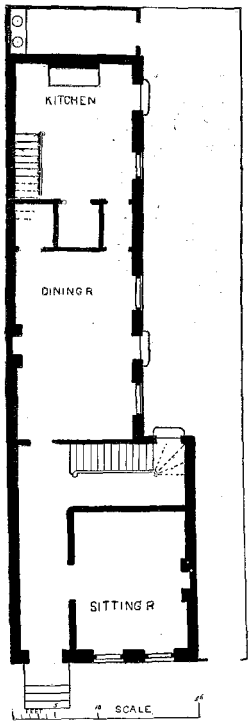
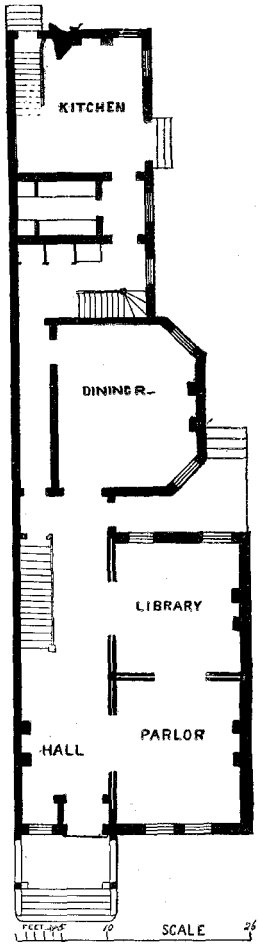


Plan 1.—A Washington Square House, New York, about 1830.

not less than eight risers in addition to the door-sill; that is to say, the visitor had to mount at least nine steps from the sidewalk to reach the parlor floor; very often there were eleven or twelve steps in all. Indeed, one gentleman of the old school, who, in 1870, was building a house into which he wished to incorporate his reminiscences of the early time, insisted on a total height of seven feet seven inches for his stoop, or thirteen risers of seven inches each, which he thought was the normal height and arrangement of a New York stoop. In houses of 1830, both the larger and the smaller, the front basement room was expected to be used as a dining-room. So much of the common London house plan was retained, with, however, this important difference—that instead of entering the house on the dining-room floor, and going upstairs to the drawing-rooms, you entered the house on the drawing-room floor, and were obliged to plunge downstairs to the dining-room. The kitchen occupied the back part of the basement story, and between the kitchen and the dining-room were closets and pantries, with sometimes a trap in the wall through which dishes could be passed, and sometimes a free doorway. The back yard was not, as has been the later custom, dug out to the level of six or eight inches below the kitchen floor, but remained at the original level, and an area, that is, a sunken enclosure with retaining walls and a few rough stone steps, was made for access to the kitchen. In the second story there was the well-known arrangement of a large bedroom in front with two windows, and a small one adjoining it; the same arrangement in the rear, and the space between the two large bedrooms occupied by closets, called in New York, of old, always "pantries."



Plan 2.—Ground Plan of a Southern House.



Plan 3.—Ground Floor of a House in Richmond, Va.

After the introduction of the Croton water into New York, a bath was put up in the smaller back room, or, as it is generally called nowadays, the back hall-bedroom; and, in houses built after the introduction of Croton water, this was almost uniformly used as the bathroom. The water-supply in these houses was, however, limited to this bathroom and to the kitchen sink. There were no "set" wash-trays, no water-supply for the furnace—for there was no furnace, at least of the modern sort—no permanent basins in the bedrooms, no

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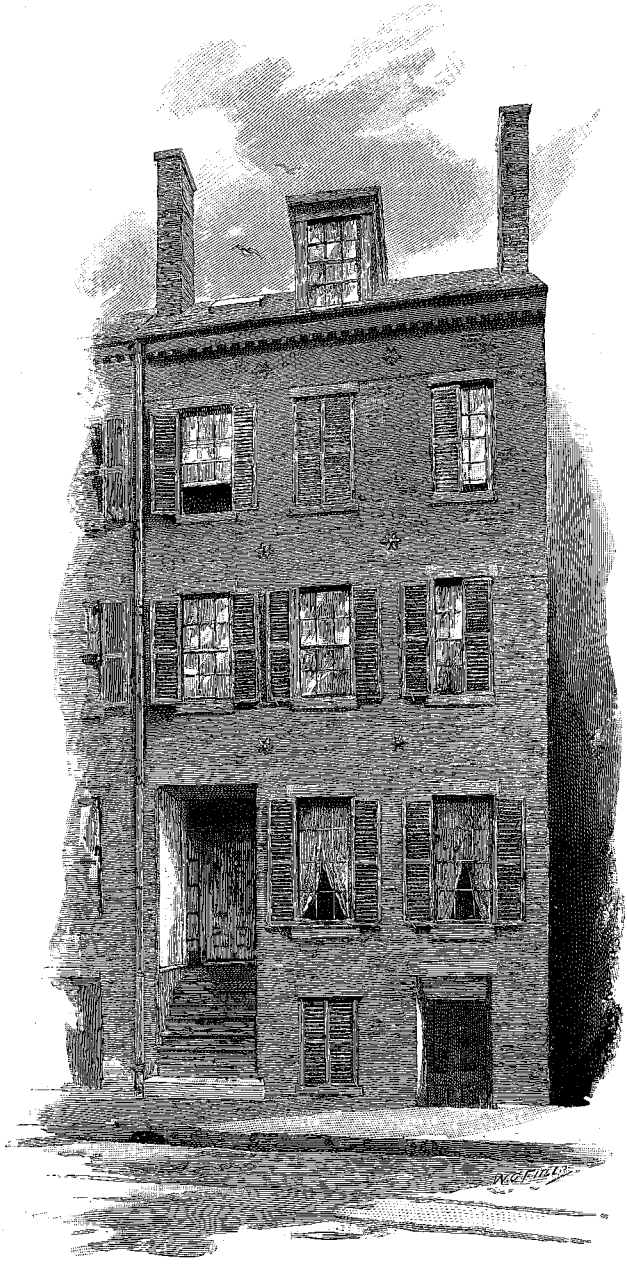
sinks or other conveniences to which water was supplied; furthermore, there was no dumb-waiter connecting the kitchen floor and the parlor floor, because it was not expected that the family would eat anywhere except in the front basement room. Access to the roof was by means of a movable ladder. The cellar was paved with cobble-stones, and had no fittings beyond a few shelves and one or two "hanging shelves," which were light platforms, hung by strips of wood nailed to the beams overhead; but at least every house had a cellar under its whole extent, and this partly made up for the absent garret, which the growing disposition to make what are called flat roofs—that is, roofs with a very slight inclination, and covered, usually, with metal—was beginning to banish. Such a house, if it had two full stories of bedrooms above the parlors, was still called a "two-story house with finished attic," that is to say, the parlor story counted as one, and the second bedroom story was still the attic, whether it was everywhere nine feet or more high in the clear, or whether, as often happened, the slope of the roof cut off the back rooms to a height of six or even five feet at the rear wall. The front was of plain brick, with white marble lintels and stoop in the handsomer houses of Bleecker Street, Washington Place, Washington Square, and the like, or of Connecticut brown stone in Clinton Place, lower Fifth Avenue, Second Avenue, St. Mark's Place, and in other parts of the town. There was extreme simplicity in all the fittings and appointments, with the exception of here and there a costly detail; thus, in many of these houses, the doors of the parlor story, and sometimes of



Old Type of House in Beach Street, Boston.

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the first bedroom story, were of mahogany or rosewood veneered work, extremely handsome, well-made, and costly, while all the woodwork around them was of white pine, simply painted white, and without carving or ornament of applied composition. The tendency of the epoch thirty years earlier for rather elaborate decoration, with plaster, stucco, and the like, in the classical style, and applied freely to cornices and ceilings, had also disappeared, and a severe uniformity had become the rule.

Rear View of Houses at Eighth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.

The picture on p. 694 gives the exterior of such a house, taken from one of those now standing on the north side of Washington Square. The only discrepancy between plan and exterior view is that the latter has a more elaborate entrance; the doorway proper more deeply recessed and decorated with wooden columns within the recess, while a marble porch decorates the opening in the house-wall.

In Baltimore and the more Southern cities a very different plan of house, and one more nearly approaching the suburban type, was usual. Plan 2 shows the ground-floor of such a house of the smaller and cheaper sort, and it will be seen that such a plan presupposes lower prices for land and the possibility of using, for an eight-thousand or a ten-thousand dollar house, a larger, or at least a wider, lot than New York allowed to a house of twice the cost. The front building has but one room and the staircase hall in its depth; and this front building is usually three actual stories in height, namely, the ground-story, raised only two or three steps above the sidewalk; the drawing-room story above this, and a third story containing perhaps two bedrooms. The back building contains, above the rooms shown in the plan, at least one story of bedrooms. The back stairs leading from the kitchen communicate with this and with a sort of garret above. There is no water-supply to the house except a pump at the end of the yard, which pump, however, was replaced by a hydrant when water from an aqueduct was to be had.

Plan 3 shows a modification of this

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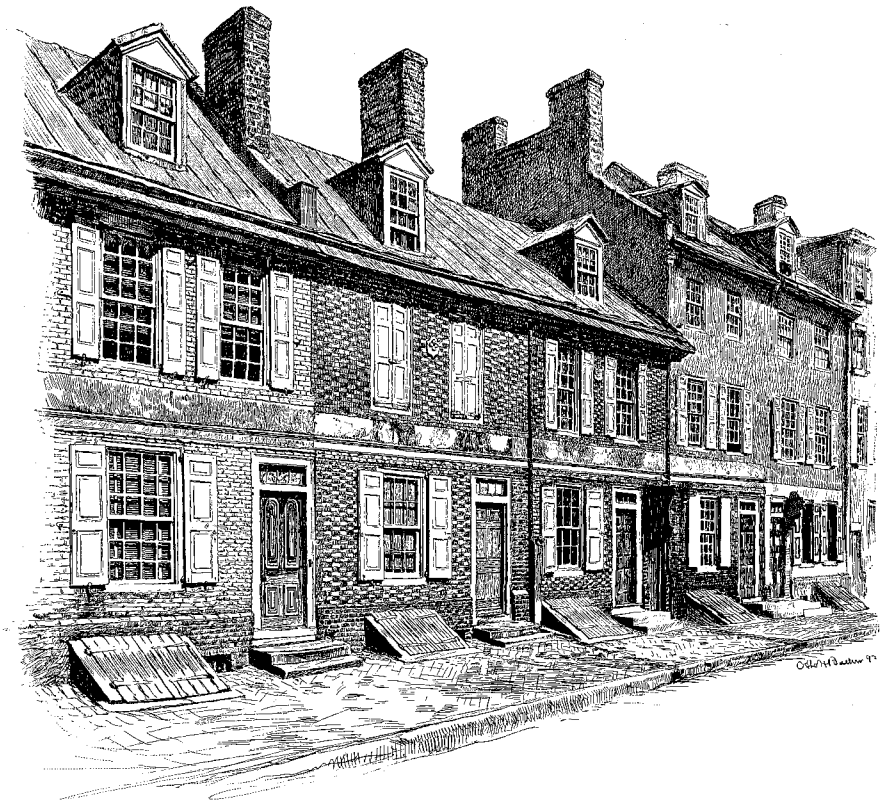

Group of Houses at Third and Locust Streets, Philadelphia; built about 1810.

plan in the direction of greater elegance and cost. The plan is as noticeable for convenience and pleasantness, as, in its smaller way, is Plan 2. The little passage leading to the side door would seem to separate the dining-room from the parlors enough and not too much.

The superiority of these plans over the New York one, in all that goes to make up the comfort of domestic life, is obvious; but their merits are directly traceable to the low price of land. The unfortunate step taken long ago by our now-forgotten predecessors of placing New York City on this narrow island of Manhattan was felt in its fatal influence on the comfort of our homes before New York contained a quarter of a million of inhabitants.

The Boston type of house, Plans 4 and 5 [p. 701], seems to indicate a still greater scarcity of land than existed in New York, in which latter city the streets at least were tolerably wide and allowed of the usual exterior appliances—stoops, areas, and courtyards, to use the most familiar terms. Boston, indeed, was a very crowded place before the building up of Back Bay was begun. The curious arrangement of the entrance flight of steps within the wall of the house was as characteristic a feature of Boston streets as any that could be named. Plan 4 shows the lowest story, raised five or six steps above the sidewalk. The front room was nearly always arranged for a dining-room, and so used; the back room was the kitchen, and beneath this story there was nothing but the cellar, raised half above the ground, like a New York basement story, and including the curious "archway," by means of which access was had to the kitchen by the tradesmen supplying the family. The butcher-boy, ringing at the archway bell, plunged down a steep flight of steps when the door was opened, passed through a passage-way partitioned off from the cellar, mounted a second flight of steps to the back yard, and so found

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himself opposite the kitchen door. It was, indeed, the Baltimore or Philadelphia alley adapted to a small lot by being put under the house instead of beside it; and there were Boston houses which retained the alley on the street level, and were carried over it and so made wider in the upper stories. Plan 5 shows the drawing-room floor of a Boston house of this sort; and, as the room back of the staircase was often arranged for a china-closet, it would seem that the Boston family used often to dine in the back parlor. There was no dumb-waiter, to be sure, but Boston always was inclined to take after London, and to this day a waiting-maid in a London house brings all the dishes for the table up at least one flight of stairs to the dining-room, an arrangement which a New York maid or man would consider quite out of the question. There was no plumbing and no water-supply in such a house except in the kitchen, no dumb-waiter, no furnace. When the Cochituate water was brought into the city a bath-room was perhaps fitted up in the ground-floor extension, or more rarely in the third story. The cost of such a house was about the same as that of a New York house of the same size, but the Boston lot was not usually of the full depth of a hundred feet. In view of the small size of the back yard, the "wash" was dried on the roof of the one-story extension, and the frames and racks adapted to this purpose were a characteristic feature of the interior of an old Boston block.

The picture on p. 696 is a front view of such a house. The steps that lead up to the front door might be of wood, as they were partially protected from the weather, and they were so except in rather costly houses. It was noticeable that in these houses there was no projection of any sort beyond the house-wall, nothing belonging to the house which in any way encroached upon the street. Perhaps a scraper for the feet at the main entrance would be the only accessory which invaded the public way, or perhaps the uppermost step of the flight leading to the archway would invade the sidewalk to the width of a foot or somewhat less. The New Yorker walking along the Boston streets had a curious sensation of brushing the walls of

House in Charleston, S. C.

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House in Washington Place, New York.

the houses with his elbow, and of being within two feet of the people looking out of the windows of the ground floor. Something of the same kind we shall find in Philadelphia. The narrow and crooked streets, lined on both sides with houses like these, gave a singular air of sternness and simplicity to the town, and caused to a certain extent what was called the English look of Boston.

In the three typical houses we have been considering, it was always assumed that the dining-room would be on the floor below that occupied by the drawing-room or rooms ; but in Philadelphia a type of house was in use from an early time which put all the living-rooms on one floor, and very nearly on the level of the street. It is curious to see this retention of an eminently out-of-town feature in so thickly built a city. Plan 6 gives us the ground floor of such a house as this. The wealthy Quaker merchants of Philadelphia may be said to have brought this kind of house to as great perfection as the plan allows. Their fittings and decorations were of the most simple character, so far as the variety of form and color is concerned, but the workmanship was excellent, and there was no rejection of such worldly features as expensive wall-paper with

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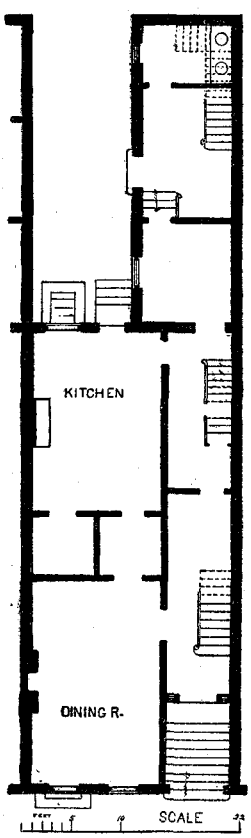
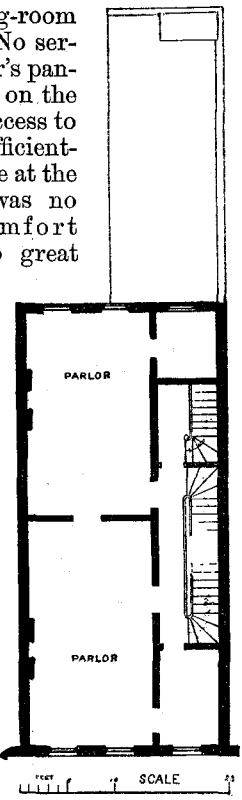
gold patterns on a gray ground, and doors and mantel-pieces of somewhat costly materials. In general, the fittings and appointments were at least as good as those of Boston and New York. As regards the plan, it must not be forgotten that the Philadelphia house communicated with a back alley running through the block, from which there was a gateway through the back wall of the yard and thence to the kitchen. In front, therefore, on the street, there needed to be but one entrance, and this was raised not more than five risers from the sidewalk. There was no front area, of course, and the smooth brick sidewalk was carried unbroken to the marble facing of the basement story, so that any passer-by could look in at the windows. The front parlor was made as wide as the house would allow, leaving only about five feet or thereabout for the passage-way; but the staircase hall in the rear was necessarily wider, and the staircase usually went up in double flights with platforms, so that the back parlor was therefore two feet or three feet narrower than the front. In this plan the dining-room is supposed to be the back parlor. This arrangement was facilitated by the closets between the two parlors, convenient in themselves and forming a lobby or short passage with two pairs of doors if desired; but houses somewhat more expensive have a larger back building than is sufficient for the kitchen and its appurtenances,



Plan 4.—Boston House, Ground Floor.

and have the dining-room itself in that **L**. No service room or butler's pantry was obtainable on the smaller plan, but access to the kitchen was sufficiently convenient, while at the same time there was no unnecessary discomfort caused by its too great vicinity. The upper stories had this peculiarity, that the staircase hall was always well-lighted by windows on the platforms of the staircase; for the back building did not extend above the first story. The inhabitants paid for their light staircase and hall by giving up one of the possible hall-bedrooms on each floor. Houses like this, and in desirable neighborhoods too, would rent for from $600 to $800 at a time when in New York absolutely nothing of the sort was known; when, even as now, one had to go to South Brooklyn or to Harlem for a six-hundred-dollar house and nearly as far for an eight-hundred-dollar one. Philadelphia as well as Baltimore had the advantage of plenty of land to spread over. It used this great advantage in a way not decorative or poetical assuredly, but in the most economical fashion, so as to make possible thousands of comfortable and sufficient private houses.



Plan 5.—Boston House, Second Floor.

The picture on p. 697 shows the exterior, not indeed of just such a house as we have been describing, but of the corner house of a block of just such houses. The entrance being on the side street, around the corner, changes the arrangement of the principal rooms, and there is a much larger area enclosed from the street than we had assumed to be customary; but the

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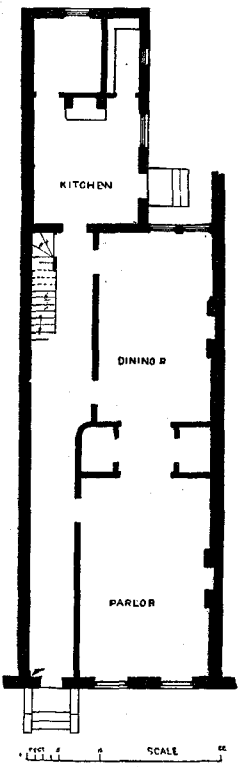
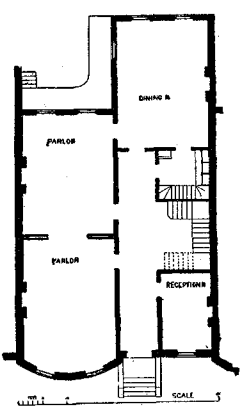
back building containing the kitchen, the red brick and white marble, and above all the display of white-painted solid shutters at all the windows, above and below, are as characteristic as possible. These Philadelphia houses are so fascinating in their simplicity and homeliness, that it seems worth while to give in the picture on p. 698 a row of smaller ones, older perhaps than the types we have been considering, perhaps of about 1810, adorned with a little colored brick-work, and more picturesque than a later taste allowed.



Plan 6.—Ground Floor of a Philadelphia House.

The types followed in the more Southern cities vary too much for us to follow them in detail. Thus, in New Orleans, the building of the larger houses around courts, or with large paved yards between the house and the street, made the type of smaller houses very uncertain. Each builder of a small house tried to secure some of the features of the larger ones, and the result was endless variety. In Savannah the house of the better class was apt to have the parlors, dining-room, etc., in a long suite, with windows opening on a garden which stretched the whole length of the house. In Charleston the houses were more like those in Northern cities, except the mansions of considerable size; these had "galleries," or verandas, sometimes two stories of them, as in the picture on p. 699, and resembled suburban rather than city houses. It is hard to establish a type for the smaller houses of the Southern cities. It is quite probable that there was not quite so uniform a gradation between the humblest and the more elegant houses as in the North.

Wealthier families at the North, as well as at the South, enjoyed double houses, that is to say, houses with rooms on both sides of the entrance hall, occupying for the purpose lots of ground from thirty-seven to fifty feet in width. It is remarkable, however, that very few such houses were built in New York, as compared with the much greater number in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and even in crowded Boston. Mr. Bristed, in his "Upper Ten Thousand," the letters composing which work were contributed to *Frazer's Magazine* about 1845, puts his typical New York grandee into a house three rooms deep and twenty-seven feet wide, and explains that this house occupied a corner lot, and thus had the advantage of windows in the second room of the three. Indeed, any one who knew New York about 1845, will remember how unusual was the house with four or five windows in one story of its front. Still, such houses were known: The picture on p. 700 shows one that must have been a delightful residence; it is now no longer a private dwelling. The Boston double house was apt to be of the type shown in Plan 7. The lot is about forty feet wide. The two large parlors are in themselves almost exactly reproductions of the two parlors of the narrower houses that we have been considering; but, as half of the width of the lot is allowed them, they are broader, and with the width goes generally greater length. The plan, as it is given here, is a Boston plan, but the New York house of the same character was very like it, except that the rounded front of the parlor would be absent; for these "swell fronts" were essentially a Boston pecul-



Plan 7.—Ground Floor, Boston Double-house.

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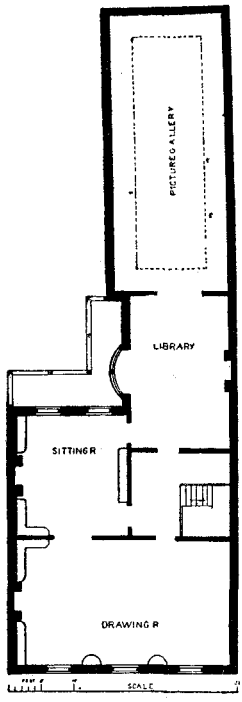
iarity, and but two or three groups of them existed in New York. A similar house was built on a narrower lot, thirty-two feet wide or thereabouts, with this change, namely, that the dining-room, instead of slipping past the back parlor in the direction of the length of the house, so as to allow of a door in the longitudinal partition, as in Plan 7, was slipped past the back parlor the other way, or transversely, so that the door leading from the back parlor to the dining-room would be in the rear wall of the latter, and the back parlor would have but one window.

In this plan, the stoop, with entrance directly to the principal floor, was still maintained. With this exception, it is curious how like the plan is to a well-known English one. Plan 8 represents a house to which many an American has gone to see the beautiful works of art which it contained — a simple house in a quarter of London very fashionable forty years ago, and still respectable, with a venerable air of bygone magnificence. Here, as in pretty much all London houses, the entrance is on what we should call the basement floor, and on the same floor as the dining-room. The principal story is, therefore, left free from the annoyance of the entrance from the street, and consists of a series of drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms. The plan differs from that of other London houses of the same epoch, and of some dignity, chiefly in the great prolongation of the L or extension, so as to make a double picture-gallery of considerable size, lighted from the roof as well as from the side wall. Ordinarily, such a house had an extension of not more than fifteen feet from the rear wall of the main building, and a morning-room or sitting-room of moderate size occupied the whole of this. The immense superiority, for all purposes of elegant social life, of this plan over the Boston one is obvious. The only advantage which the Boston plan has is that of having the dining-room on the same floor as the sitting-room and drawing-room, so that dinner guests assembling in any of these rooms can go to the dining-room, and can, later, pass from the dining-room to the drawing-room without going up and down stairs. This advantage is perhaps fully counterbalanced by the avoidance of the neighborhood of the dining-room with its odors, so unwelcome after the dinner is over. In a city house there is hardly room for the dining-room on the same floor with the drawing-room, without this annoyance; and in all other respects the London plan has the clear advantage, the rooms for family life and for entertainment being alike free from the double annoyance of the doorway to the street with its passage or entry cutting across the sequence of the apartments, and of the dining-room with its pantries and other appurtenances. There is, indeed, but one good reason for the adoption of the "high-stoop" plan, and that is the lack, in this country, of fairly well-trained servants. The lady of the house receiving in London is supposed to ring for a servant to show her guest to the outer door, to open it and close it again. In planning the American house, it is assumed that she will not have servants enough, or well-trained enough, to allow of such a manner of speeding her parting guest; she is supposed to be left to her own resources, and to be more able to see that her guests get out of the house in safety if she is herself in the room immediately adjoining the entrance. No other reason has ever been suggested, so far as the author knows, for the solecism, almost universal in America now, of having the principal rooms for entertainment and family life as close as possible to the street door. It is, in fact, a country plan or a suburban plan, adapted badly enough to



Plan 8.—An Old London House.

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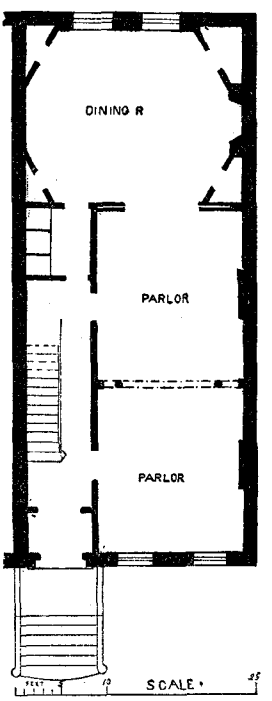
city uses. It dates from a time when the door-bell did not ring much more often in a city house than the knocker sounded in a country house; from a time when there was practically no service, and when, the door standing open in pleasant weather, the visitor or messenger or tradesman announced his presence as best he could, by rapping at the open door, or by hemming or coughing in the front hall; when, during the hours of an evening entertainment, no interruption was to be expected, and when morning or afternoon visiting was so far informal and a matter of free intercourse between neighbors, that there was little call for further ceremony than the good-by at the door.

Such, then, were the houses in which our fathers lived when they were obliged to confine their habitations to city lots. They may be taken as dating from 1830, and any inquiry that we have to make into the later development of the American city plans will begin with 1850, leaving between these two dates a space of time great enough to form a visible boundary between the plans of the old time and the plans of the new time. In dealing with modern plans, we have to consider a much more self-conscious and deliberate epoch than that which went before. As writers of the history of the grander forms of architecture draw a sharp line between all the styles existing previous to the classic revival of the fifteenth century and those that have succeeded it, that line separating the unconscious and, so to speak, aboriginal styles of architecture from the deliberately worked-up and thought-out styles that we know as modern, so, in dealing with these American house plans, we must separate rather sharply the simple plans of our ancestors from the modern ones, supposed to be the deliberately worked-out conceptions of their authors.

Let us hasten to say that this last theory is not yet completely realized. New York is held back by a half-and-half adoption of the modern idea. Boston is wiser or more fortunate in this, that the modern idea is more faithfully followed up. In Boston, the man of some means, who wishes to have a house, employs an architect whom he considers the most intelligent or the most agreeable, and builds his house: in New York, the man, even of wealth, goes with his wife to look at ready-made houses, and accepts, buys, and pays for the one which is the least objectionable. In other words, the Boston man has his clothes carefully made for him by a tailor whom he thinks skilful: the New York man buys his clothes ready-made. Oddly enough, this comparison, if taken literally, is the reverse of true; for the New York man is notoriously the most carefully dressed man on the continent, and has, as Mark Twain says, "a godless grace and snap and style" about himself and his dress which the people of other communities find it impossible to reproduce; but in building — except in the obviously exceptional case of palaces — elegance, comfort, and a careful adaptation of means to an end, are less studied in New York than in any other community which can in any respect be compared with it.



Plan 9.—New York House, 1860, Ground Floor Plan.

The modern New York house in its original state is, of course, the simple house, Plan 1, with the addition of a back room and a vestibule. The back room was called the "third room," the "tea-room," and often the "extension." Originally this room formed really a one-story extension, and was most commonly built as an after-thought and an addition to the house as at first planned. The next step was to include such a room as this in the house as originally conceived. Plan 9 shows this change and shows also the step that immediately and inevitably fol-

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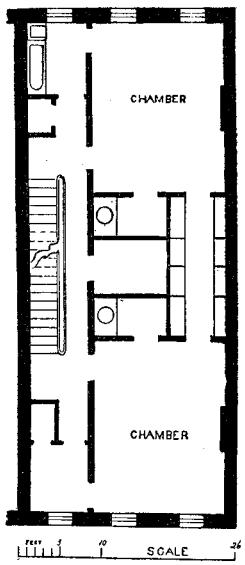
lowed, namely, the abandonment of the division wall between the two parlors, and the substitution for it of a screen of columns. One great reason for this change was the disagreeable effect of a room with no windows. By doing away with the wall between the front and the back parlor, the two parlors became one room, and there was no longer a room without a window; but an obvious improvement upon this was to do away with the screen of columns also, and to substitute either a transom, or a slightly indicated arch, across the long and narrow parlor; which arch or transom, in its turn, disappeared, and the whole space was treated as a single room, having probably a single fireplace in the middle of the wall, and perhaps a single doorway from the entry. It is hardly necessary to show these different steps in separate cuts. In all of them the back room is prepared for use as a dining-room, and that part of the hall or entry which is enclosed, next adjoining it, is fitted with a dumb-waiter and cupboards, so as to answer for a small service-room, or, as it is called in New York, a butler's pantry.

The depth of the house thus obtained would have been fifty-seven or fifty-eight feet if the full length of the old parlors had been retained; but it has often happened that the one long parlor which has succeeded them is shortened from forty to thirty-four feet, or even less, so that, with a back room fifteen feet wide, the house, with its walls, is brought within fifty feet. This is a reasonable depth, leaving a satisfactory back yard; and this depth is carried up for the full height of the house. There appeared, contemporaneously with these changes in the main floor, the common addition of a third story of bed-rooms, making what would have been called forty years ago a three-story-and-attic house, but which we call to-day, more simply and naturally, a four-story house. These two changes, coming together as they did, raised the price of New York houses considerably, for there were no houses constructed on the older and simple plan, or almost none. To find the seven-thousand-dollar or eight-thousand-dollar house of 1850 and later years, one has to take either a house sixteen feet wide or even twelve and a half feet wide, or less, or else go far afield. It has been extremely difficult to get a house for a reasonable price or a reasonable rent in New York, and the reason for that is obvious: space is so much in demand for houses that will bring $20,000, and over, that it is found far more profitable to provide such houses than smaller ones, except, of course, in the forgotten parts of the city, where persons with any pretensions to a claim to polite society do not wish to live.



Plan 10.—New York House. 1860, Second Floor.

There was, however, a good deal of sense in this ground-floor plan, and it maintained itself for thirty years as almost the only pattern for houses worth, with the land, from $20,000 to $35,000. The plan of the bed-room floor of such a house was also very sensible and reasonable, when there was not too eager an attempt to get a great many bed-rooms, resulting in the use for that purpose of some rooms not properly lighted. For a family not too large for the house no plan is likely to be better than the one shown in Plan 10, where a large bedroom at the front and a large bedroom at the back are at once divided and connected by a passageway with cupboards on each side, each room having also a separate large closet, in which a water-supply can easily be arranged and often is provided. The two smaller rooms can be used either as two bedrooms, or one of them as a sitting-room, sewing-room, or the like. In plans of this simple kind one of these rooms, and perhaps one on the third bedroom floor, is used for a bathroom, as indeed Plan 10 shows. When the house is somewhat deeper, and the space between the two large bedrooms thereby increased, the bathroom is often put in the middle of

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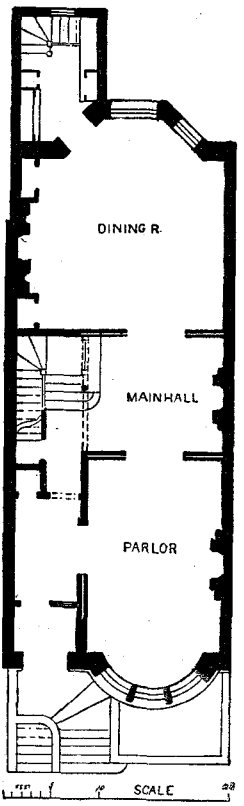
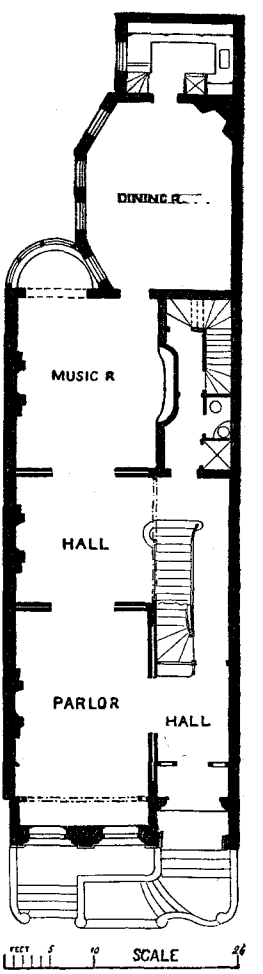
the house between the closets which connect the large bedrooms. In this case a light-shaft from the roof gives light and ventilation. These light-shafts have been interfered with by the recent New York building laws, as indeed reason was, for they are a terrible danger on account of their adaptedness to serve as flues for spreading fire rapidly from floor to floor.



Plan 11.—Modern New York House, West End Avenue.

One of the most approved recent modifications of this arrangement is shown in Plan 11.* The main peculiarity in this is the resolute insistence on something in the way of a hall, which shall replace the long, narrow entrance-way called by that name by former generations. Out of this square hall the staircase to the upper stories must necessarily lead, and the completeness of the screening of this staircase from the hall, so as to make the access to it partly private from at least a part of the house, is the main point of difference among many different modern houses. In some an architectural screen is arranged, amounting almost to a complete partition, so that, unless doors are left open, the staircase is in an apartment by itself; in others, as in the one before us, this separation is effected by means of an open arcade, or row of columns, with curtains which can be adjusted at pleasure. Whether this plan is agreeable or not in daily use, depends on the habits of the family. It seems to be founded largely upon the idea that a hall and staircase should be handsome and spacious, and that a house that has not a handsome and spacious hall and staircase is an inferior one. This theory cannot be maintained in all cases. It may often be better to reduce the entrance-way and the staircase to the narrowest and humblest dimensions reconcilable with convenience, in order that the rooms actually lived in may be the larger. It is a quite defensible proposition that passageways and stairways need only be wide enough to make the moving of furniture into and out of the house practicable, and that every available inch of room should be put into rooms which are capable of being wholly shut off from the passages. The square hall in the middle of the house, as it has been introduced into such New York houses as cost, with the land, from $20,000 to $35,000, is certainly open to the objection that it is not a comfortable or agreeable sitting-room, because too public and because not easily made warm, while, on the other hand, it is altogether unnecessary as a means of communication between more secluded and more pleasant apartments. It remains to be seen whether the whole scheme will be abandoned, as a temporary "fad," or



Plan 12.—First Floor of House in Eighty-first Street, New York.

*House in West End Avenue, designed by Messrs. Berg & Clark.

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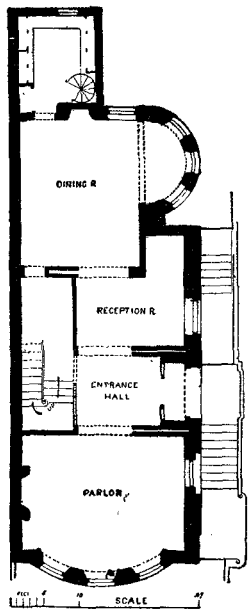
whether modifications can be introduced into it which will make it a permanent feature of our residences.

Plan 12 shows a house which occupies nearly the whole of its hundred-foot lot.* The arrangements by which the four rooms en suite are made all accessible and convenient, whether used separately or together, are certainly excellent, nor is it easy to see how the ground can be used to better advantage.

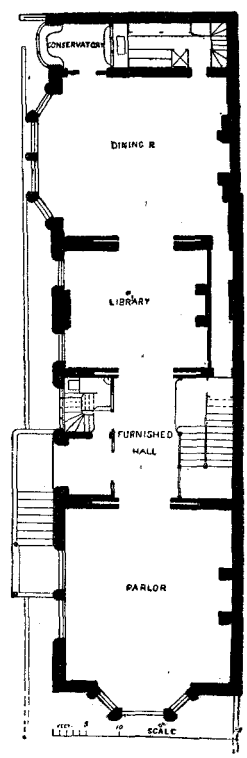


Plan 13.—Corner House on West End Avenue, New York.

Before leaving the consideration of these twenty-five-foot and twenty-two-foot houses, standing in the middle of blocks, reference must be made to our illustrations, which give the fronts of such houses as these. Thus, the picture on page 710 shows a very original and certainly effective façade, executed in light yellow brick, with the entire framework and architectural setting of the windows in terra cotta, a few shades darker than the color of the walls.† The left hand picture on p. 711 gives an admirable design; one of the most simple and yet effective and spirited fronts which New York can show.‡ The right hand picture on p. 711 shows one section or bay of the well-known row of houses in Lafayette Place; this is of the old and almost forgotten New York, and contrasts with the very recently built exteriors.

There is no doubt that until very much greater familiarity with the possibilities of our narrow fronts has been gained by close and minute study of their decorative treatment by our architects, severe restraint and an almost complete abstinence from elaborate ornament form the only safe course to pursue. Not only architectural sculpture in the strict sense is to be avoided, until it has been much more thoroughly studied than our architects have yet been able to study it, but larger features, such as bay-windows, porches, and the like, which are matters of course, and which every owner thinks he can have if he can pay for them—even these are dangerous things, and are apt to ruin the fronts in which they are embodied. The front given in the Forty-ninth Street house, on p. 711, seems to answer all the requirements of the case: it is rich and complete looking, it argues care and thought on the part of the designer, and no improper parsimony on the part of the owner; and there is nothing attempted in it which our designers do not thoroughly understand or which our workmen are unable to execute.

The subject of corner houses must be touched upon briefly. Where the entrance is in the narrower front, the house is not very unlike a house which is wedged in between two others, the only important difference being that the rooms can be lighted from the side, and some slight improvements are thus rendered easy; but it is rather the custom of late years in New York to enter such corner houses in the middle of the wider front; and this brings up the difficulty alluded to above of separating the two main parts of the house too decidedly one from another; with the added in-



Plan 14.—House in Fifth Avenue, New York.

*House in West Eighty-first Street, fronting on Manhattan Square. Messrs. Berg & Clark, architects.
†House in East Thirty-third Street.
‡House in East Forty-ninth Street.

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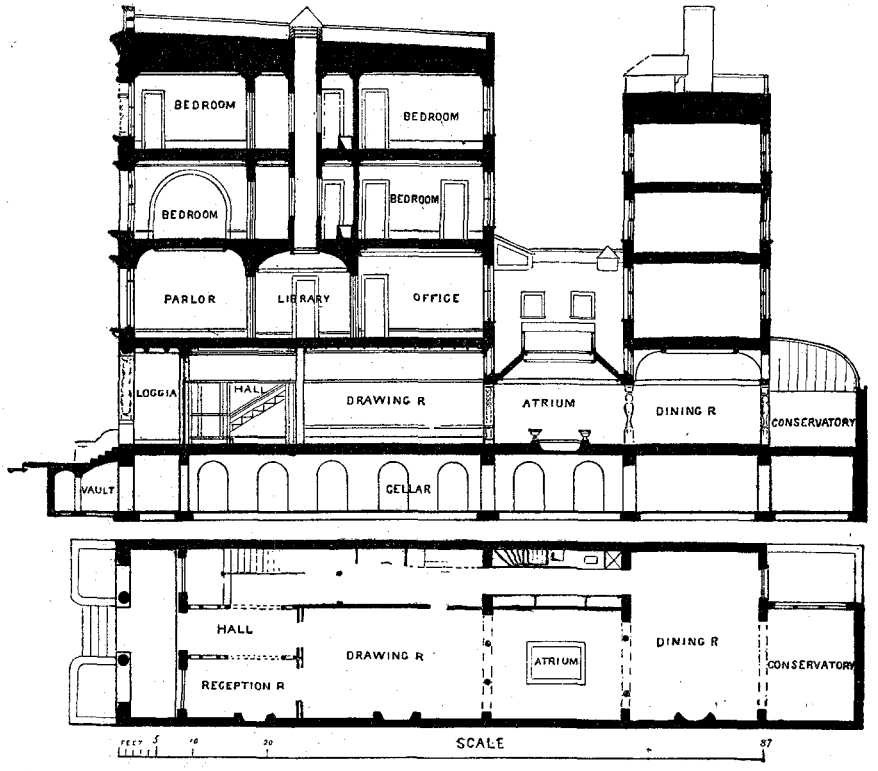

Plan 15.—Section and Plan of a Modern New York House, showing partial separation of front and back buildings.

convenience of direct entrance from the street into this separating hall. Elegant corner houses, twenty-five feet by sixty and thereabouts, are spoiled by having the hall carried athwart them for nearly their whole width, cutting off one-half of the large rooms of the principal floor from the other half by a strip of passageway, which it is indeed customary to consider as part of the available space for guests, but which is in reality liable to sudden invasion from out of doors. The high-stoop house, with which New York is afflicted for its sins, shows perhaps more of its awkwardness here than in the houses entered at one end. When an entertainment is going on, especially if it is a large one, when the company rather crowds the house, the guests who arrive must pass through the already assembled company, and gain their dressing-rooms as best they may; and in like manner those guests who may wish to depart early have the gauntlet to run once more. This, which was bad in the old houses, is worse in the new. Custom has made it a matter of course to pass, in wet and bedraggled out-of-door garments, through a full-dressed assemblage, but it is none the less a solecism.

Plan 13* shows what must be a delightful house to live in; and the staircase here is retired enough to make it much better for daily use than it would be if open to the entrance-hall; but here there is still no remedy provided for that awkward arrival and departure of guests, threading their tortuous way through a crowded party. Really, our wealthy New Yorkers ought to remember that their houses are not to live in only. They are to "entertain" in too, and that to an extent hardly reconcilable with right reason. If, therefore, the thronged receptions and dancing-parties are to be as agreeable as their nature allows, the houses must really be planned with some regard to their requirements.

* House on West End Avenue, Babb, Cook & Willard, architects.

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The Sears Houses, now the Somerset Club, exemplifying the more sumptuous Boston House of 1840 and later.
(The "archway" is retained in the passage leading from the doorway in the Terrace Wall.)

But, apart from this, what a good plan we have here, and how charming in its simplicity is the exterior, shown in the picture on p. 712. It is not the object of this paper to dwell upon details, else there would be many things to praise in this design; but mention must be made at least of the treatment of all the faces as parts of the same design—front, side, and rear all of the same material and treated in the same fashion. It is an elementary truth that a corner house will not be a good design if it has a "front" faced with ashlar, a "gable"

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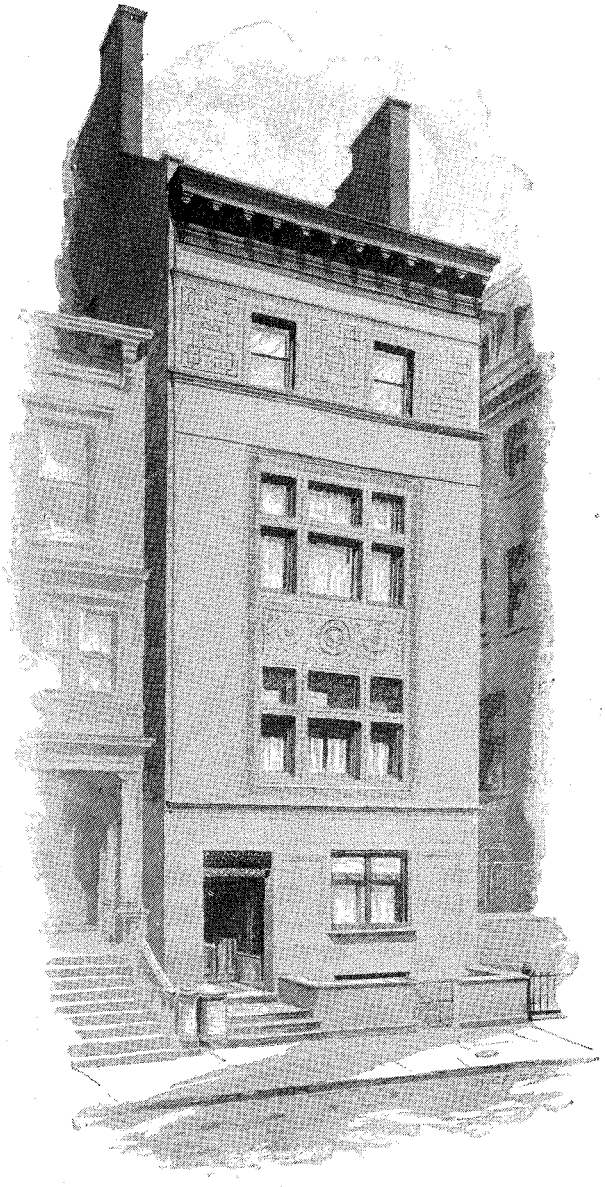

House in East Thirty-third Street, New York.

or end wall faced with Philadelphia brick, and a rear wall of cheaper brick; and yet sumptuous houses are built on that principle to-day.

Plan 14 * shows a simple remedy for some of the troubles we have been considering, namely, a staircase, narrow, but sufficiently easy and spacious for the purpose, carried up direct from the vestibule of the front door to the second story, and equally capable of being carried down to the basement. By means of this, both ladies and gentlemen, on arriving at the house, may go direct to the dressing-rooms provided for them. A very slight extension of the plan would allow of an elevator having the same relation to the first and second stories; but, as to the staircase, it is to be observed that such a ready communication as this between the front door and the upper and lower stories is desirable on other accounts as well. A similar feature is to be seen in large English country houses, where what is called the "bachelors' stair" communicates directly from out of doors to the bed-rooms above, enabling men who come, wet or muddy, from out-of-door sports, to seek their bed-rooms without passing up the great staircase. Such accessories and facilities as this have been too much neglected in our American houses hitherto.

There is no doubt, however, that the real difficulty is in the high-stoop house itself, which is a survival of early and simpler habits, and should have been abandoned long ago for all city dwellings. There is an anomaly, which only long custom blinds us to, in the coming of a porter with a great package or a messenger boy with a note, and his waiting for ten minutes, while an answer is being prepared, within three feet of the door which opens into the drawing-room, which may at that moment be devoted to a large and dressy assembly. It is almost equally objectionable during the

* House in Fifth Avenue, designed by Robert H. Robertson, architect.

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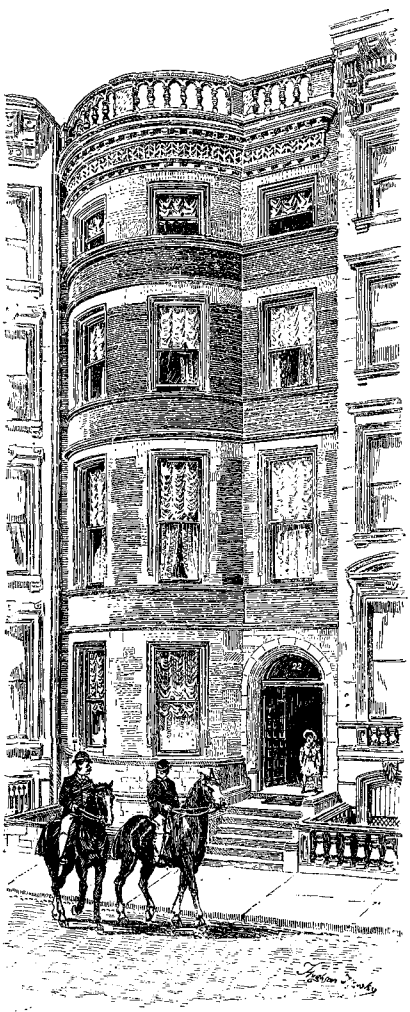
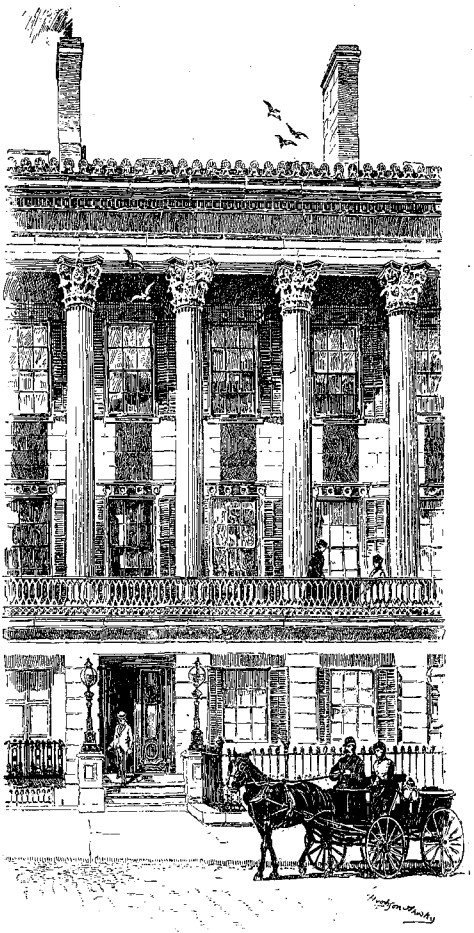
hours of family tranquillity; though, as the rooms are not crowded at such times, the door of communication can be shut. There may be a sufficient reason for the retention of the old high-stoop plan in small houses, in which there would not be many entertainments held, and none of a ceremonious kind; but the moment that rich men begin to build houses for their wives and daughters to use in costly entertainment, that moment the plan should have been abandoned once for all. Nothing more incongruous than our New York palaces, of which the first notable one was the marble structure at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, has



House in East Forty-ninth Street, New York.



Old New York Houses, now the Colonnade Hotel, Lafayette Place, New York.

ever been planned or erected. They are in almost all respects small houses looked at through a magnifying glass; the necessary conditions of a stately house, a sort of palazzo, have hardly been considered in them; the American citizen whose fortune has increased a hundred-fold builds a house perhaps ten-fold larger than he would otherwise have done, but in other respects very similar to that one in which his father lived in days of comparative poverty.

In closing this examination it will be well to show at least one bold departure from the accepted method of proceeding. Plan 15 (p. 708) shows the first story, and a vertical section of a house*

* House designed by Thayer & Robinson, architects.

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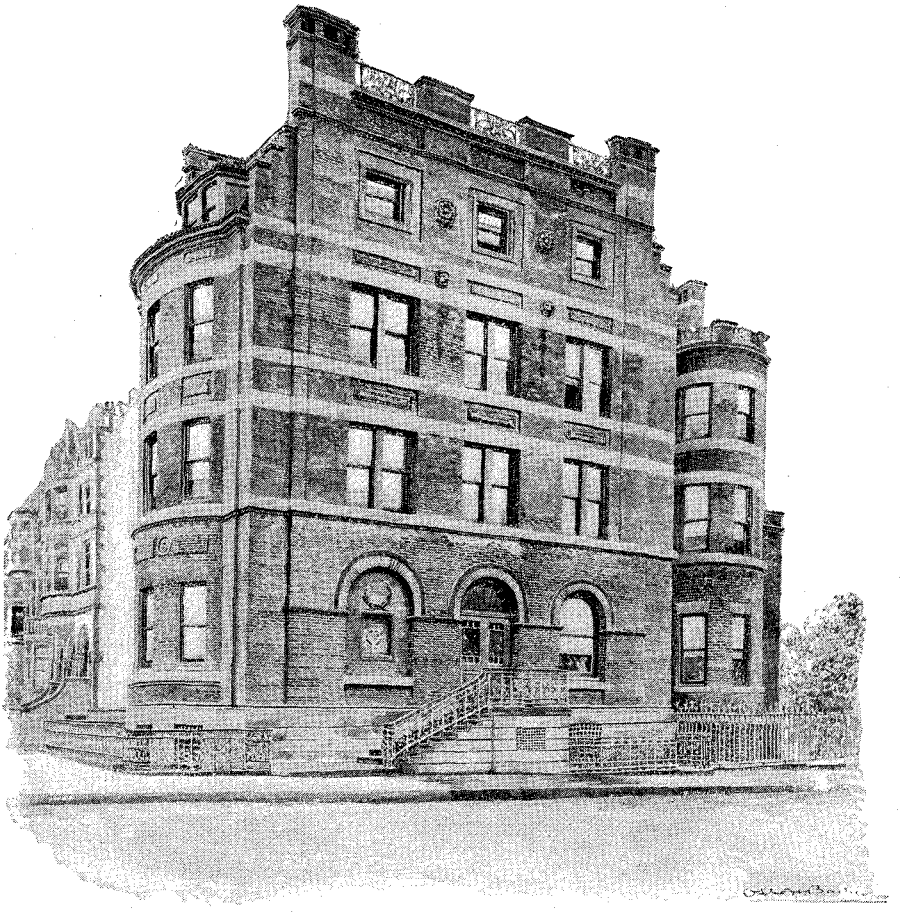

House in West End Avenue, New York.

in which many of the disadvantages of our ordinary New York houses are avoided. The treatment of the front and back building in intimate connection with one another below, and wholly separate above, is excellent, and reminds the student of two very dissimilar, but in their way equally successful, types, namely, that of the German and the Flemish houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a survival itself of an earlier form; and secondly, that of a host of London houses, of which one of the best instances is given in Mr. Kerr's book, "The English Gentleman's House." In the English scheme, the back building contains only the stables on the ground floor, opening into a mews in the rear of the house, and rooms above for the coachman and stable help, while the main building in front has seven available stories, namely the ground floor, which is six steps above the sidewalk; a basement below it, of which only a small part is used for cellarage; and not less than five stories above. This, however, is a detail. The house may be larger or smaller. The theory of giving light to all the rooms by cutting a court for light boldly through the house, and dividing it thus into a front and a rear building, is one that should have been put into practice before this. The other peculiarities in the house, Plan 15, need study, and it is only after several such houses shall have been built that these can be judged aright. Thus, the loggia at the entrance seems to us a mistake, not likely to be useful, and certainly objectionable in

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several ways. On the other hand, the placing of the kitchen above the dining-room in the back building, would probably work very well.

Unfortunately, it is not New York that will solve such problems. The custom so prevalent there of building houses in blocks, and on general principles, for sale to whomsoever will buy, is, of course, preclusive of any originality in treatment, or of the application of any thought and skill to delicacy of plan and arrangement. This fashion is in every way hostile to the best interests of the city. It is impossible for the architect to plan with his best skill when he has to provide for, not a special family, with peculiar needs, but a general, a possible family, of tastes which cannot be foreseen. To plan a house which may please almost anybody, instead of a house specially adapted to please somebody, is forlorn business. As for good building, too, it has been ascertained long ago that solidly built houses cannot be made profitable to him who builds to sell. A certain popular kind of elegance pays very well; but the cost of solid brick-work, well-built flues, extra deep floor-timbers, and the like, this will never come back to the man who has invested in them. And as for the artistic side of it all, a speculative builder is not a lover of good architectural ornament, nor does he believe in it; and he is right. Good architectural ornament assuredly will never pay.

It is often pointed out how much a city is injured by the existence within its limits of a large amount of leasehold property; because houses on leased ground will not be so well built as those on freehold ground. But, indeed, houses built by their expectant inhabitants on leased lots would be far better for New York than houses built for sale on land held in fee simple. The one thing needful is that relation between owner and architect which will call out the best gifts of the planner and designer, and which will result in the house best fitted to be the home of its owner's family, and of such general design and ornamentation as is best suited to the plan. The architects will meet their employers more than half way; but the initiative must come from the owner—from the man who wants a house.

THE MAGIC HOUSE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

In her chamber, wheresoe'er
  Time shall build the walls of it,
Melodies shall minister,
  Mellow sounds shall flit
Through a dusk of musk and myrrh.

Lingering in the spaces vague,
  Like the breath within a flute,
Winds shall move along the stair;
  When she walketh mute
Music meet shall greet her there.

Time shall make a truce with Time,
  All the languid dials tell
Irised hours of gossamer,
  Eve perpetual
Shall the night or light defer.

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From her casement she shall see
  Down a valley wild and dim,
Swart with woods of pine and fir;
  Shall the sunsets swim
Red with untold gold to her.

From her terrace she shall see
  Lines of birds like dusky motes
Falling in the heated glare;
  How an eagle floats
In the wan unconscious air!

From her turret she shall see
  Vision of a cloudy place,
Like a group of opal flowers
  On the verge of space,
Or a town, or crown of towers.

From her garden she shall hear
  Fall the cones between the pines;
She shall seem to hear the sea,
  Or behind the vines
Some small noise, a voice maybe.

But no thing shall habit there,
  There no human foot shall fall,
No sweet word the silence stir,
  Naught her name shall call,
Nothing come to comfort her.

But about the middle night,
  When the dusk is loathèd most,
Ancient thoughts and words long said,
  Like an alien host,
There shall come unsummonèd.

With her forehead on her wrist
  She shall lean against the wall
And see all the dream go by.
  In the interval
Time shall turn Eternity.

But the agony shall pass—
  Fainting with unuttered prayer,
She shall see the world's outlines
  And the weary glare
And the bare unvaried pines.

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JERRY.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

"Alone and empty-handed in this world
Where loves and hopes crowd thick as Heaven's stars."

HE sat in the doorway with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his dirty little hands. His yellow face was expressionless almost; and his thin, straight lips looked as if they could never have smiled or laughed as a child's lips should. A tired face, with all the lines set as in the countenance of an old person; a stolid face that gave small sign of heart, or mind, or soul.

Motionless he sat, with the spring sun sending a thousand flickering lights about him, and cutting his shadow sharp and black on the block of light in the doorway.

Behind him a clay-daubed log-house; before him, a barren rain-gullied yard, a broken rail-fence, and a few poor apple-trees. A rickety grindstone stood at the corner of the house where the mud chimney jutted out — an axe stuck in a log near the wood-pile — one lean, straight-tailed hog rooted in a corner of the fence.

In all his life the child had never looked on any other scene; had never lost sight of the smoke from that poor chimney. Now he rose slowly, pulling up his ragged trousers.

"I'm agoin'," he said, looking straight before him. "Hit ain't no use, I can't git to see youuns no mo', an' youuns tole me hit worn't much fur youuns were agoin' to the 'Golding Gates,' not much fur;" and putting his hands in his pockets, he walked away slowly down a path to where a spring made a still, clear pool in the gray rocks. He paused here a moment to drink out of a gourd that lay on the ledge, then passed beyond to where in a corner of the fence there was a grave. Some rails had been laid about the off-side of this grave, but this extra fence was very low, as if the strength that built it were not equal to the task.

The child stood and looked; his expression did not change, no special feeling seemed to stir within him, but at last the straight lips parted, and he spoke to the grave as he had spoken to himself up at the house. "I'm agoin', mammy," he said, "hit ain't no use; dad, he beats me, an' Minervy Ann Salter's done come to live, an' her beats me too—hit ain't no use. I ain't took much rails," he went on, "an' mebbe dad'll lettum stay; mebbe he'll furgit you're down har if I kivver youuns good—mebbe he'll furgit;" and without haste or excitement he climbed over the outer fence to reach a brush-heap which was there.

"I'll kivver youuns good," he repeated, and dropped the brush branch by branch

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over the fence on the grave, then beyond he picked a long branch of blackberry blossoms. Gravely he scanned from end to end the blooming brier, holding it high as he recrossed the fence; and once more beside the grave, the sharp little voice again broke the silence.

"Youuns were powerful proud o' blossoms, mammy," he said, "an' I'll lay 'em thar; but I'm agoin'—I can't git to see youuns, but dad can't nuther, can't beat youuns no mo'; an' mebbe," nodding his head slowly, "mebbe he'll furgit them rails." His task was done, and he stood slouching like an old man; the poor grave had become a brush-heap, with the spray of snowy blossoms on the top, and the stolen rails were covered—"mebbe, he'll furgit them rails," and the child turned away toward the house.

Straight up the path, and in at the house-door, there he paused and looked about him. Two beds—a broad, broken fireplace where stones served for andirons, some battered cooking utensils, a few tin plates and cups, two or three splint-bottomed chairs, a string of red peppers over the chimney; these things that had been always about his life, he was going to leave. He drew his dirty shirt sleeve across his nose, pausing in the act, as his eyes in their survey reached a dark corner of the house. He walked over to the spot, and laid his hand softly on a faded blue homespun apron that hung there. "Hit's yourn, mammy," he whispered, "hit ain't Minervy Ann Salter's, hit's been a-hengin' thar ever sence dad knocked youuns over; dad ain't a-goin' to 'member hit;" and drawing himself up by the uneven logs, he reached the peg where the apron hung.

Once more on the floor with his prize in his hands, he looked it over with a gleam of recognition in his eyes, as if every smirch on it had some association for him; then rolled it up with clumsy carefulness, wrapping some straw about it to make it fast. "Hit ain't Minervy Ann Salter's," he said, decisively, "hit's mammy's, surely," and he turned and left the house.

A road passed near the fence, turning down the hillside, a rough, red road where the winter's ruts had hardened under the spring sun; with here and there a well-worn stump garnishing its ugly length, or the rounded shoulder of some mighty buried cliff making a few smooth steps. On either side the woods crept up so close that the roots of the trees were travel-worn, and much bark was missing from the trunks at the usual height of the wheel-hubs. A lonely, desolate road, lying like a long red gash cut on the face of the world as God had left it—the only mark that man had made. The child paused as he crossed the fence, and hitched the strings that answered for braces a little higher on his shoulders, then turned the straw-wrapped bundle over slowly in his hands. "Hit aint no use," he repeated once again, as if at the last some memory laid faint hold upon him; "hit ain't no use, mammy, an' I'se done kivvered youuns good — rale good —" almost pleadingly — "good as I could." One moment more he paused, then climbed down to the rough road, and turned away resolutely from all the landmarks of his little life. If he realized at all the thing he was doing—if he had any fear of the world—if he felt any sorrow for the ties he was breaking, he gave no sign more than the pause as he crossed the fence. What had roused him now seemed more than he could bear, and he went away.

The road grew more and more rough as it descended the hills; the rocks more frequent and more scarred and scraped by brake-locked wheels; the trees were taller and bent in more various directions, as they had to find more precarious rootage among the rocks, and from tree to tree rank vines and briers that made an impassable barrier on either side. Straight on the child walked; not picking his way, not avoiding rock, nor root, nor mud-hole—straight on, neither fast nor slow, looking neither to the right nor to the left. His bundle close under one arm, his hands in his pockets, his hat crammed down on his head so that his colorless hair, creeping through a hole in the crown, could scarcely be distinguished from the equally colorless felt.

Down the road wound, with sometimes a level sweep, sometimes a slight rise that showed it was not taking the most direct route to the valley; the ruts

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deepening into gullies, the woods becoming denser, the rocks changing from yellow to a pale gray, and the clay shading to a more sanguinary hue that prophetically stained the feet of the child ere the first day of his wandering was done. The noonday sun looked straight down on the rough red road and the human mite that followed it, then turned toward the west—the shadows blackened—the rocks and trees took on weird shapes—the wind rose and fell, dying far up the hillside. The child walked on. The shadows and the gathering gloom seemed not to disturb him; on between the black woods, with the narrow strip of sky above him turning slowly from blue to violet, where presently the watchful stars would shine and flicker in their places.

The road broadened, and a fence stood sharply defined against the sky—a fence that seemed to run along the brow of a hill. The child paused, then went on more slowly. Where was he, and who lived here? Gradually the road rose until it reached the fence, then both dipped, and before him, in a ravine, a light shone. He stopped again as if for consideration, then approached cautiously, over the fence and across a field where the belted dead trees stood up like gaunt spectres against the sky. Nearer the child crept, not pausing until the fire, shining all over the one room of the house, showed him the faces gathered about it, and striking through the open door, made a path of light to where he stood.

"Them folks ain't never been up ourn way," he whispered. Once more he looked to make sure, when the sharp bark of a dog that dashed out at him, and a woman following, made retreat hopeless.

"Who's thar!" she called, then to the dog, "hesh up, Buck, drat yer!" and some children coming to the front, the boy was discovered. He stood quite still, a black shadow in the stream of light, his hands in his pockets, the little bundle close under one arm, and his yellow face, all drawn and haggard from hunger and fatigue, turned up to meet the eyes of the woman.

"Mussy me!" she said, kicking the small dog aside and taking a snuff-stick from her mouth, "whar's youuns come from?"

"No whars," the child answered, looking furtively at the fence as if bent on a hasty retreat.

"No whars?" the woman repeated, setting her arms akimbo, "that's good; whar's youuns mar?" The child paused a moment.

"I dunno," he said, slowly.

"Yer dunno?" raising her voice. "Well, whar's youuns par?"

"Over yon," pointing to the hills that loomed above them.

"Thet's more like now," a little satisfaction coming into her voice. "An' whar mout youuns be agoin'?"

"Over yon," pointing to the west, where the yellow light yet lingered in the still day-faithful horizon.

"Thet's sensible," sarcastically; "I reckon you've telled all youuns knows, aint yer?"

"I reckon," humbly.

"Jest so, ceppen youuns name; is yer got any o' thet?"

"Jerry."

"Jerry," the woman repeated, and looking him over from head to foot, laid her hand on his shoulder; not roughly, yet a shiver ran over the child's thin body, and his tired eyes flickered in their upward look.

"Lord-er-mussy, child," and she gave him a little shake, "thar ain't no use a trimlin' an' ajumpin', I ain't agoin' to knock youuns; looks like yer's usen to beatin'."

"I is," stolidly.

"An' I 'llows thet youuns is runned away," putting her head on one side with a knowing look; "ain't thet so?"

There was a pause, then a quick gasp, as the child's voice, grown suddenly sharper, broke the silence.

"Does youuns know Minervy Ann Salter?" fearfully.

"No."

A sigh of relief came from the boy.

"Her's a great big woman," he said, meditatively, "an' her knocked me deef an' bline, her did, an' I runned away."

"Well, I never! Jest alisten, Delithy," to a younger woman who had joined the group.

"I hearn," Delithy answered, taking out a piece of straight comb that held

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up the knot of sandy hair on the back of her head, to comb it straight back from each side the ragged parting, and screw it up again. "I hearn, but ain't her no kin to youuns?"

"Minervy Ann?" the boy asked, with some scorn, "no!"

Then inside the house a baby began to cry, and the women turned simultaneously.

"I reckon youuns kin come in, Jerry," the elder woman said, and the child followed her. The fire, and the smell of something that was cooking on the hearth, made the lines in the child's face relax, and sent a gleam of light into his hopeless eyes. All that long spring day he had walked without a stop for rest, and nothing had passed his lips since he drank from the pool near the lonely grave. Now he squatted at the corner of the wide chimney, and watched intently the corn-bread that was cooking in a spider over the coals.

"Youuns looks powerful honggry," Delithy remarked when, the baby being hushed and the children settled in convenient staring distance, silence reigned. "How long sence yer hed wittles?"

"I ain't hed a bite sence mornin'," not moving his eyes from the bread.

"An' been a-runnin' all day!"

"I were feared to run," he said, "I were feared I'd give out."

"Well, I reckon yer jest would."

"Kin I hev a *leetle* bite?" the boy went on, pointing to the bread, but not moving his eyes from it. "I'll chop wood fur hit."

Delithy moved her snuff-stick thoughtfully across her big white teeth, eying the boy the while.

"An' I'll tote water," was added by the sharp little voice to the pitiful bargain; he was so hungry.

"Youuns seems usen to work," Delithy remarked.

"I reckon I is," thoughtfully; "kin I hev hit?"

"Hit's Jake's bread," she answered, slowly, watching the boy intently, with a dull satisfaction in his longing that was with her a form of humor.

"Well, Jake ain't a-comin' *this* night," the elder woman put in, returning from where she had deposited the baby on the bed, "an' I reckon Louwisy Dyer is able to give a bite o' bread 'thout tradin'. I 'llow, though, 'twon't hurt to tote a leetle water," stooping over the bread, "youuns is sure 'bout hit?"

"I is," and for the first time that day the little bundle dropped from under the boy's arm, as both hands were stretched out, "jest sure;" then further utterance was stopped by the bread.

"For all the worl' liker honggry dorg," Delithy said, after some thought, "I never seen the like!" and again she combed and put in place her sandy locks.

Then in a tin cup the elder woman gave Jerry some cold coffee, and told him where in the loft he could sleep on some fodder.

And the child crept away up the ladder, and quickly fell asleep with his little bundle safe inside his shirt, "Kase hit might git lost in the fodder," he said.

II.

"But the child's sob in the darkness curses deeper,
Than the strong man in his wrath."

"THAR'S Jake, an' a man alonger him."

Coming up from the spring with two buckets of water, Jerry heard the words and stopped. The midday meal was over, and still Jerry had not gone away from this first resting place. He was loath to leave the unwonted kindness of these pitying women, for he was weary—weary from the tramp of the day before—weary of his little life. These women were good to him, and now he was bringing water for Delithy's washing.

"A man alonger him," the words rang in his ears; who was it? Fear made him cautious, and leaving the buckets, he crept on his hands and knees to where he could see this man.

Across the field, between the dead trees, blackly silhouetted against the golden glory of the western sky, he saw them coming; two long, lean, slouching mountaineers, walking with the uneven regularity of men who followed the plough. The child cowered, trembled, shrank, with his face bleaching to a

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deathly gray; his eyes wide with terror; he seemed as one paralyzed.

"Dad!" he whispered, then all was still.

Nearer they came across the dreary field; Delithy paused over her tub, the elder woman stood in the doorway, the children gazed open-mouthed, and through a bunch of maple bushes whose young spring leaves glowed red in the sunlight, two glittering, fear-charmed eyes were watching. Then Jake's voice:

"Hardy, gals, hardy; I'm back."

"I reckon I'se got eyes, Jake Dyer, the elder woman answered, "an' yeers too, fur all yer holler like I'm deef."

"Ain't youuns deef, Louwisy?" jocularly, "don't say!"

"No, I ain't deef;" then to the stranger, "good-evenin'."

"Mr. Bill Wilkerson," Jake went on, "I makes yer knowed to Mis. Louwisy Dyer, my ole woman; an' Mis. Louwisy Dyer, I make yer knowed to Mr. Bill Wilkerson — likewise Miss Delithy Suggs;" and Jake bowed with a flourish.

Delithy nodding, said, "evenin'" to her new acquaintance, then added, with calm, complacent certainty, "Jake, you're drunk."

"No, I ain't drunk nuther," Jake retorted, but with no sign of anger, "an' Mr. Wilkerson ain't drunk nuther, but he's done lost hisn's boy, he hes."

The women looked at each other, and the children looked at the women.

"Weuns went to meetin' yisterday," Mr. Wilkerson began, "an' when we come home, Jerry, my boy, were amissin', an' he muster come this road, kase tother road'd tuck him to meetin'."

"An' no folks over thar sawn him," Jake put in, "an' as Mr. Wilkerson were made knowed to me by Preacher Dunner, I tole him to come alonger me, an' hunt fur thet boy."

Still the women did not speak, and the children gazed stolidly in their faces, until Wilkerson, looking from one to the other, said:

"Hev youuns sawn him?"

"Yes, weuns *hev* sawn him," Delithy answered sharply, returning vigorously to her washing; "he tuck a bite here las' night, but he's plum gone now, he is."

"Thet's so," Louisa added, earnestly, and the children were silent.

"Well, thet beats me!" Wilkerson said, slowly, pushing his hat a little further back on his head; "I never hearn the like; he's jest aspilin' fur a beatin', Jerry is."

"Hit looked to me like he were spilin' fur wittles," and Delithy shook the suds from her hands, took up a bucket, and went toward the spring, leaving her parting shot to work its way. Only a little way down the steep path, then she stopped, for on either side stood two buckets full of water.

"Pore creetur!" she muttered, looking about her as she poured the water out, "he couldn't tuck much more beatin'," and hiding the buckets in the bushes, fearing that Wilkerson might search, she went on her way.

Straight on through the black night the child walked; down, down, and the early dawn found him in the valley, with the grim, flat-topped old Cumberland Mountains lying behind him like huge sleeping creatures rising black against the eastern sky. From the time when Jake's voice broke the spell that held him still behind the maple bushes, he had not paused; often he had fallen — often his terror had bid him run, but while never stopping, he never ran. Sore, and bruised, and with nothing to guide his course, he still pushed on, with always the thought that his father might come on him in the darkness without warning; then, in the gray dawn of the growing day he had looked back to the lessening hills, while the new thought came to him—"Dad mout git a nag an' ketch me yit."

The fields that had shown green and fresh about him as the darkness lifted, the rail-fences that had loomed like long rows of skeleton ribs—endless fences that seemed to crawl forever by him as he walked—were with him still; and still the road lay straight and red as blood before him, until the color had grown into his eyes, staining wherever he looked. He was afraid, deadly afraid of stopping; but at last he had been obliged to stop at a house and beg for food, and in her way the woman had been kind to him.

"Youuns mise well stop an' rest," she

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had said, looking him over almost contemptuously; "nobody ain't arunnin' atter sicher splinter as youuns, nohow."

But Jerry had resisted with patient persistence:

"Gimme in my han's," he pleaded, "an' I kin eat while I'm a-walkin'." Then he had added, persuasively, "an' when I gits a chence, I'll come back an' chop youuns wood, I will."

The woman had looked keenly into the wistful eyes before she parted with the bread, but then she had given it all.

"I b'lieve youuns is hones'," she had said; "I b'lieve it sure; but youuns won't git no chence ceppen to lay down an' be planted, an' thet afore many days."

The child took the bread with a look of wonder growing in his eyes, that were fastened on the woman's face.

"Planted?" he had repeated as to himself, "planted!" and he had turned away without another word; had walked slowly but steadily down the long red road, and as he munched the hard corn-bread had said over and over to himself, "Planted—planted."

This had been hours ago, in the early morning, and now in the noonday brightness, the child still plodding on his way, had but the one thought—"Thet's what dad done to youuns, mammy; youuns said yer were agoin' over yander to the 'Golding Gates,' not much fur, youuns said; an' thet's what dad done—he planted youuns so yer couldn't go."

On through the gathering heat he walked, with this one thought repeating itself over and over again in his mind—"thet's what dad done—" At last he stopped in his going, for a new fact had come home to him. He stood quite still for a moment while his little face blanched, and a look of longing—untold, bitter longing came into his eyes as he turned them to the fading hills.

"An' I he'pped him!" he cried aloud to the empty fields and sky, "I he'pped him, I piled the bresh thar! Oh, mammy, I never knowed, I never knowed!" and down on the hard red road he cast himself, sobbing as if his heart would break. And always the burden of his cry, "I never knowed, mammy, I never knowed!"

Presently the sobs died away, and as he lay there dull with grief, the sound of a horse's hoofs struck on his ear. For one second he listened, too terrified to move, then sprang up; it was a man on horseback, and coming from the direction of the mountains! One frightened glance, one instant's blindness, then down the road he sped like a hunted animal fleeing for its life.

Would the fences never end, would the road lie between those level fields forever—was the man coming any faster? A terrified look over his shoulder: the horse was trotting smartly; there was no hope, and a voice hailed him—"Stop!"

He tried so hard to run a little faster, but his breath seemed to fail, and once more he fell prone in the dust. One moment, then the horse stopped beside him, and a voice broke on his ear:

"Git up."

But he could neither speak nor move, he could not even distinguish if it were his father's voice.

"What ails youuns?" and he was lifted after a kindly fashion, and saw above him a rough old face that was unknown to him. "What *air* youuns skeered about?"

Jerry's voice came back to him now with a long sobbing breath.

"I were feared," he faltered, "feared youuns'd ketch me."

"An' I hev," the old man answered simply, "but I ain't agoin' to hurt yer; whar air youuns agoin' to?"

"Over yon," pointing, as always, to the west.

"Well, youuns'll never git thar if youuns try runnin'," the old man went on, with clear common-sense; "but git up, and I'll take youuns a piece."

The child looked up; the poor little face was smeared now with tears and dust in addition to its usual yellowness, but in the eyes was the same wistful look that had made Delithy put his father off the track; that had made the woman feed him that morning, and that now made the old countryman lift him on the raw-boned horse that waited so patiently.

"Tuck a good grip," the old man said kindly, as he settled himself in the saddle, "youuns kin hole on good, I'm

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solid; but youuns looks powerful weakly an' small to be so fur off?" he went on, interrogatively, "youuns is about five miles frum anywhars; what mout be youuns name?"

"Jerry," the child answered from where he leaned against the broad back of the brown jeans coat.

"Jeremiah, I reckon," the old man went on, in a superior tone.

"Mammy usen to call me 'Miah,'" came with a little catch in the voice, "but I's mostly called Jerry."

"Jest so, but hit stan's to reason thet youuns name is Jeremiah now, what's the balance o' youuns name?" in a still more persuasive voice.

"Does youuns know Minervy Ann Salter?" came irrelevantly from the child.

"I can't say as I rickerlec any sicher name," was answered.

"Well, my name is Wilkerson, sence youuns dunno Minervy Ann."

"Jeremiah Wilkerson," the old man repeated, "is thar any mo' to hit?"

"I dunno rightly," Jerry answered, "but dad said thar were a 'P' in hit."

"A 'P?' Well, I reckon hit were Jeremiah P. Wilkerson; thet soun's rale nice."

"Hit do, sure," and the little voice had a ring of pride and pleasure in it. "I reckon thet were hit, Jeremiah P. Wilkerson; hit soun's rayly purty."

"An' youuns par, what were hisn's name?" the old man went on, pleased with his success, his husky voice jolting out in tune to the jog-trot of his horse.

"Bill," and at the awful name the child gave a frightened look behind. "Can't weuns git on a *leetle* faster?" he asked, anxiously, "I'm feared."

"Feared?" his new friend repeated, pulling the horse to a sudden stop; "thet's curus, sure."

"I'm feared o' dad," Jerry explained, hastily, "I'm feared he'll git me agin, an' if youuns ain't agoin no further, I'll light an' walk," trying to look round the broad back that obscured his view of everything. The old man thought a moment, then again urged his beast into the slow trot that seemed its normal pace.

"I'm agoin' further, Jeremiah, an' I'll hev a few words alonger youuns," was answered, meditatively; then with much condescension, "I'm a preacher, Jeremiah, Preacher Babbit, I am," pausing that this announcement might have full effect, "an' I'll not be fur frum the mark if I says youuns is arunnin' away; aint yer?" pausing, "ain't youuns arunnin' off frum youuns dear par, William Wilkerson, an' youuns pore mar; ain't yer?"

There was a moment's silence after this unexpected attack, then, with a new, hard tone in his voice, the child answered:

"Mammy ain't thar any mo', an' Minervy Ann Salter's done come to live, an' her knocked me deef an' bline, an' I runned away."

"I reckon youuns par done married agin, Jeremiah, ain't thet so?" coaxingly.

"I dunno," sullenly, "but I knows I hates him, I do."

"No, Jeremiah," and Preacher Babbit cleared his throat, and stroked the fringe of beard under his chin in a way that would have shown a less ignorant person that a lecture was coming—"The Holy Scripter says as leetle boys mustn't hate their pars," he began, slowly, "an' youuns mustn't nuther; thar's nothin' good as comes of hatin' pars, an' youuns mustn't do hit, Jeremiah. Now, I'm agoin' to hole a meetin' down these ways ter-morrer, an' mebbe youuns dear par'll come, an' he'll furgive youuns, an' tuck youuns home agin'; the par in the Testy*ment* did; now, Jeremiah, jest think of thet!" and Preacher Babbit made a well-meant effort to turn his face over his fat shoulder, so as to bestow a look of encouragement on his little companion.

But Jerry had no thought for him, instead, was looking eagerly from side to side of the road. They had come a long distance in the slow jog-trot, and now were in the woods, with the evening closing in. Everything was in Jerry's favor, and in an instant he had slipped off the horse's tail, and lay sprawling in the road; but only for a second he lay there, then he was up and off, speeding blindly through the thick woods. In vain the worthy preacher called, the child would not hear; a dreadful suggestion had been made to him—a camp-meeting was to be held,

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and his father might be there. No thought of distance came to reassure him; no thought at all was with him, only the dread conviction that his father would be at the meeting; for his father always went to camp-meetings, and no persuasion could call him back to that possibility.

He fled until the old man's voice faded from his hearing, then he sat down to rest; but not for long, and through the night he wandered as he had done the night before. Once he lay down, but in the stillness his terror increased, and with it the dull pain that had been with him ever since the woman's unconsciously cruel words had forced their way into his mind, and with them the pitiful conviction that he had aided his father in the deed that had shut his only friend away from him. Living in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, whose heights he had never before left, his ignorance was dense, and to him things were strangely mingled and perverted. The thought that he might go back and pull away the brush he had piled over his mother, and so undo his share in the work that had imprisoned her, had not yet occurred to him. He was not accustomed to thinking, and, until lately, little accustomed to feeling anything save cold, and hunger, and blows. But now a great awakening was on him, and a great loneliness that had been with him ever since the one soul that loved him had been put away from him in a mysterious manner that he had not understood until now; and now the awful conviction was with him that he had helped to shut his mother up in the earth. So he could not stop to rest, for he would begin to cry again, and crying made him feel so sick and weak. Very, very tired he was when at last the day dawned, and he found himself in a long, straight clearing that extended as far as he could see; a clearing like a roadway, only up and down the centre were beams of wood, and across them long shining pieces of iron. He stopped and looked at it; it must be some kind of road, but a new kind he had never seen before. He climbed the slight embankment on which it was, and stood looking wonderingly up and down; then with his back to the rising sun, he followed slowly this new kind of road. He was weak and tired, and the stepping from beam to beam confused him so much that it took all his attention to step just the right distance, and not to fall. Carefully he made his way until something caused him to look up, when he found himself in a straggling line of small houses. He paused and turned about, for the moment forgetting all his ills in the wonder called forth. "Lotser folks muss live here," he muttered, "an' I knows dad ain't never sawn hit, kase I ain't never hearn him tell 'bout no sicher place—I never did, *sure!*" and with his hands in his pockets, he stood regarding the few widely separated houses. Presently he saw a curl of smoke come from the house nearest him, and watched a woman as she slowly opened a door, then a window; then he approached, for he was too hungry to pause for consideration. Reaching the house he had just seen opened, he leaned against the open door, saying simply:

"I'm honggry."

The woman turned quickly, and her eyes opened wide as they rested on the ragged, starved specimen of humanity confronting her.

"Mussy, but you're a rough 'un!" she said, scanning Jerry, but not seeming to heed his words until he repeated slowly:

"I'm honggry, gimme a bite o' sumten'."

"Most folks works fur their wittles," was the ungracious reply.

"I kin work," the child persisted, "but I'm plum wore out now, I is," and he sat down slowly on the low step. The Widow Perkins paused before further words of harshness, to watch the child's movements which had been made assured by the kindly treatment he had met with in his wanderings through the unopened regions from which he had come; and while she watched the thought came to her, suppose he was one of a gang of tramps sent ahead to "spy out the land"—suppose, if she refused him what he asked, he should bring the whole company down on her in the night—she had read of such things in the papers. And she stared at the child

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with a growing anxiety in her eyes as she asked, quickly :

"Will you git away if I give you some wittles?"

Jerry looked up slowly, asking innocently :

"Don't youuns warnt me to tote no water fur youuns when I gits rested?" The woman's silly fears having once taken possession of her, grew with every word the child uttered ; he was surely a "spyer," and she must persuade him to go away.

"You're too little," she said, kindly, "I couldn't abear to see you workin'."

Jerry listened in wonder ; yesterday a woman had fed him, but she had expected him to work for her in the future, so he thought, but this woman was a new experience, and would not let him work at all.

"Here's bread an' meat, chile, an' some good hot coffee," she went on, handing him a plate and cup, "an' when you're through, I'll give you more to take along." Jerry looked up at her with his wistful eyes full of wonder, but he had no words. His life had been one strictly of command and obedience, he had no vocabulary of thanks. He listened without comment to the kind words that came from the woman's lips as he ate and drank, and when he had finished, took in silence the fresh supply of food that was given him, wrapped in greasy paper. It was very strange, this kindness, and emboldened him, and he laid his dirty little hand on the woman's dress as she stood near him.

"Kin I lay down a while?" he asked.

"Lord, honey," and the woman's voice was actually tremulous from uneasiness, "I ain't got nary place fitten to sleep in," going on more hastily as if to cover the clumsy lie ; "but if you'll go 'long the track a piece, there's a car of straw where you kin rest just as easy ; now you go 'long an' try it," and she walked out of the house in her anxiety to point him in the right direction.

But Jerry's ignorance foiled her ; he did not know what a car was, so could not understand her words nor her actions, except that she wanted him to go on, and he was too tired ; he listened patiently, however, until she paused to see the effect of her advice—then—

"I wanter drink o' water," was all that came from the child's almost colorless lips ; and the woman's heart sank. Was this stupidity, or was it cunning to gain time in which to make observations? Whatever it was, she answered amiably, though with more haste.

"Yes, honey, jest you wait, an I'll git some," and she hurried into the house.

Jerry waited ; he could not understand this person, but she gave him what he needed, and he was content to obey her. Presently she returned, looking about anxiously, and in her hands a gourd of water, and a black bottle tightly corked.

"Drink this, honey," handing him the gourd, "an' here's some more in the bottle ; 'twon't be much to tote," encouragingly, "an' I'll take you to the car myself," looking keenly at the nearest houses. "An' it's too early for anybody to see you git in the car;" and as she talked, she walked quickly down the railway to where, on a side-track, a box-car was being loaded with loose hay.

Left unlocked at this little country station, there was no difficulty in pushing the doors far enough apart for Jerry to creep in, then the woman handed in the bottle of water and package of food, and pulled the doors close as she had found them. One anxious look about to see if she were observed, then this sagacious woman returned to her house, congratulating herself on her shrewdness. The hay was fragrant and soft, and Jerry not at all comprehending why he was there, but perfectly contented with his quarters, waded and clambered to a far corner, where, putting safely to one side his food and bottle, he made for himself a little nest, and curling up, was soon in a dreamless sleep, that seemed almost the sleep of death. So, through all the noise of the approaching train ; through the new, unknown motion to which he was shortly subjected, he slept, and not until far into the afternoon did he rouse from the lethargy that overpowered him. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked about him ; the loosely packed hay was shivering from base to apex, his bottle and bread jolting straight up and down, and his own sensations beyond any words of his to describe.

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He was terrified; he called aloud—he tried to stand, then gladly sank again into the hay. What was the matter—such noise—such furious motion? He was now afraid to move, and for a long time lay quite still, but at last hunger overcame him, and he opened his bundle of food. There was the bread and the meat that he had regarded with such satisfaction; he touched it, as if under the strange circumstances he doubted his senses; but it was as real as it looked; he tasted it, then ate heartily, putting away the fragments carefully—a lesson he had learned as a dog learns to hide a bone.

He felt better after this, and drinking some water from his bottle, resumed his place. Thoughtfully he regarded the roof of the car, then pulled more hay down about him.

"When hit gits through runnin' away and busts," he muttered, "I'd mise well fall soff," and burying himself still more deeply, once more forgot all things in sleep.

On through fields and swamps, through hills and woods, on until the new moon rose thin and fair, looking down on the far-off brush-heaped grave—on slow Delithy thinking how she had "fooled that Wilkerson man"—on the kindly woman in the valley wondering over his fate—on Preacher Babbit using the little waif as an example of the modern Prodigal Son—on Widow Perkins still waiting for the tramps. On and on hurried the battered old car carrying the little sleeping boy hopelessly away from his life among the lonely hills.

On the train rushed toward the west, while the moon set, and the night blackened; then in the early dawn a sudden stop.

CHAPTER III.

"On to days of strangest wonder—
Was it Providence or Fate?"

The grating doors were pushed back and the faces of men appeared in the opening. Jerry looked out cautiously from his lair; he was afraid, for ever since the sudden stoppage he had heard strange sounds outside. Rumblings as of wheels over stones; strange cries and calls; awful shrieks and whoops that made him put his fingers in his ears; and above all, clanging as of a hundred cow-bells rung at once! Where was he—what was it all?

So now, when the doors were rolled back, he peeped forth cautiously to make observations. The hay was being taken out, and he could see the heads of horses; then beyond he saw men swarming in every direction, and vehicles rushing about, nor were any of them like the vehicles of his mountains; and going in and out among this crowd of men and wheels, were great black things with black smoke coming from them—huge things rolling back and forth on the same kind of road he had found down in the woods.

He stood there a gaunt, wonder-stricken spectre, not heeding the calls of the men, who catching sight of him, had for the moment ceased from their work.

"Say, sonny, is you deef?" and one of the men springing into the car, laid a hand on the child's shoulder. Jerry did not start, but looked up slowly, dumb with fear and wonder.

"Where did you come from?" the man went on, shaking him slightly.

"I dunno," slowly.

"That's wholesome; where's you goin', then?"

"I dunno."

"Sure enough?" laughing. "Do you think you'll have a safe trip?" and again came the pitiful answer:

"I dunno."

"Maybe you kin tell us how you feel?"

"I feels feared, an' I feels honggry," looking from one to the other.

"Pitch him out, Dick!" said another man, reaching in and pulling the child toward the door.

Jerry did not resist, except for one moment he paused to feel if his little bundle was safe inside his shirt, then he yielded himself to the man's strong grasp, and was put down in the street. "Git away, now," but the child did not move; all about him was the rush of a great railway terminus, and he did not dare move, and the man called Dick half lifted, half dragged him to the pavement, where he left him.

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It was early, but numbers of people were abroad, and to Jerry, crouching in a doorway not ten steps away from where the man had put him, they seemed like figures in a dream. He had no words, he had no thoughts; he was seated on something immovable, he was leaning against something solid; it did not matter that everything seemed sometimes to sway and jolt as he had been doing in the car, all was so strange that nothing could surprise him any more; not even a big man with shining buttons on his coat, who pushed him with a stick and told him to get up. He only felt sorry to move because he was so weak and hungry, and did not ask a question when the man, taking him by the arm, led him away. He was very tired, and was glad when they stopped in front of a door; inside a number of people were gathered—people who laughed when he dropped on a bench against the wall. His chief sensation was still weariness, and he dozed in the corner where he had been put, only rousing when he was led into another room, where he saw more men with shining buttons, and one sitting high above the others.

Here he was put in a little pen with a low fence all round it, and the man who had brought him said something he could not understand, and the man seated high up looked at him very hard, then asked his name.

"Jerry," he answered, and the familiar sound seemed to bring him out of the dream he was in; the very twang of his own voice, so different from the voices about him, made things seem more real, and he looked around him more intelligently.

"What other name have you?" the man went on; there was a pause, then the child looked up, asking:

"Does youuns know Minervy Ann Salter?" There was a smile even in the well-ordered police court, and he answered:

"No."

"Well, then, my name is Jerry Wilkerson," slowly, "an' Preacher Babbit says he 'llows I's named Jeremiah P. Wilkerson," with great stress on the P.

"Jeremiah P. Wilkerson," the official repeated, then went on. "Where have you come from, Jeremiah?"

A puzzled look came over the child's face.

"I dunno," he answered, slowly, "hit's a fur ways, an' hit's over yander whar the sun gits up, an' hit's powerful lonesome."

"What is the name of the place?"

Jerry shook his head.

"Hit ain't got no name as I knows on," he said.

"How far is it from here?"

"I dunno."

"How did you come?"

Jerry paused a moment; he could answer this, for he could recall with pain and weariness every change in his mode of travelling.

"I walked a piece," he began, with slow literalness, "an' I runned a piece 'cause I were feared; an' I comed a piece on Preacher Babbit's nag, an' I drapped off kase he were goin' ter sen' me back; an' I runned another piece to a curus kinder road; and a woman gived me sumpen to eat, an' shet me in a box o' strawer, an' when I woked up," excitedly, "hit were a-gittin' along the all-gracious-beatenest kinder way; an' I were feared agin; an' the fellers tuck me out an' sot me down in the road, whar all sorter tricks were alopin' aroun', an' smokin', an' hollerin'; then him," pointing to his captor, "come an' got me."

The sharp little voice ceased; the hard faces about the room looked a little softer, perhaps, and the next question did not have such a business-like ring to it.

"Why did you leave your home?"

The child's face changed, and all his sorrow and remorse came back to him while he answered, with a look of pitiful despair in his eyes:

"Mammy were gone, an' Minervy Ann Salter come thar to live, an' her knocked me deef an' bline, an' I runned away."

"Where had your mother gone?"

"I dunno."

There was a pause, as if the officials were nonplussed; there was no law nor refuge providing for a case like this; he was not an orphan, he did not deserve punishment, and the officer asked:

"Where are you going when you leave this?"

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"Whar the sun sots," was the quiet answer.

"Have you friends there?" smiling.

"Mammy said she were agoin' thar, her did; an' she 'llowed twornt much fur to the 'Golding Gates.'"

The men looked at each other.

"San Francisco?" one hazarded.

The child shook his head.

"I dunno; but her p'inted whar the sun sots, an' I'm agoin' thar."

"Are you going on to-day?"

"I 'llowed I'd rest awhile," was answered, simply.

"Where will you rest?"

"I 'llowed youuns 'd lemme rest right here; an' I'm honggry," looking up as a dog might.

"Poor little creature!" and the chief officer put some money on the table; "let '63' take him in the yard and feed him; his case shall be attended to later"—then to the child: "Jeremiah, you must wait until I see you again."

"Jest so, I'll wait, sure," nodding reassuringly; then he followed "63" out into the dingy yard. Here he was fed, then placed on a bench with orders not to move until "63" should come back.

"Kin I lay down?" he asked, wearily.

"Yes, but don't you go away from this bench, do you hear?"

"I do," and the child lay down, while the man went away with the empty plate and cup. Soundly he slept until the sun crept round the high buildings and shone down on him, a poor ragged little mite. Two men stood looking down on him, one, Policeman "63," the other the official who had provided food for him.

"I have a brother who runs a boat on the river," "63" was saying, "I reckon he can find him work to do."

"That will do," the officer answered; "poor little devil; waken him."

So Jerry, coming back once more to the bewildering world, looked about him slowly, fastening his eyes at last on "63."

"I ain't got off the bench oncest," he said, remembering the last order given him.

"All right," the man answered, "but I want you to come with me now, I am going to take you to my brother." The child got up without a question, paused to feel for the little bundle inside his shirt, then putting his hands deep in his pockets, he turned to the officer.

"Youuns ain't acomin'?" he said familiarly, with perfect unconsciousness of the distance between them.

"No."

"Well, far'well," holding out a dirty hand that looked as thin and small as a bird's claw.

"Good-by," and the officer shook the little hand quite heartily; "take care of yourself, Jeremiah."

"All right," then returning his hand to his pocket, he followed his guide out of the courtyard.

Down the broad busy streets, now swarming with the full rush of daily traffic, Jerry slouched along beside "63;" his hands in his pockets, his hat drawn well down to his ears, and his eyes grown keen and thoughtful during his few days of travel, wandering over the scenes about him; but, with the stoical inertness of his class, he accepted the bewilderment, asking no questions. Suddenly his guide stopped.

"Hello, Sam!" he called, and a huge, rough-coated man turned.

"Hello, George!" was answered, then the two men drew together, and turning aside from the stream of pedestrians, talked earnestly for a few moments, at last pulling Jerry forward.

"Here's your boss, Jerry," "63" said; then to the man: "Don't you think you can find work for him on the boat?"

Sam looked the limp boy over from head to heels.

"Work," he repeated, slowly; "he looks more like a candidate for planting," and he laughed a little fat, chuckling laugh.

"Planting!" and the child's face changed suddenly—"planting," a word that until lately had meant nothing save in connection with potatoes and corn, but that now had come to mean the putting people out of sight! Now they spoke of "planting" him! His heart sank within him; how could he get away? A troubled look came in his eyes as he measured the man introduced to him as his "boss;" he was very big, the child thought, and his fears increased, and combined with his weariness, came near overpowering him, and he leaned against "63."

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"He looks awful weakly," Sam went on, "but as you ask it, George, I'll give him the trip," rubbing his fat chin; then to the child, "What can you do?"

"Chop wood, an' tote water," was answered slowly.

"That's hopeful," laughing.

"I kin," the child insisted, "when I gits rested."

"You're sure, now?" the boss went on, "and when I give you a hatchet you won't cut my boat to pieces?"

But Jerry had had no training in the matter of jokes, and for answer drew his sleeve across his forehead, where the great drops had come when the man spoke of "planting"—of dealing with him as his mother had been dealt with. A tremulous motion passed over him, and for the first time the idea came to him distinctly that he should go back and take the brush off the place where they had hidden his mother, and so undo his part of the evil deed; and he whispered now while the men talked—"I never knowed—I never knowed!"

Then the captain laid his fat hand on Jerry's shoulder. "Come along now, Samson," he said, "and we'll chop that wood," and as in the morning that now seemed so far away, the child was half led, half carried down the street. Narrower and dirtier the street grew, and the appearance of the people changed; then, at the beginning of the wharf, the captain gave Jerry over to a rougher, larger man, and with a farewell joke, went back into the town. In and out among barrels and bales the child followed his third guide, down the full length of the hollow-sounding wharf to a rusty looking steamboat; but at the gang-plank Jerry stopped. The swift, swirling water that was suddenly revealed to him seemed on every hand, and he realized that only a floor was between him and this new thing. He shrank back, cowering away from the big man. "I'm feared—I'm feared!" he cried aloud, "lemme go, lemme go!" For a moment the man paused, looking down in astonishment on the frightened child, then with an oath he lifted him, and striding across the plank, dropped him on a pile of rope and bagging that was near at hand.

Very still the child lay, while the realization of his absolute helplessness rushed over him with dreadful force, and he shivered to think of the water slipping by so silently, so swiftly! And where had it all come from?

"An' I can't never git back no mo' to tuck thet bresh off," he whispered to himself; for the feeling that had come to him so slowly, had taken a great hold on him, until it now reached the point of remorse.

"An' the blossoms air dried up by now, an' looks like bresh too;" the little whisper died away, and he covered his face with his hands.

The sun had set and the darkness was falling fast when the captain returned, and Jerry crouched closer to the ropes and bagging as he passed, for he had a great fear of this man.

"Mebbe he'll furgit me," he whispered, as he heard the loud voice giving orders in the distance; wondering the while what the increased noise meant, when suddenly a sound broke on his ear that he knew was a bell, simply from the family resemblance it bore to the cow-bells of his native region. After that a strange scream, like some he had heard that morning; again it came, and with it a great sigh and shudder, and the frail structure that held him from the water shivered from end to end. For a moment he crouched closer to the floor, then as the second scream and shudder seemed to make certain the feared destruction, he sprang to his feet with a pitiful little cry. Terrified as only an ignorant creature can be terrified, he clung to the guards and looked to where the gang-plank had been; in his desperation he would have dared that journey back to land.

Alas, the plank was gone! and between him and the city, now sparkling with myriad lights, there lay a broad expanse of water, repeating indefinitely every flickering gleam. They moved!

"Like the box of strawer!" he said fearfully to himself, then stood quite still, looking down steadfastly into the water — fascinated, magnetized, he watched it—"slippin' away like snakes," he whispered, as if afraid the water might hear him, "I hates hit—I hates hit!" he said, unconsciously raising his voice.

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Then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and the captain's rough voice asked:

"What's that you hate?"

"The water," catching his breath with a gasp; "hit favors snakes—hit sorter crawls away an' don't make no soun';" then more slowly, "thar's sicher lot I'm feared."

"Come away then," laughing; "are you hungry?"

"I is," but he still clung to the guards.

"Come, then," but the child did not move; "come, I say!" and the captain's big voice grew louder.

"I'm feared to leg go," and the thin face looked up fearfully.

"You fool, come to me!" two terrors, the child chose the least, and letting go his hold on the side of the boat, he walked unsteadily to his master, seizing his coat anxiously.

"Now, are you dead?"

"No, but I 'llow I'm nigh to hit," looking furtively at the open space left for the gang-plank. The captain laughed, but he was merciful enough not to take his coat from between the clinging hands until he gave the child in charge to the cook, with orders for him to be fed and given a place to sleep.

So all night long the boat shivered and strained against the mighty current of the great river; and the child slept uneasily, waking often with a shudder as he remembered the black water slipping by so near him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—ponder!
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish or wonder."

JERRY's hope that the captain would forget him was doomed to disappointment, and with the earliest dawn he was put to work; but always he turned his face from the water.

"Hit trimmles kase hit can't abear to tech the water," he said.

"What trembles?" asked the man working near him.

"Hit," Jerry answered, striking the side of the boat; "jest youuns feel how hit trimmles," looking up as the boat shivered under the thud of the engine. The man laughed.

"You'd better not let the boys know you're skeart of water," he said.

"I'm feared, sure," the child repeated, and the captain passing, heard him.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, "the boys must learn you better'n that, Samson; we'll dip you a few times when we get in order," and he laughed again.

The child made no answer save to bend lower over his work. To be put in that water—to feel it slipping by like snakes! His straight hair almost stood on end. He must go—he must dare to cross the plank. "How long 'fore youuns hes time?" he asked, at last.

"To dip you?" and the man laughed; "by mornin', I reckon."

"By mornin'," Jerry repeated, and from that moment he watched at every landing for an opportunity to escape; he would watch the gang-plank swing into place, but his courage would fail, for, added to the fear of the crossing, was the fear that seeing him on the plank would tempt the men to dip him. He determined to wait until night, and watched with sickening anxiety the growing order on the boat. Would night never come?

It did at last—an inky black night with a slight rain falling—a dreary night to run away in, but Jerry was desperate.

Close under the high bluff the boat swung; boxes and barrels and bales were put on and off with all the marvellous celerity of trained handlers; and still the child waited.

At last there came a moment's cessation of the noise—was the plank to swing into place again, and he be carried on?

Never! and a little shadow sped across the wavering plank; one moment in the glare of the lanterns—the next, lost in the shadow of the bluff. No one called to him, and in and out between the piles of landed cargo he crawled, making his way to the impenetrable darkness outside the circle of barrels and boxes.

At last he came to where, a little way up the bank, a clump of bushes grew, and above them a small tree that had toppled over with the caving in of the

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bluff; carefully he climbed up, glad to find a place where he could hide and rest until the boat went. "They'll furgit me tell mornin'," he thought; there he watched the moving lights, and listened to the noises that sounded so preternaturally clear in the cloud-weighted stillness. The rain whispered softly, filtering patiently through the foliage of the little tree, and through the child's few garments, and mingled with its whisper came the low licking of the river, eating hungrily into the shore.

Gradually it attracted Jerry's attention, and he listened anxiously — it seemed so near, this latest enemy, that he drew his feet up under him, and he took a closer hold on the slim stem against which he leaned. This made him feel more safe, and he watched while the boat swung out and away on her journey, and all life and light faded from the scene; then again came to him the hungry gnawing of the river.

"Ef I drap to sleep hit mout ketch me," he muttered, and moving a little, some sand sliding down against his back, the thought came to him that a great deal might roll down and "kivver him like his mammy"—and with this thought his remorse for the help he had given his father swept back on him. The present was forgotten, and his voice broke the stillness of the night: "I'll go back," he said, "go back ef dad knocks me over oncest a minute—I will, sure." When the morning dawned he would turn his face, not his back, to the rising sun, and it would surely guide him home.

"An' I'll tuck all the bresh and the dirt off, mammy," talking softly to himself, feeling happier because of his resolve, "an' weuns kin run away agin; an' weuns kin talk, and dad won't be 'roun' to cuss us;" thus the one love of his life would come back to him. Poor love, that had been able to show itself only in such humble ways—the secret soothing after a beating—an extra piece of meat—a little coffee hidden that he might drink it when his father was out of the way. So he remembered his mother. He could not understand her going from him, but he could remember how it had happened; remember how his mother stood still and watched while his father beat him; remember how he would not cry out because she had warned him not to, even when, in his drunken fury, his father raised him to dash him against the chimney! He remembered the breathless, silent, upward swing; then the sharp cry as his mother's arms wrapped close about him, and the blow that followed. He covered his face as the sound of the dull thud came back to him; and after that the strange stillness about the house when he waked again and found his mother lying on her bed, and an old woman, their only neighbor, watching her. He talked to her that afternoon, and heard her speak then of the "Golden Gates;" and his father, crouching over the fire, heard too, and did not curse her. That night he fell asleep lying there close by her side; and in the morning she was there still, but though he called and spoke to her until his father and the old woman turned him out of the house, she did not answer. He had understood nothing that followed until he had learned wisdom from the woman in the valley. Now that he understood all, he would go back; would begin his return journey when daylight came, and it would not take him long; he could soon get back and pull the brush off.

Slower and slower the thoughts came; the little head drooped against the tree; the loose sand settled more warmly about him; the rain, the wind, the gnawing of the water, faded from his hearing, and he slept as soundly as the dead woman on the hillside. Slept while the clouds floated away, and in the dawn his pitiful eyes watched the sun rise—eyes that grew wide with despair.

At his feet the mighty, impassable river, and beyond, far beyond the other shore, the sun rose.

CHAPTER V.

"What use in hope?
What use!
In waiting long with empty hands held high—
In watching patiently the clouded sky—
What use—you soon will die?"

We yearn, and strive, and long, and grieve, and hold up praying hands. Then stand and watch with death-like

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serenity, maybe, while our hopes, our beliefs, our loves, all of them dyed to the most prismatic loveliness by the light gone from our eyes—the strength from our youth—the blood from our hearts, fade from us as certainly as the day fades down the western sky. Fade from us entirely, until we are glad when they—

> "Put the death-weights on our eyes
> To seal them safe from tears."

The ragged tops of the great mountains behind him, the broken cliffs falling down a hundred feet below him, and far off beyond this wild desert of rock, in the gold and purple glory of the dying day, the distant valley lying like a dream. And where were the "Golding Gates?"

Jerry crouched on the dizzy pinnacle of barren rock, only a step away from the narrow foot-track he had so persistently climbed. Ever since the day before he had been toiling up the grim mountains, sure that at last he had reached his goal. The path wound up and up along the dizzy cliffs, avoiding and rounding the higher reaches, until now on the western side, with the apex of the mighty ridge left behind, it touched with one curve this crowning height of its course ere it turned to descend. And Jerry crouched there with the September wind striking sharply through his thin clothing—his face looking drawn and blank, his hands clasped close.

Where were the "Golding Gates?"

When the river had intervened between him and his resolve on that May morning that seemed so long ago, the child had resumed his old course toward the west, toward the "Golding Gates," but with little hope of seeing them. Still, as evening after evening he watched the western sky, the "gates" seemed to grow into absolute certainties that some day he would reach; and for weeks, as he made his way toward these mountains, pausing to work for his food, pausing until some merciful hand would wash and patch his clothes, begging a lift from some kindly emigrant; for all these weeks, ever since these mountains came in sight, he had made sure that behind this last barrier he would find the gates. And now with this last disappointment his strength seemed to leave him, and he shivered and crouched close to the rocks as the wind struck him.

"Youuns 'llowed tworn't much fur, mammy," he whispered, "an' I've done come, an' come fur a long time, an' hit don't seems like I gits to nowhars;" a moment longer he looked out across the grand scene, then he covered his face with his hands. "Oh, mammy, mammy!" he wailed, "I ain't got no place—I ain't got nobody—oh, mammy, mammy!" and the frail, uncared-for little creature was shaken with a storm of sobs.

In the months he had wandered the knowledge of his loneliness had come to him; he had learned that people belonged to each other, and with this knowledge came the other, that he belonged to no one. Still, the "Golding Gates" opened as a vision before him, for somehow they would welcome him and make him happy when he reached them. But now his hope by day, and his dream by night, had been taken away from him, and his life was left unto him desolate.

He crept slowly from off the great boulder, and once more on the path, passed downward wearily; he did not think any more of following the sunset, for this last long view across the valley had made him feel that somehow his mother had been mistaken. An instinct guided him now, and made him descend—he knew that nobody lived among these barren rocks—a woman on the other side had told him so, had warned him that he would be lost or starve to death. But Jerry was not to be dissuaded from crossing the mountains. From every meal he had saved some scrap as store to help him to this serious undertaking, filling a small cotton bag with these hoarded treasures of broken food. And early in the dawn he had started—had climbed all day, sleeping at night in a crevice in the rocks, pushing aside his fears by thoughts of what he would reach on the morrow. And when the morrow came he still pushed on; not scanning much in front of him, not looking much beyond the next step he must take, going on in perfect faith that the setting sun

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would bring him to his mammy, and he could tell her about the "bresh."

And crouching in the cutting wind, he saw only a barren wilderness of rocks, and in the infinite distance the sun sinking grandly down the western sky.

Down into the gathering shadows he went, a long journey it seemed to him, and coming at last to a little grass, he lay down, for he was very weary. His head felt heavy, and his body seemed torn by creeping pains — and he wondered what ailed him.

"If I could git to feel a fire," he said, "I 'llow I'd be better." Slowly he rose and stumbled on; his head grew more heavy and a chill mingled with his pains. Still the path stretched before him, but it was broader now, and more worn, as if constantly used.

"Mebbe I'll git to som'ers atter a while," pausing for a moment, as the whole mountain side seemed to waver. He covered his eyes.

"Hit's me as is a-shakin'," fearfully, "an' I ain't got no place; if I could jest git to feel a fire, jest fur a minute. Oh, mammy, mammy!" Then all faded from him, and he sank down on the roadside.

At last he was worn out, and lying limp and haggard among the gray rocks, he looked as if at last the "Gates" had opened for him, and the weary, ignorant little soul had crept in among the Paradise flowers.

CHAPTER VI.

"Is your wisdom very wise,—
On this narrow earth?
Very happy, very worth
That I should stay to learn?
Are these air-corrupting sighs
Fashioned by unlearned breath?
Do the students' lamps that burn
All night, illumine death?"

"WHERE did you find him, Joe?"

"I were a-comin' down Blake's trail, an' I sawn him a-lyin' thar liker dead critter, I did," and Joe poked the fire, "an' I says, says I, Joe Gilliam, yon's dead; but when I got nigher I sorter changed, an' I poked him, says I, 'Sonny,' says I; an' he riz right up, lookin' wild like; says 'ee 'Mammy, I ain't got no place—Mammy, I ain't got nobody!' I were tuk all to pieces, doctor; says I 'Sonny, youuns shell hev a place,' says I, an' I brunged him har, I did," and again the man pushed the fire, going on more slowly—"I ain't got nobody nuther, doctor; but I 'llowed thet as I hes a leetle place I'd keep him fur comp'ny like; an' 'cause he talks like my own home folks."

The man addressed as "doctor" stood looking down into the fire.

"If we can keep him, Joe," he said.

"He's powerful bony," Joe admitted, "looks like he'd been starved fur a long time; an' he never hed nothin' alonger him ceppen this leetle passel," taking a small, dirty, newspaper-wrapped bundle from a crevice in the wall, "seems like it's strawer inside," turning it over slowly.

The doctor took the bundle, looked at it for a moment, then replaced it in the wall.

"An' he's been a-cryin' jest like he's hollerin' now ever sence yisterday mornin'," Joe went on, seriously; "fust I 'llowed as I could fotch him roun', but 'tworn't no use, you bet."

"Poor little creature," and the doctor turned again to the bed where Jerry lay in a consuming fever, turning his head from side to side with the never-ceasing cry—"I never knowed, mammy—I never knowed." The voice was sinking lower each hour from weakness, and the doctor had to bend down now to hear him—"I never knowed—I never knowed," the pitiful cry went on.

Then the doctor whispered:

"I know that."

There was a pause in the monotonous movement of the head; the wild eyes fastened on his face, and the little hand crept up to touch him.

"An' ther blossoms?" the weak voice went on.

"Beautiful!" was answered.

"What?" uneasily.

"Pretty," the doctor repeated.

"They was, sure; an' youuns was powerful proud er blossoms, mammy."

"Yes."

"An' I never knowed—I never knowed."

"Yes."

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"An' I never knowed," more slowly as the eyes closed and the hands fell limp on the quilt—"I never knowed."

The doctor's finger was on the fluttering pulse.

"He is going to sleep, Joe," he said; "but you must watch him if you want him."

"I will," Joe answered. "An' I dunno, doctor, but he's got a grip on me, he has; I reckon his talkin' done it."

"And give him whiskey and milk all night."

"Jest so."

"And I will come up again in the morning." Then the doctor stooped under the low doorway, and mounting his horse, rode off.

Patiently Joe watched, and when the night fell he rose from his place in the chimney-corner to close and bolt the stout wooden shutter that guarded the window, and to bar securely the door. He shut the door very carefully, trying it again and again; then reaching down a long, lean rifle he proceeded to load and cap it, then put it against the wall near his chair, full cocked.

"Youuns is dange'ous, Tom," he said, as if the rifle understood, and patted it gently; then, as by a preconcerted signal, there emerged from one corner a huge, hideous yellow dog, stump-tailed, bow-legged, but with a breadth of chest and a jaw that promised a hopeless grip.

"Youuns is honggry, is you, Pete?" going to the corner and lifting most carefully the leaves that made his bed. "I'll feed you, jest hev a leetle patience"—then he peered about the low rafters with a torch flickering and flaring in his hand. "It's better to know fur sure," he said, as he put down the torch and proceeded to feed the evil-looking dog. "Eatin' means a good grip, Pete," giving him a rough caress; then once more taking up the rifle, he looked carefully to its condition.

So the night swept on, the moon sending but few rays to touch the low log-house so far back under the rocks. The man dozed in his chair—the sleeping boy looked dead—the fire flickered weirdly, and the dog breathed loud in the corner. Slowly the dawn crept over the mountains, and with the first ray of light the man roused himself with a start, reaching his hand to his rifle before his eyes were well opened, and listening intently. He could hear nothing but the breathing of the dog—was the child dead? He crossed over to the bed, and bent his ear to the thin lips; but the breath came regularly, and raising him for the whiskey, he laid him down again and covered him as gently as a woman might.

Soon the fire blazed, and the breakfast for the man and the dog was under way; then he made the same survey he had made the night before, of the dog's bed and the rafters, before he opened either the window or the door.

He was a middle-aged man, with close-cut gray hair, keen gray eyes set far back under bushy eyebrows, and filled with an eager light. He was short, squarely built, with long, powerful arms, and shoulders rounded forward as from years of stooping. Canvas trousers, high, heavy boots, and a red flannel shirt that, opening at the throat, showed a neck like a bull-dog's.

His movements were slow and silent, and watching him, his long arms seemed to reach from place to place like the legs of a great spider. The meal that he cooked was simple enough, and after carefully giving the dog much the larger part, he ate slowly and earnestly.

Away off from under the shadow of the cliffs the sun was shining brightly now, and standing in the doorway one could see far below where the long shafts of light struck down, losing themselves among the black pines, and beyond sweeping like a tender hand over the barren, brown rocks.

Joe only looked down the trail, he did not watch the sunlight; he did not heed any of the beauty about him; he was listening intently, with his arms folded, and his hat drawn down to shield his keen eyes.

"I can't spar' another day," he said, stepping out a little distance to get a better view down the path. "I ain't done a good stroke fur three days an' mo'," walking restlessly back. "I 'llowed he'd come afore now." Then going within he gave the child the milk ordered, looking steadfastly at it the while.

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"I ain't tasted no milk in a-many a year," he said, slowly; "pore leetle Nan wanted a cow powerful," and he drew a long breath that in the civilized world would have answered for a sigh, then he turned to the child.

Mechanically the milk was taken; the heavy eyelids did not rise, the parched, cracked lips seemed scarcely to close on the cup, and once more on the hard pillow, the narrow, yellow face looked beyond the reach of human help.

"Pore leetle varmint, he's hed a rale rough time, sure," and Joe lifted the toil-worn, bony hand and laid it back on the coverlid as gently as if his great strength were trained to the handling of little things; then he returned to his watch in the doorway.

Slowly the doctor came: the way was long, the path was narrow and steep, and on every hand were pictures that could have detained him all day.

Slowly but surely, and Joe's brow cleared as the first sharp ring of the horse's hoofs on the rocks struck his ear; very far away, but in the death-like stillness of the rocky wilderness the sounds came very distinctly, with every now and then the rattle of a loosened stone rolling down to some unknown depth.

"Et laist," Joe muttered, and went forward to meet his guest.

"Is he alive?" was the first question.

"He are, but looks morer like dead;" then Joe took the horse to tie it, and the doctor stooped under the doorway.

He put his hand on the child's pulse, then lifted the eyelids to look into the eyes.

"Has he been quiet all night?" to Joe.

"Jest the way yer sees him."

"Well, I will wait until he wakens," and the doctor put a small tin bucket on the table; "it is the milk, Joe, and you had better put it in a jug in the spring."

But Joe did not move; he stood looking at the doctor doubtfully.

"How long will he be a-sleepin'?" he asked.

"I do not know," placing a chair in the doorway; "why?"

"I wanter go to my work."

"Your work?" slowly, not turning his eyes from the scene outside the door; "what is it, Joe?"

A keener light came into Joe's eyes, and he cast a furtive glance at the rafters, and toward the dog's corner.

"I works over in Eureky; I's been a-doin' it ever sence before youuns come to Durdens."

"That will take you until night."

"If I works it will, but I'll jest tell 'em I'm a-comin', thet's all I wanter do;" then after a moment's pause, "do youuns reckon he'll sleep thet long?"

"You may go; but leave me something to eat."

"I ain't got nothin' fitten, doctor," with real regret in his voice, "I ain't never oncest thought 'bout thet."

"Any meal?"

"Lord, yes, an' bacon too; but thet's all."

"That will do; but remember, I do not wish to be on the road after dark."

"All right;" then Joe paused, again looking doubtfully at the doctor, "an' Pete?" he asked slowly, "will youuns give him a bite?"

"Yes."

"Thenkey, doctor," with a grunt of satisfaction, and in an incredibly short space of time the horse was unsaddled and tethered; the milk in an earthenware jug in the spring, and Joe on his way down the mountain-side, with a long swinging stride that soon took him out of sight.

Very still the man in the doorway sat, looking out with a far-reaching look that seemed to be searching time rather than space. Perfectly still, with his arms folded, his head bent, and his broad-brimmed hat drawn down to shade his eyes. The sunlight crept nearer—a bright snake glided slowly past among the rocks—a lizard basked on the logs of the house—the hideous dog came out and sniffed about the figure sitting so still, and a busy spider span its web across the corner of the doorway.

Quite still until a little sound reached him—a long sigh with a sobbing catch in it. He rose quickly, and laying aside his hat, bent over the child; another sobbing sigh, then the eyes opened slowly, looking up without a question in them — without a hope, only so weary.

Then the little whisper—

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"I never knowed."

"Yes," the doctor answered, "but you must drink this for me," and he raised the child gently.

Again the unchildish eyes opened and looked into the man's eyes above them.

"Mammy 'llowed 'tworn't much fur; but I'm done give out, sure," and the weak whisper died away.

"I know that," the doctor answered; "but drink this."

The child obeyed, looking steadfastly into the face above him.

"I kin chop wood fur youuns," with a little gasp, "an' tote water when I gits rested, I kin."

"Very well, but you must rest now," and he turned over the hard pillow before he laid the child down again.

Suddenly there was a movement, and the little wasted creature looked like a hunted animal: "Whar's it!" the weak voice breaking with a cry, "hes youuns tooken it? Oh, gimme, gimme, gimme!" and he clutched the doctor's arm; "oh, gimme! it can't do youuns no good."

"What is it?" kindly.

"My bundle, my leetle bundle," and the words finished with a pitiful wail.

For a moment the doctor was puzzled, then he remembered the bundle Joe had shown him the day before, and stepped to the side of the fireplace.

"Is this it?" holding up the shabby little package.

It was as if a beam of light had swept across the child's face.

"Thet's it," lifting his hands with sudden energy to clutch it, hiding it under his pillow—"it ain't nothin' to do no good," he explained, looking up deprecatingly, "it ain't wittles; it ain't nothin' youuns wants," pressing the pillow down as securely as he could, "it ain't nothin'," still more pleadingly.

"Very well," the doctor answered, drawing the covering up a little higher, "you shall keep it, you need not be afraid; but go to sleep now;" then he turned away to his place in the doorway, while the child, with his hand on the bundle under his pillow, went to sleep. So the day passed; the doctor moved only when it was absolutely necessary, to wait on the child, to cook his dinner, or to water his horse; he sat like one resting after a great strain; every muscle seemed relaxed, and a supreme weariness of body possessed him. No word, no sign escaped him until toward the afternoon he walked out to the trail and stood looking down.

"If God will ever forgive me," he said, slowly, then for one instant he covered his face with his hands. Suddenly the sound of a falling stone caught his attention; he looked up quickly, and with his hands in his pocket, stood waiting for Joe.

"I ain't much late, is I, doctor?" coming up slightly blown.

"Not much."

"An' the boy?"

"Better; but I will come again tomorrow; give him the whiskey and milk all night, and do not take away his bundle, he has it under his pillow."

"All right," and Joe took the saddle from where it had hung all day, while the doctor went to look at his patient once more.

"Poor little devil," and he laid his hand on the forehead of the sleeping child, "what have I saved you for, and will you thank me when all is done?"

"All right, doctor," Joe called, and taking the tin bucket, the doctor turned away.

"Every hour, Joe, whiskey or milk," he repeated, "and leave the bundle where it is."

Then the doctor rode away down the mountain; and his face changed as he went. All the gentleness faded from it, and the lines about the mouth grew set and stern—his every-day face that no one realized was a mask.

(To be continued.)

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BARBIZON AND JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

By T. H. Bartlett.

IV.

MILLET'S LETTERS TO SENSIER.

DURING the years from 1848 to 1874 Millet wrote to Alfred Sensier, his friend and biographer, about six hundred letters. They were carefully preserved by the latter, with nearly all the envelopes. Those of each year were placed by themselves in a separate portfolio, appropriately marked, and the whole wrapped together and designated as a "Precious Bundle of Letters by Jean-François Millet." A hundred or more were printed in part or entirely in Sensier's "Life of Millet."

Those written the first few years were sent without envelopes, and all were sealed with red wax and stamped with an antique intaglio given to the writer by his old friend, Mr. Feuardent, the Paris numismatist. When envelopes were used they were either long and narrow or small and nearly square. All the letters, with very few exceptions, were written on ordinary note-paper, white color predominating.

The address was always in a large, distinct hand, especially written to please his eldest son, who, when a boy, carried them to the post-office and loved to read the superscription. Waiting anxiously at his father's side to start on his errand, the latter would say: "Wait a little, and I'll make this clear and handsome so that you can read it." For the first years the letters had neither day, date, nor place to identify them, and it was not until 1861, progressing from day of week to date and place, and leaving a space on the left side of the sheet, that they began to have a complete letter appearance. With the aid of the post-mark and the date of reception Sensier was able to correctly mark those that had no date. Millet's autograph was always the same, plain, simple, and with only one flourish after crossing the *t*. In the earlier letters there was some negligence in the use of capitals, correct spelling, and the grammatical completion of sentences, as well as too much punctuation; but in all these points, as in facility, ease, and correctness of expression, Millet made great progress. This is especially noticeable in his letters on art, and where his profession was to be considered. There he had no equal. No one knew what art is better than Millet, and very few knew it as well.

Millet's handwriting is so varied that it may be said that he had four different styles, each representing more or less his condition of mind when writing. His usual hand was an easy, common one, with the letters running into each other; another was extremely fine, words close together and letters very distinct—with this hand he put a great deal of matter on a page. The third, was like graceful, unconsciously made print, each letter being independent of the other. When writing notes of his recollections, or copying some favorite author for Sensier, he wrote a large, open hand. A few of the letters are written almost in stenographic characters, with lines, marks, and dots, as though he tried to make as little of a letter as possible though invariably giving the essentially constructive part. All of the hands are characteristic, though this last one reminds one more than any other of the predominant element of his art, absence of detail, but masses put in with great force. One of the longest and clearest in expression, handwriting fine and legible, is that giving the account of the death of Vallardi, the friend of Rousseau, who committed suicide in the latter's house.

The style of the letters is simple, sober, and direct, with an evident desire to be clearly understood, the writer often repeating in order that his meaning may leave no doubt in the mind of the reader.

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The matter of the letters is generally confined to his professional interests, family affairs, and matters concerning Sensier, with which Millet was familiar. They give a pretty full and complete account of those twenty-six weighty years passed in Barbizon. Little allusion is made to the people among whom Millet lived, save as the creatures that annoyed him with their duns and uncertain ways.

Sensier has been severely criticised for his lengthy and continued account of Millet's miseries, though he very truly says that he has not told the whole truth, nor revealed all the confidences that were given to him. The scope of "The Life of Millet" did not permit of anything like a full reproduction of these letters, nor of all of the important facts of the artist's life, and it may be added that the time has not yet come when they can be properly related.

During all the years of his intimacy with Sensier, Millet depended upon him implicitly in all matters. No two brothers could have been more confidential in the interests affecting them than were these two totally opposite natures. No one could have rested more completely upon another than Millet did upon Sensier. At the same time there was not a point of interest of any kind affecting Millet, that arose through all these twenty-six varying years, that he did not scrutinize and examine with sensitive care. He was as alert and wise concerning his art interests, his family, and his future prospects as he was jealous of his art, sentiment, and integrity. A lack of active business ability and a peculiar train of circumstances prevented him from putting in practice his alertness and wisdom. Millet had an eye for business, and had commercial art resources been as wide in his day as they are now, he certainly would have escaped much trouble. If art and its production never had a more exacting and devoted worshipper, so did its commercial relationships in their best sense never have a more ardent advocate. He neither liked public exhibitions nor art dealers' manipulations, but believed that art should be bought at first hand by real art lovers. He wanted his work to go straight into their hands, and remain in quiet retreats. No one desired more to realize a fair money return for his labor than Millet, and every shadow of a prospect of selling, of securing a probable future purchaser and friend, or of raising his price, was watched and considered with the greatest care and anxiety.

One especial characteristic of many of the letters is the variety of subjects spoken of, and the amount of detail concerning himself and family, and of Sensier's health and that of his family. Millet was a very sympathetic, affectionate family man, and, like most Frenchmen, fond of family and personal details and confidences; and his circle of acquaintances being very limited, and having nothing to do with the people of Barbizon, he turned to Rousseau and Sensier, they being nearest to him, to get the comfort he needed outside of his home.

How close he got to them, or they to him, beyond the ordinary kind of friendly, professional, or business intercourse, if either got beyond at all, is difficult to determine. It is certain that the very formation of such temperaments as Millet, Barye, Corot, Daumier, and Rousseau, all old acquaintances—creators, fertile producers—precludes a very intense human intimacy, and promotes generally a positive and unsurmountable antagonism. All these men knew, admired, respected, and in some degree appreciated each other as artists, but it is very doubtful if there was much deep heart vibration between them, though Millet and Rousseau came nearer to it than Millet did with any other of them. Such temperaments have a world to themselves, and they must live in it, though sometimes reaching out in vain, as Millet did, for wide heart comfort.

It is well known that Corot could get nothing out of Millet's work, nor knew him very intimately as man or artist; yet his abounding generosity flew on the wings of the wind from his death-bed to Millet's widow, as soon as he heard of her husband's death, and only a month later he followed Millet into the other world.

The letters selected for publication at this time are intended to elucidate these observations, and illustrate somewhat certain phases of their author's charac-

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ter not generally understood. They are translated as literally as possible, the object being to reproduce them as they were written. The dates enclosed in parentheses were added to the letters by Sensier. The words in the upper left-hand corner of the first letter were written on the original by him, and give one of the invariable instances of his scrupulous care.

(Received Tuesday, 25 March, at 6 o'clock in the morning. Arrived in Paris, Monday evening, the 24th.)

SUNDAY (23 March, 1851).

MY DEAR SENSIER: I remain stupefied and astounded by the news you give me of the death of poor Longuet. I am very much pained, not only because of the suddenness of his death, for only very lately he came to see me at Levieille's and appeared in as good health as he had ever been, but because I have always supposed him to be a very worthy man.

What a frail machine is ours!

I believe he was married, though I did not know his wife. Did he leave any children? I received news from Jacque a few days ago. The commission, he says, has fallen through, though they will get up a subscription of 2,000 francs, which is something, and even very agreeable, if only half the sum he expected to have.

Gautier's article is very good. I am a little more contented. His remarks about my thick colors are also very just. Those who see and judge my pictures are not forced to know that I am not guided in making them by a definite intention, though I am obliged to work hard to try to get as near as possible to what I am seeking after, and independently of methods. People are not even obliged to know the reason why I work in this way, with all its faults.

Occupy yourself about the manikin as soon as you can, as I need it very much. I am studying some compositions that I mean to execute, but I cannot do them before I am in possession of all the necessary means, and the manikin is one of them.

MONDAY MORNING.

Yesterday evening, Sunday, when I was writing to you and had got as far as you see above, I was forced to interrupt my letter to attend to my oldest girl, who was suddenly attacked by a violent fever. She played during the day as usual, but asked to be put to bed while she was eating her dinner, complaining of being cold. I passed the night with her, applying, according to Raspail's methods, bandages wet with sedative water, and washing her with it. It did no good, as the fever developed to a formidable degree. I am suffering the greatest uneasiness. Generally speaking, I have very little confidence in physicians, and much less in the one at Chailly than any other. How and what is to be done? I have just washed her again, which always has the good result of preventing the bowels from swelling, a danger always to be feared. Poor little girl! So gay all day, and in a moment stricken down by this quick-coming fever. Whether I send or not for the horrid doctor at Chailly, oblige me by buying as soon as you get this note, and sending by the stage, a bottle of camphorated ammonia that is sold ready prepared at the special apothecaries, and to which one has only to add the salt to make sedative water. You will not read my letter before to-morrow evening, perhaps, but if by chance you should be at home during the day, buy the bottle above spoken of and give it to the stage which leaves at four o'clock. In any case do it at least on Wednesday, and I will go to Chailly to see if it comes. I hope to have no need of it when it gets here, but it may be useful at any moment. Good-day—the fever does not diminish.

J. F. MILLET.

TUESDAY MORNING, 15 November, 1853.

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . A propos of the man from Holland, here are some considerations. The price of five hundred francs is not to be despised, far from it, but I should like, if such a thing were possible, to raise my prices. You will tell me, and I shall understand it, whether it is best at this time to vote yes or no. At the same time, if it will not trouble you, try for six hundred francs, making it appear that I will not make the two pictures for less. But if it is already understood that he will not

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give more than five hundred, take it upon yourself to settle the matter at that price. All this is very perplexing, but I am between two fears, one, of being too fastidious in regard to raising my prices, the other, of working a long while yet at a low price. Sacré nom de Dieu!

All this lacks sense, it is perhaps better to simply say that I will not make them for less than six hundred francs. For really, these little hesitations are repugnant to me. It is decided. Nothing less than six hundred. It is not so much for one hundred francs more or less, although I insist upon it all the same, but three hundred francs sounds to me much larger than two hundred and fifty. It seems to me a half more.

As for the Feydeau order, that pleases me perfectly. Bring the canvases and the panels of the desired sizes, and we will talk over the subjects to put on them.

(16 FEBRUARY, 1854.)

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . Campredon has tranquillized me effectively, but your letter reawakens my trouble, for the reasons which I will try to make you understand. I know very well that you are embarrassed in regard to Diaz, and that it is perhaps difficult for you not to do what he asks of you. But how is it that Diaz has not thought that in getting together the sum he needs, he who can earn so much money, he obliges me to run the risk of not gaining any myself, I who am just beginning to live. For you will agree that this is not the moment for me to show myself in public sales, as my works have no value save that which is made by those who possess them. Happily I have very few things in the hands of the dealers, and I felicitate myself on this advantage. It seems to me a bad time to give them a chance to get my things for a low price, if not for nothing; at least, to offer an opportunity for comparison which cannot be other than unfortunate, because my works have no importance and represent in no way that which I desire to do in the future, especially with the things of Diaz, which, in the first place, are quoted as valuable, and are certainly more important in every respect than mine. And even if my pictures should really sell for a good price, the exhibition could be but disastrous for me. Reflect on all this and you will see that I am not very much mistaken. It seems hard to me to run the risk of failure for the sake of being a pretence for Diaz to get money, money that he can earn so easily, at least much easier than I, and this at a moment when my affairs are beginning to get into order, on the single condition of not making my things common until they have acquired a value by the appreciation of those who possess them, as I have already said. I know that Diaz is a good fellow, but I doubt if he would consent, even in his present position, to do what he asks you to have me do. He asked me to tell him the price of two of my pictures, because he needed to know, and I did not hesitate to tell him in spite of the bother that it may make for me. I find a great difference between a man in his position, reputation and future assured, risking all, and that of one in mine, and I doubt very much if many in the latter situation would take it. I can't conceive even the idea he has in mind; he seems to treat the matter like a man who makes light of the injury that may happen to me, so long as he succeeds. I wonder, now that I know what he is up to, if the expression Diaz used to Campredon, that the sale was to be, above all, *in favor* of *Millet*, explains it. Campredon has been indiscreet without knowing or intending to be so. He told me very plainly, among other things, that Diaz said to him, "You ought to have a sale and put into it a picture that I am working on, and make the sale *above all* in Millet's interest." I very much hope that I am mistaken in my appreciation of this sale, but I believe not.

Millet was correct in his judgment concerning the reception the public would give his works, for they sold in the Campredon sale for next to nothing. His appreciation of Diaz's methods was also just. Diaz painted to sell, and he did sell and make money. Nor did he ever understand the gulf that existed between his and Millet's art and professional conduct. Millet rejoiced in

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the power of production, and reverenced it to such a degree that he desired its results to be first loved, and their value established by those who loved them. Some observations by Français on the art business performances of Diaz will be given in another place.

The first mention of "The Angelus" is made in this letter.

BARBIZON, Saturday (6 February, 1858).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Rousseau, who came back yesterday, tells me you are better. I am also sick, and I write you from my bed. I have been pulled down for several days with a sick headache and the influenza combined, all of which produces a beautiful result. As I look with fear for the end of the month, I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me of the arrangement for the payment of my picture "The Angelus," of which I spoke, which will be agreeable to Feydeau and yourself.

Extracts from the following letter and that of September 25, 1859, were given in Sensier's "Life." The letters are now given in full, the parts already printed being in quotation marks.

WEDNESDAY MORNING (January, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: A horrible sick headache has prevented me from writing you immediately to tell you in what a sad state are my affairs. What a veritable breaking down was Latrône's sale. The future is more and more compromised. [In this sale were four of Millet's pictures, and they were sold for very low prices.—T. H. B.] I am all the more sensible of it because I don't see how I can escape, even a little, from the misery that holds me down so firmly. I am constantly troubled with little debts in every direction that are impossible for me to pay, and "it is so frightful to be stripped naked before such people, not so much because one's pride suffers, as that one cannot get what is needed. We have wood yet for two more days, and we don't know how to get any more, as it will not be given to us without money. My wife will be confined next month, and I shall not have" a cent, as it is not even certain that I can get together the three hundred francs to pay the note which comes due the end of the month. Enough of this. I intend to try to get something from Mr. Atger, on his drawings, though it is very probable that he will object. "I am suffering and sad. Forgive me for telling you these things. I do not pretend to be more unfortunate than many others, but each has his own immediate pain." I am very glad that Feydeau has bought my pictures, but Serville will soon replace on sale my "Woman putting bread into the oven." What will Rousseau say to all that? It will also trouble him, and with good reason. "If you can stir up a little those who can get me an order, I shall be more and more obliged to you. I shall not actually believe it until I have one. I am working on drawings." I shall send you without doubt to-morrow or next day one of the drawings for Feydeau, for which I beg you to send me the money as soon as you receive it, as the children cannot be without fire. So much the worse for the end of the month!

MONDAY MORNING (14 February, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: I have received the one hundred francs you sent me from Lavieille, and I will tell you when to send me the other twenty.

Here is what my wife charges me to write: As the country will do Mme. Sensier good (she not being occupied with anything important in Paris), why can't she come here with you as soon as she can bear the journey? We will arrange any one of the rooms she desires; the one at the end of the house will perhaps be the best, as it has a fireplace. We will buy a sack of the same kind of coal that you use to burn with the wood, so that the fire will be constant and pleasant, and the room shall be furnished with your things. The walls must be hung with all sorts of draperies, among them my old, large piece of tapestry, to go behind the bed, etc., etc. Mme. Sensier can lead a life full of every beautiful comfort. Think about it seriously. I don't think this is a bad idea by any means, as it is very practicable. Then, as you wish Ernest to have good health, it is necessary that the mother should

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be as strong as possible with country air. This is my conclusion.

The drawing I am making will be whiter than Ermine white. As I write, Maria and Louisa are pestering me with their importunities about what I shall say to Mme. Sensier. "Tell her to come at once, right away!" and in the meantime they heartily kiss her.

We say good-day to you all, and good health. J. F. MILLET.

Those familiar with the life of Millet will remember that the year 1859 was a particularly dreadful one in almost every respect—family sickness, abuse of critics, debts, difficulties in getting money, running to and fro from Paris to Barbizon, and the uncertainties of the future; yet his letters are full of thought and care for Sensier's interests, and betray no lack of courage concerning himself.

2 APRIL (1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Leave your bed at Doyen's Inn, in Melun, and the Barbizon stage will bring it here. As the season is well advanced, your potatoes will be planted as fast as the ground is spaded; if we waited to work over the ground it would be very late to plant them, as the weeds must have time to rot after being turned under. The latter plan would have been the best if it could have been done sooner. The piece you want planted is the one where Brézar's apple-tree is, is it not? and the one lately bought by Antoine. We will get potatoes for both of us and plant at the same time. I will make a picture for Etienne, and some drawings also, as well as I can, and as much as possible from real life; but, as you say, a little calm is needed to give time for the idea that comes to you to concentrate in the imagination to such a degree that nothing but the really essential point of it shall be given. . . . As my "Woman and the Cow" is, after all, accepted, isn't there something to do to prevent its being hung out of sight? Who has charge of the hanging of the pictures? Is it the jury, or another committee. If the fine art inspectors have any influence, can't something be done through them in getting a more or less good place? If it is possible, my desire would be to have it hung on the lowest line and in the least dark place. If this is impossible or too difficult to undertake, it must be left to the grace of God.

Like you, I am greatly afflicted regarding the health of Madame Rousseau; all her strength seems to have left her.

It is as cold as winter, and freezes in the night. The ice was very thick yesterday morning, and the surface of the ground like a crust. Some of your trees are in blossom—the unfortunates!

The strange and suggestive fact is stated in the following letter, that Millet did not know for certain the price that "The Angelus" sold for.

SUNDAY (25 September, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Your letter arrived just after mine was sent to the office. The thing to do with the money is to send some very quickly, but how can you send two hundred and fifty francs? "I told Mr. Gunsberger that 'The Angelus' was sold for either two thousand or twenty-five hundred francs, I am not certain which, but for not less than two thousand; 'The Shepherd,' three thousand, Feydeau's little picture, 'The Repose of the Winnowers,' twelve hundred, yours, 'The Woman rocking her Infant,' fifteen hundred. If only the drawings would sell!" It would be a good, a very good thing to have Jacque's studio [the one with the thatched roof.—T. H. B.], but what are the propositions? Does he give time for the payments?

That is a question of great importance. (Mr. Laure came in to say good-day and I rose to receive him; Charles, profiting of my absence, undertook to continue my letter, as you see below.)

Is it necessary to reply to Jacque at once, or can you wait until Sunday, so that we can talk it over together? There is perhaps reason to suppose that the fact of his selling indicates that he cannot give time for the payment, though my supposition is gratuitous. Coffin asks me for a definite decision about the floor of the new chamber, whether it shall be wood or tile. I told him to make it of wood, and that will cost sixteen francs more. Nothing new since morning. We shall meet on Saturday.

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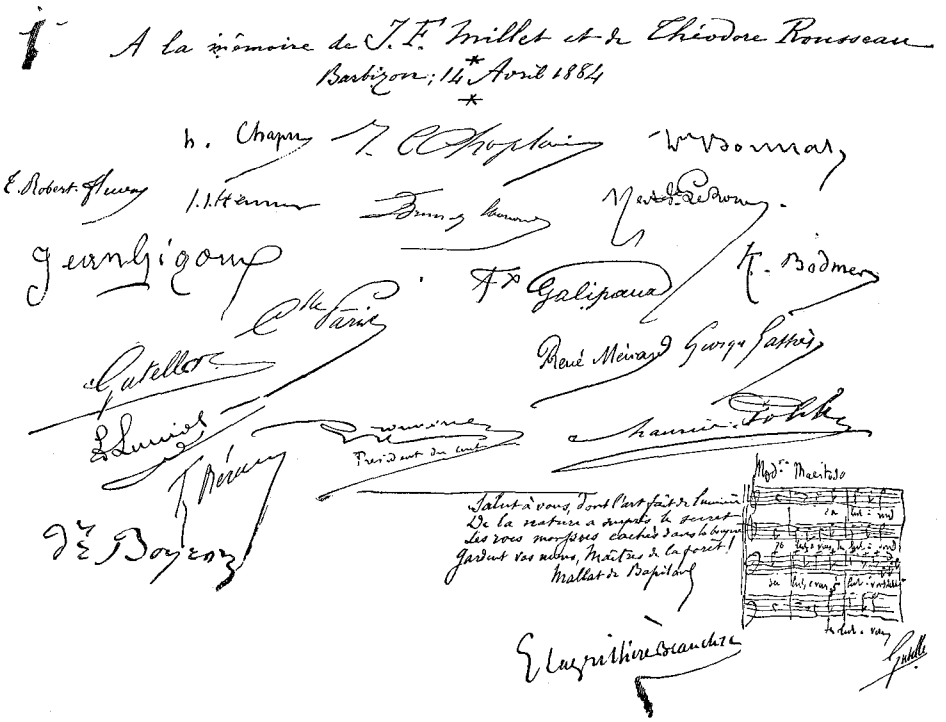
TUESDAY MORNING (6 December, 1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: As soon as you receive this little note, have the frame of "The Angelus" carried to Diaz's studio, as I shall bring the picture to Paris to-morrow. You will get this letter this morning. Arrange it so that the frame will be at Diaz's early in the morning. Go also to Diaz's early, in order that he may have time to send a word to Stevens that I am coming with "The Angelus," and that he can see it whenever he wishes. I shall leave here by the first stage to-morrow morning, and shall be in Paris about ten thirty or eleven o'clock. I count on finding the frame at Diaz's, so that I can put the picture in it at once.



Autographs of Chapu, Bonnat, Bodmer, and other Artists and Writers who attended the Inauguration of the Millet and Rousseau Monument, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, April 14, 1884.

THURSDAY MORNING (1859).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were most religiously consecrated to ridding myself of a sick headache, and this is why I did not answer your letter sooner, though I went yesterday evening to see *père* Ribouillard, whom I found sitting in the corner of his fireplace eating a very large plate of soup. I speak of this last fact because it was really very fantastic. The room was dark and the candle was not lighted. As I have just said, *père* Ribouillard sat in the corner of the fireplace eating, while Eugenia Bélon occupied the opposite corner, like a gnome, and very attentively engaged in eating soup from the bottom of a kettle; and so assiduously, that she never even turned her head as I came in. You can imagine what ornaments to the fireplace were *père* Ribouillard and Eugenia Bélon! Though their visages were only slightly lighted up by the little blaze in the fireplace, you could easily make out their general forms. *Mère* Ribouillard, that old layer out of dead bodies, was between the two. I asked Ribouillard what he wanted of you, and his wife replied that they heartily wished you would pay them a little money. Their bill was fifteen francs for clearing the woods, and seventeen and a half sous for half a day's work, but my wife be-

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lieves the wood clearing ought not to be more than eleven francs. We will pay them nine francs for the present. . . . If Ernest Feydeau can, let him hasten the conclusion of the order. Since you left, heavy bills have fairly rained on me, and all I could do was to give notes in payment. . . . If Feydeau sells a picture to Stevens, let it be the "Woman and Chickens." Best wishes for the cure of your cold, and perfect health to Madame Sensier.

Jacque and Millet did not long remain friends after they arrived in Barbizon. In fact, the former had so much trouble there with everyone that, as he says, "I was obliged to sell my property and go away." The next few letters will give some idea of a part of the contentions that made the trouble.

22 JANUARY (1861).

MY DEAR SENSIER: You know the piece of land that Jacque bought near the Mazette Gate of the forest, and remember that a path has run through it for a long time. Now, he doesn't like to have this path divide his land, and he has got the permission of the mayor, Bélon, by giving him a little picture, painting a brooch for his wife, and promising a hundred francs to the commune, to close the path. The crier has already announced that the voters must come together next Sunday to vote on the matter. All Barbizon is in a flutter about it. It appears that Jacque promises all sorts of favors to those who will vote for his project. Many will vote under the influence of the mayor, because they are cowards, and fear him. Jacque has no doubt arranged with the prefect to secure his favor.

I don't know what entrance to the forest will take the place of the Mazette, nor what is to be gained or lost in making the change, but it seems to me proper to prevent, if possible, anyone from acting just as he pleases, especially when he is disposed to make rain and sunshine to suit himself. Can't you put a spoke in their wheels from the office of the Ministry? Look into it, and do it quickly, for next Sunday decides the thing. If there is any way of fettering them, let us employ it. Jacque's projects are by no means limited to this enterprise; he also wishes to close the path that runs in the rear of our fields. I don't know the name of it, but it is the one that runs just back of his studio, through your land, and by the apple-trees of *père* Lefort and Coffin. Rousseau and I talked over this matter last evening, and we wish that it could be understood that this ass of a Bélon should not be at the disposition of every whim that comes into Jacque's head. It is more a matter of principle than anything else. Personally I care nothing about it, but it is impossible to consent to everything that he wishes to do, either for his own interests or to bother others. In any case, can't you and Tillot send a vote against closing the Mazette Gate. He has opponents and Bourgignon is one of them.

Imagine the indignation of Bodmer; for (incredible as it is) *he came to see me* to talk the matter over! Finally, if you have, directly or indirectly, any powerful or rapid working means at your disposal, whereby you can hinder this matter, use it and show this kind of a Robert Macaire that he has not the right to throw dirt at everyone, as it may please his fancy. Give Bélon a lesson also, if it is possible. This fool that sides with Jacque in this thing, and closes the forest entrances that have been left open by the forest administration!

During the darkest hours of the last half of the year 1859, when Millet found it very difficult to sell enough of his work to support his family, he made a proposition to Mr. Arthur Stevens, a Belgian art amateur and picture dealer who lived in Paris, to buy all the pictures that he might execute, and pay for them in stated sums and on given dates. Millet was very anxious that this transaction should take place, and he often refers to it in his letters during the months before it was finally settled. It was an important enterprise, and Stevens took ample time to consider it. Not wishing to undertake it alone, he formed a partnership with Mr. E. Blanc, a Paris picture dealer, and the father-in-law of his brother Alfred, a well-known artist who lived in Paris, under the name of Arthur Stevens & Co.

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This company made a contract with Millet in March, 1860, by which the latter agreed to deliver to the former all the work, pictures, and drawings that he should execute during the three succeeding years, the company agreeing to pay him a thousand francs on the twenty-fifth of each month. This transaction, a history of itself, marking an important period in the life of the artist, is too long to be given at this time, and only a few facts will be alluded to through some of the letters written by those concerned in it.

Appended to the contract was an inventory of twenty-five pictures then in the artist's studio in various stages of completion, the stipulated prices of which amounted to twenty-seven thousand six hundred francs, the highest priced one, three thousand, being for the "Tobit." One provision of the contract was that before Millet could receive a payment he must deliver six pictures, amounting to seven thousand and nine hundred francs. Another was that the price of each picture was to be placed to his credit, though he could only receive the thousand francs each month. Millet's financial condition at this time was such that he could not buy a loaf of bread, a stick of wood, or a bottle of wine in Barbizon on credit, though he had lived there nearly eleven years, and had earned and spent more money in it for the necessaries of life than any other artist. Professionally, he had great difficulty in selling his work; yet in his studio was the above startling amount of pictures more or less finished. The facts suggest a very interesting question: What was the real reason of all this? Before the contract was signed Arthur Stevens had begun to buy all the Millets in the market. Sensier attended for Millet to all the business matters connected with the contract, and sold to the company several of the latter's pictures that belonged to him, and were partly finished, on a commission of ten per cent.

It is true that to some degree this agreement brought peace to Millet, but the letters here given indicate that trouble, too, came as its attendant.

From the nature of the circumstances surrounding the transaction, it was impossible for either party to fulfil its provisions. There were delays in the payments, misunderstandings, accusations of dishonesty, and lawsuits. Stevens and Blanc disagreed in 1861, and as one of the results Millet could neither deliver pictures to them, sell to any one else, or get any money from them. His hands were actually tied, and bread was needed for empty mouths. Although at the close of the three years Millet had overdrawn his account in the sum of nearly six thousand francs, it is by no means certain at the present writing that he was in any way to blame in not delivering work enough to balance this amount. He finally paid it in pictures.

The whole affair of the contract was not concluded until 1866.

Letter from Blanc to Sensier.

PARIS, 22 May, 1863.

DEAR SIR: At the end of the month I must pay Millet's note for fifteen hundred francs, and give him five hundred more, though he has not sent me a picture for the month of April. As a result he doesn't lighten his account, and leaves me without security. Ah! if his name were not Millet!

It is necessary, then, that you shall kindly endorse the enclosed note, get it discounted, and send me the money by the 30th of this month.

I know that it is not necessary to appeal to your friendship, as you know the gravity of a note's falling due.

A thousand thanks.

E. BLANC.

Letter from Blanc to Millet.

26 MAY, 1861.

MY DEAR MILLET: Let me embrace you in thanks for your sheep picture. At least, there is a picture that won't be long in selling. I have placed fifteen hundred francs to your credit. Will you write me a word to the effect that we are in accord, so that Arthur Stevens shall know about the picture? Make a great many little things of this kind and send them to your dealer; *he has need of them.*

Tout à vous,

BLANC.

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Letter from Blanc to Millet.

24 AUGUST, 1861.

MY DEAR MILLET: I have received the "Shepherd driving in his sheep." I compliment you on this charming picture; it makes one dream.

It is well that you have received my letter of the 8th inst. Will you bear in mind its contents.*

Enclosed is a note of five hundred francs, which please acknowledge.

Tout à vous,

BLANC.

BARBIZON, 16 December (1861).

MY DEAR SENSIER: Rousseau had already paid Harcus when I spoke to him about the hundred and fifty francs. He can lend them to me until the end of the week, when he goes to Paris. Can Mr. Niel buy the drawing, or is there any other way of selling it so that Rousseau will not be embarrassed on my account? Shall I make some more drawings, and is there any chance of disposing of them? It is a very grave matter if I do make them, because it prevents me from finishing my pictures; and that may be still more grave, as Messrs. Blanc and Stevens may hear of it and say that, as I am doing work outside of my engagement, I am thus seeking to break the contract. All this is very troublesome, but one must eat. What shall I do?

It is evident that Stevens will do all he can to hinder the desired conclusion, but I beg you to urge the lawyers to perform their duty as rapidly as it can be done.

BARBIZON, 17 July, 1863.

MY DEAR SENSIER: Your notices of my pictures sent to Brussels are first rate. Who can anticipate the slowness of an *express train*, and that an article leaving Melun Sunday evening cannot arrive in Paris [twenty-eight miles.—T. H. B.] before Tuesday morning? I can well imagine that Arthur [Stevens.—T. H. B.] would like to make money with my picture. What method is he trying in order to sell it? Has he spoken to you about it? I can't see my way clear in that matter, though at first thought I should prefer not to have him make a photograph of it. What do you think? The annoyance of this jobbery about pictures completely prevents me from seeing clearly. You may think my conclusion very vague, at any rate I shall agree with whatever you think best.

Letter from Millet to Blanc.

BARBIZON, 10 August, 1863.

MR. BLANC: If you had simply said that I don't send you pictures enough, or anything else of that kind, your reproaches would appear more comprehensible than those you now make. Because the picture that I have sent you does not please you at all, or not enough, you draw too hasty conclusions, which I deem really outrageous. First, and simply, you have seen it but a short time; and it seems to me that you are in too much of a hurry in judging it as a work knocked off by a student "to make up for lost time," for perhaps this picture is more than that. Then, from such a hurried judgment you jump at one bound to accusing me of intentions which are nothing less than making me say, "It is good enough for him. I always do enough for him, etc."

Your suggestions of such intentions is really too gratuitous.

From what premises do you support it?

If it should happen that this picture should appear less objectionable to you after a while, would it not pain you to have said these things?

I think there is always time enough to say them, and that they should not be said at the beginning.

Tell me, then, that you uttered them only whimsically, and that I am to consider them as coming from a man in bad humor, without their having a deep root in your mind.

I cannot believe that a reflecting and serious man, like yourself, can really, permanently think this of me. In any case I need your assurance one way or the other before definitely believing.

Letter from Millet to Blanc.

(BARBIZON) 23 August, 1863.

M. BLANC: You know that I am never offended at any criticism, however sharp it may be, if it has for its only object

* Referring to the disagreement between Stevens and Blanc.

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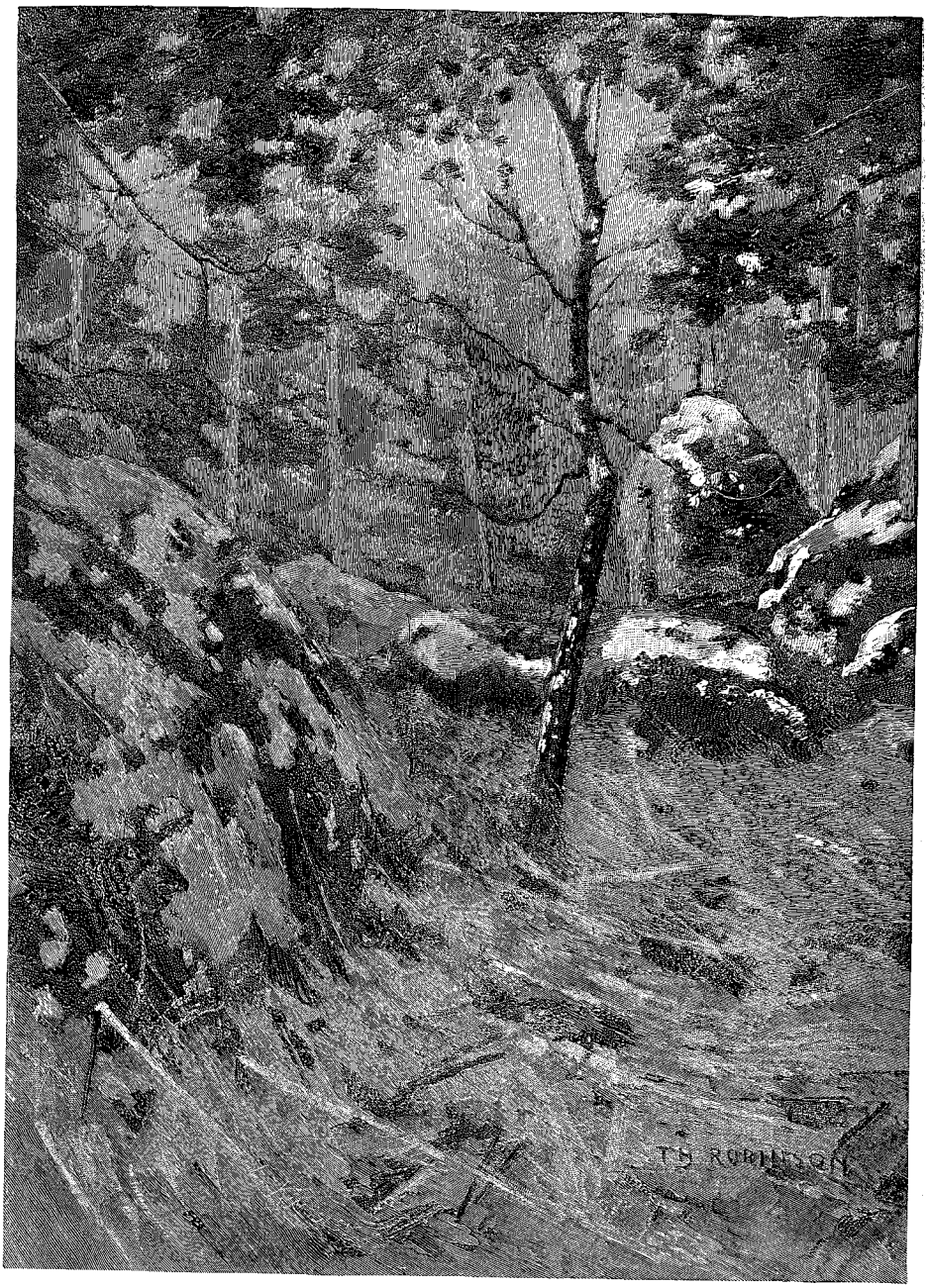

Vale of the Musketeers.

(Artagnan's tall rock at right—forest of Fontainebleau.)

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Millet at the Age of Thirty-two.
(From a daguerreotype by Charlier.)

the examination of a work; and I think I never should be offended.

The thing which pained me in what you wrote was the intention you attributed to me of always sending you "anything" as "good enough for you." As you ask me to send you your own words, here they are. "*In seeing this canvas, still wet, I am reminded of my childhood, and the tasks I knocked off to make up for lost time.*"

Further on you say that I ought to remember who had put the conditions and power to create; "*Time, care, suffering, that is labor.*" Again you add, "It is impossible for me not to say to you, I am not satisfied with you." And finally, "I am always for you, though I see clearly that you are not for me."

If you ask me to say it, I give you my word of honor that I have not made any painting, small or large, for anyone save yourself: the "Female Bather," that you have lately received, and a picture very much more important, now in process of execution, a "Shepherdess and her sheep."

My spare time has been employed, as I told you when I was in Paris, in making drawings, and under such conditions that they will not get into circulation. As I have no other resource for subsistence save this, I am forced to employ it, seeing that in order to work one must first live.

It is also very easy to imagine that the time given to this employment, bearing in mind the result, cannot be given to you. The price of the "Female Bather" is eight hundred francs. Be well assured, M. Blanc, that I don't do things in the dark, and accept a shake of the hand.

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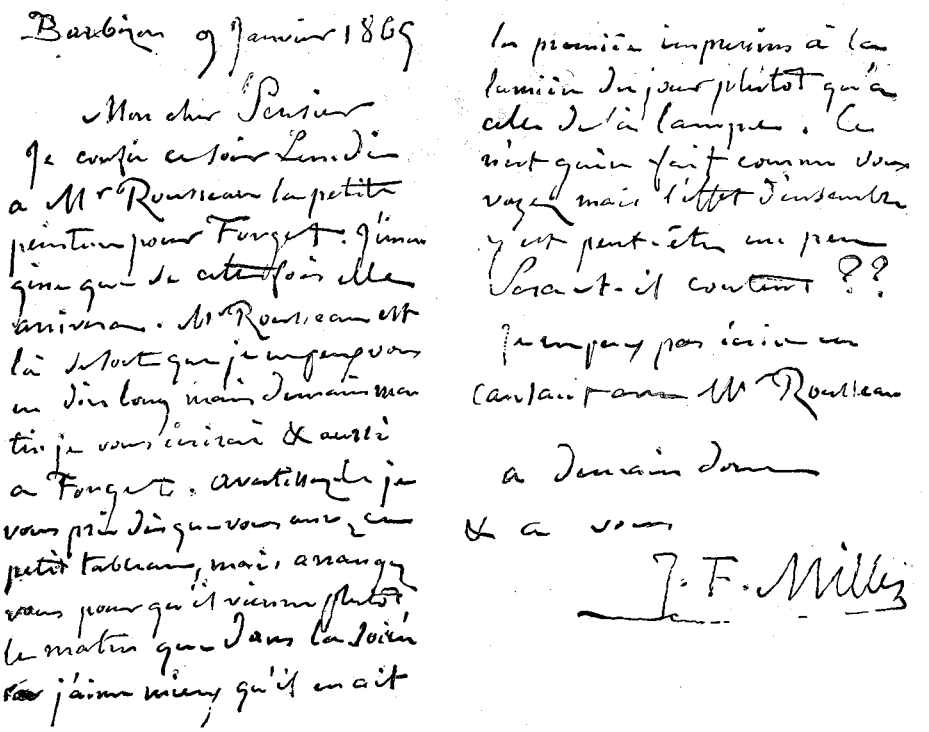
The old church at Chailly, seen in the distance of "The Angelus," is one of the most interesting in its memories of any in the department. Around it, covering nearly an acre of ground, was the cemetery in which had been buried for forgotten centuries the bodies of the nobles and peasants of the three hamlets that composed the commune, Chailly, Fays, and Barbizon. The earth itself was not only solid with bones, but as fast as the graves became full the bodies were deposited above ground and a kind of tomb of earth and stones built around them. This practice had been carried to such an extent that the place appeared more like an inverted cemetery with narrow paths between the graves, than the usual surfaced burial-ground. Bones were everywhere, they protruded from the sides of the overground graves, and the walks were paved with them. Dogs had dug numberless burrows in search of rats and mice, and the irreverent urchins of the village had extended the work of their canine precursors in making rival brigand caves in imitation of the natural ones of the forest.

The proposed destruction of this cemetery disturbed Millet; but its actual destruction was far more brutal than he had anticipated — a kind of concentrated expression of the moral condition of the people. The sacred remains that had reposed so long in comparative tranquillity were thrown about like so much rubbish, and the former incipient brigands, now turned into ruffians by the example of their elders, enlarged upon their previous performances, kicked the skulls around for foot-balls, and powdered for fertilizing purposes the bones of their forefathers. A very small quantity were carried to the new cemetery, and thrown upon the top of the ground against the wall. In due time the holes made by the removal of the remains were filled with earth, and the people danced over the former graves. When the novelty of this pleasure had become dull, the cattle were driven there to graze upon the rich grass. With the coming of a new curé in 1888, he could only put a stop to this sacrilege by driving off the beasts and their guardian with a big stick, and threatening the mayor with



Fac-simile of a Letter to Sensier.

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prosecution unless he took some legal steps to entirely discontinue this practice. With his own money he erected a cross on the spot, inscribed with a suitable inscription, planted trees with his own hands, and performed appropriate religious services.

BARBIZON, 21 November, 1863.

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . Perhaps you don't know that they are going to destroy the little cemetery that surrounds the church at Chailly, and prepare the site for dancing on fête days. It is, as you remember, one of those rare little places that remind one of the memories of other times.

Nothing stands in the way of the rage for embellishment that takes hold of people; and the inhabitants of Chailly, stupid as idiots and without heart, will fatten their land with the bones of their relations. As long as it enriches, it matters little from where it comes. And this earth of bones will be sold at auction! It is only a short time since they buried their friends there.

Is there no way to put a stop to this? Is there not such a thing as a specified space of time to elapse before destroying sepulchres? especially when no more urgent necessity exists than in this case?

Thus do these wretches spread out their families over the fields to make potatoes grow!

Oh, shameful, brutal hand of man!

If the work is not already begun, it will be very soon, so, if there is anything to be done to prevent it it must be done quickly. Base actions show themselves in all forms.

Tout à vous, and good health to you all.

Rousseau's House, and Stairs to Studio, at his Death, 1867.

(1863.)

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . I have had a little talk with Rousseau about the Chailly cemetery, and we have concluded to write a letter to the prefect, though there may be slight chance of accomplishing anything, especially as they say that he himself, when in Chailly, seeing

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Théodore Rousseau.
(The photograph made in 1864, at Arras, by Eugène Cuvelier, when Rousseau was visiting him.)

the old cemetery, said that it ought to be destroyed. The mayor, like a silly courtier, did not fail to improve the occasion in agreeing with his superior. The trees that surrounded it are already sold. Tillot can be of no use, as he goes to Paris to-day for at least a month. I hope you will see him from time to time.

In view of what I tell you about the prefect, do you think we had better write to him, or to the minister? Give me your advice. . . .

The following letter is an excellent expression of Millet's fastidious sensitiveness.

BARBIZON, 2 May, 1865.

MY DEAR SENSIER: I have Mr. Manne's package with this letter:

"SIR: I received yesterday, by the obliging medium of Mr. Sensier, the pastel that he asked you to make for me. I am extremely satisfied with it, and all the amateurs to whom I have shown it agreed in their recognition of the excellent qualities of this drawing.

"Will you then accept my thanks and the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments? MANNE.

"I shall be obliged to you if you will acknowledge the receipt of the enclosed two hundred francs—the price made by yourself."

This letter, which ought to fill all the exigencies of politeness, is not of a nature to show me whether Mr. Manne is contented, and it seems to me that it is the kind of one that would be written beforehand.

Try to find out through your brother the real facts. It may be that this is the way certain people express their satisfaction, and I hope it is so in this case.

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Every person in need within Millet's knowledge, whether in Barbizon or his native commune, Greville, that could be helped by the government, was brought to the attention of Sensier, and his influence appealed to to accomplish that purpose. Millet's sympathy for the poor was unbounded, and no beggar ever came to his door without being filled with food, and cheered by a kindly word.

BARBIZON, Saturday (1865 or 6).

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . The postmistress appeared very glad about what you did for her, and I am certain that the unhappy blind woman in Greville will also be. I ought to go to Paris to talk with you about a visit that Mr. Gavet [the architect who bought so many of the artist's drawings.—T. H. B.] paid me day before yesterday. He wishes me to make an innumerable quantity of drawings for him, and that I engage to make hardly anything for anyone else. I told him that above all things there were certain persons for whom I would never refuse to work, himself among them, and so on. I did not wish to make any kind of a reply to him. He will return here, perhaps next Thursday, to try to come to some kind of an agreement. As you will be here before that time, we can talk over together what we think may be the best to do. There are certain points for and against which we must define as much as possible. No use in saying any more, as we shall soon have a chance to talk. Try, if you can, to find out what I am *worth* in Paris, for that is a point of departure. It will be a good thing for you not to be in Paris during the cholera.

BARBIZON, 24 April, 1866.

MY DEAR SENSIER: . . . We received your letter, and one from Madame F——, by the same post, in which she announces the early marriage of Louise. In spite of all our troubles, I think we must not fail to go to the wedding, and so, here is something that I beg you very seriously to tell me at once, in order that the invitation once received, we can occupy ourselves about the way to properly appear on that occasion. What kind of dress is suitable? I don't think one has the right to show himself on such occasions in a scandalous one. My familiarity with the F——s counts for nothing now, or with them, but the occasion does, and they are no more masters of it than I. My familiarity with them is a reason more important than ever that I should not abuse it in the sight of anyone. Tell me, then, what is the most suitable and simple dress, something that will shock no one and yet be the least official. Give the details: coat like this, waistcoat like that, of what color, etc., etc.

I suppose their invitation will arrive enough in advance so that I can get all made that is necessary, because I don't wish to go to such an expense beforehand. Any way, give me

Siron's Hotel, Barbizon.

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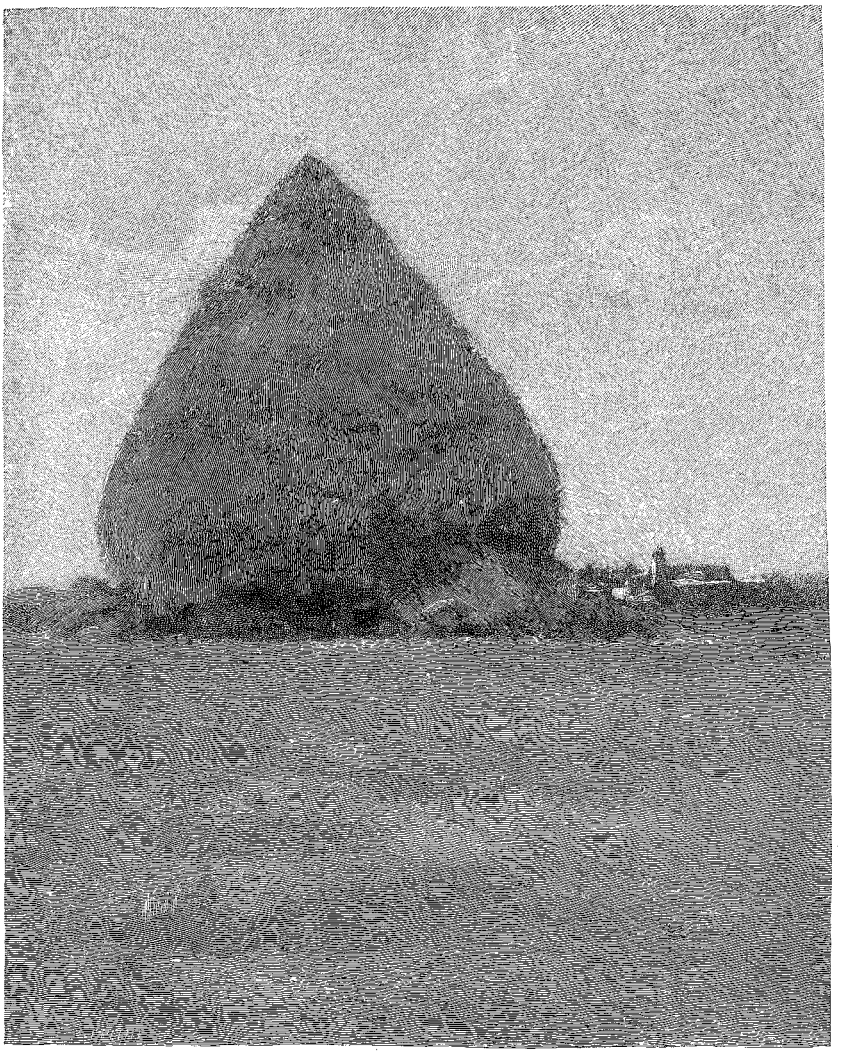

On the Plain of Barbizon. In the distance the church at Chailly seen in "The Angelus."
(From a painting by Theodore Robinson.)

quickly the information I ask, and then I have only to act when the moment comes. I have no need to tell you that I shall go alone, for my wife will be in no condition to go.

The favor of the emperor was a matter of great importance to artists, and sought after with most vigilant persistence by most of them. In order to get it it was necessary to make friends with Count Nieuwerkerke, the personal friend of His Majesty and the Director of Fine Arts, and to do that, a considerable amount of personal attention to him was absolutely required. Millet could not and would not perform this inevitable portion of the bargain, and whether it was for this, or his dislike for the artist's work, that the Director was strongly opposed to Millet, is not known for certain. It is certain, however, that he lost no chance of showing his opposition, and it is affirmed that he took some extra pains to manifest it. But Millet grew, and the noise about him extended, until the Director was obliged to open negotiations with him

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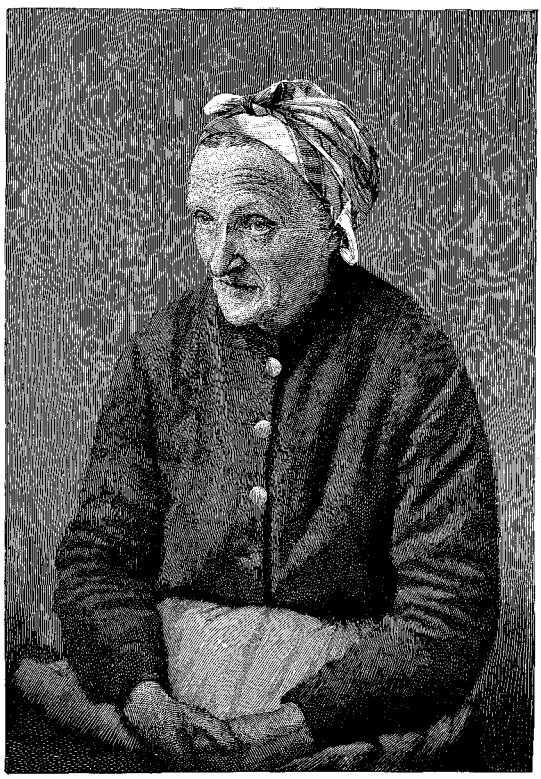
in order to bring about a mutual understanding. The painter objected, he was determined not to go out of his habits in the matter for anybody or anything.

At last the talk about him reached the ears of the Emperor, and he said to Nieuwerkerke, "What is it about this painter-peasant, Millet? Who and what is he? If he has anything at the salon I wish to see it." The Director hastened to the salon, took Millet's pictures out of their frames and brought them to his master.



Mère Marier; Model used in "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners."

"There, Sire, there they are, and it is all there is to them," said the fine art protector of the third Empire.

"Not much, in fact, enough. The noise about this delineator of sabots is a vulgar one," observed his Majesty. So began and ended Millet at the Tuileries.

BARBIZON, 7 April, 1867.*

MY DEAR SENSIER: I wish with all my heart that you could get over the uneasiness that weighed upon you when you wrote. I think if you could only come here for a while it would do you a great deal of good. The weather will be milder in a few days and the air good to breathe. Many of the fruit-trees are only waiting for a little sun to display their flowers, and everywhere one feels the dumb life of the earth.

In fact there is a breath of resurrection that ought to be as good for man as for plants. Try to make that combination if you can.

"What you tell me of the exhibition (1867) relieves my anxiety a little. I wait yet a little, however, to see its definite character." How is it that I receive this invitation from the Director of Fine Arts? I have replied to him in the sense you indicated, that I could not accept because I lived so far from Paris. Tillot has suggested an idea, and that is to go and see him and talk over the question of my taste regarding the matter, and to ask him not to present me. It bothers me very much, and for no reason whatever will I change my habits. If pushed too much, I shall be obliged to formally refuse. I shall go to Paris very soon and will talk the matter over, and try to arrange it agreeable to all concerned.

"Diaz is here with Eugene. He says, they tell him that my pictures look well." I invited them to dine with me to-day, and they accepted. Diaz says that they are all coming here in May with Detrimont and Marie. "Mr. Gavet has not yet come for his drawings, and that is why Diaz has seen them. He appeared satisfied, especially with the 'lamp effect.' If you see him ask him what he thinks.

"Your letter, my dear Sensier, appears to me very melancholy. Come here, then. We will live over again together the years that have gone; for, I am also continually ruminating over them. The Prophet-King David said: Annos antiquos mente habui."

* The passages in quotation marks were printed in Sensier's "Life."

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Jacque's Thatched-roof Studio.
(Occupied for a short time by Millet and his son François.)

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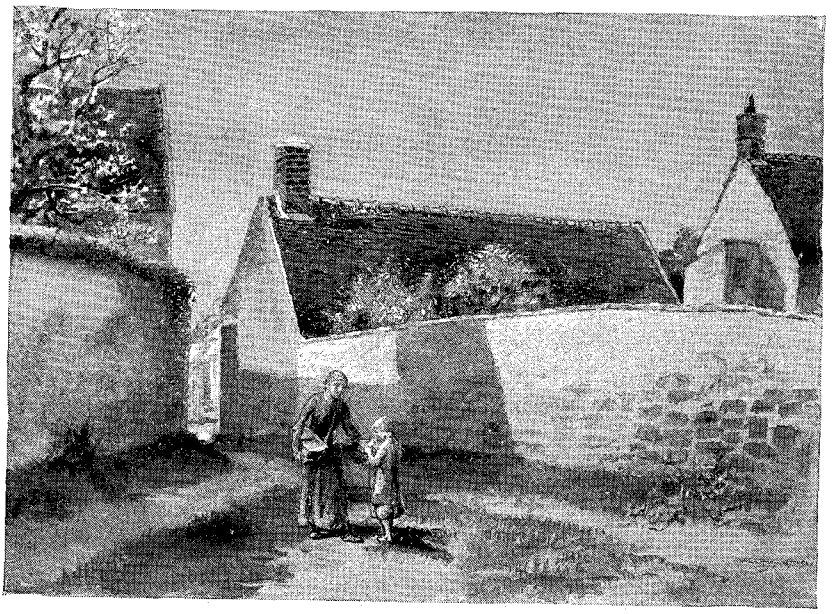
The petition mentioned in the next letter is the one sent to the Empress, begging her influence in favor of preserving from proposed administrative destruction, the most artistic part of the forest



Père Chicorée's Lane Leading to the Plains.

of Fontainebleau, the Bas Bréau, near Barbizon.

BARBIZON, 31 December, 1867.

MY DEAR SENSIER: I sent Joseph Girard to see Mr. Sian, and here is his reply. I signed the petition to the Empress that Sylvestre sent me. It seemed very well written. François is preparing a canvas upon which he proposes to try to reproduce Rousseau's "Sunset." As you have seen Tillot (at least I suppose so), he has without doubt given you all the news.

"The death of Rousseau besets me. I am so enveloped in sadness and weariness that I am almost incapable of working. I must, however, by one means or another, conquer this feeling. Eight days have passed since he was buried. Poor Rousseau!"* How does he feel in his cold bed!

I have received a letter announcing the shipment, by Mr. Hartmann, of three of Rousseau's pictures, though they have not arrived. How do matters come on concerning the inheritance of Rousseau, and will the seals on the doors be taken off soon?

Sylvestre sends me a hastily written note, to say that he had delivered my drawing to Mr. Piétri,† and that the latter declares himself not only satisfied but astonished; and adding other very flattering words. The important thing is that he should be satisfied. Give me all the details that you think will be interesting and useful. Still another year has arrived where so many others have gone. Who is certain to see the end of the next one?

We wish that everything that you desire may come to you and yours.

Millet's last letter to Sensier.

BARBIZON, 18 March, 1874.

"How long it is since I have written to you, my dear Sensier! I am in such a languishing state of health that I put off from day to day whatever is neces-

* Printed in Sensier's "Life."

† As soon as Sylvestre, one of the most intelligent and capable of Paris art writers, became convinced of Millet's great merits, he worked in every way to help him, and as Piétri was a friend of his as well as the chief of police of Paris, and also, I think, prefect of the Seine, Sylvestre tried to reach the Emperor through him, but did not succeed.—T. H. B.

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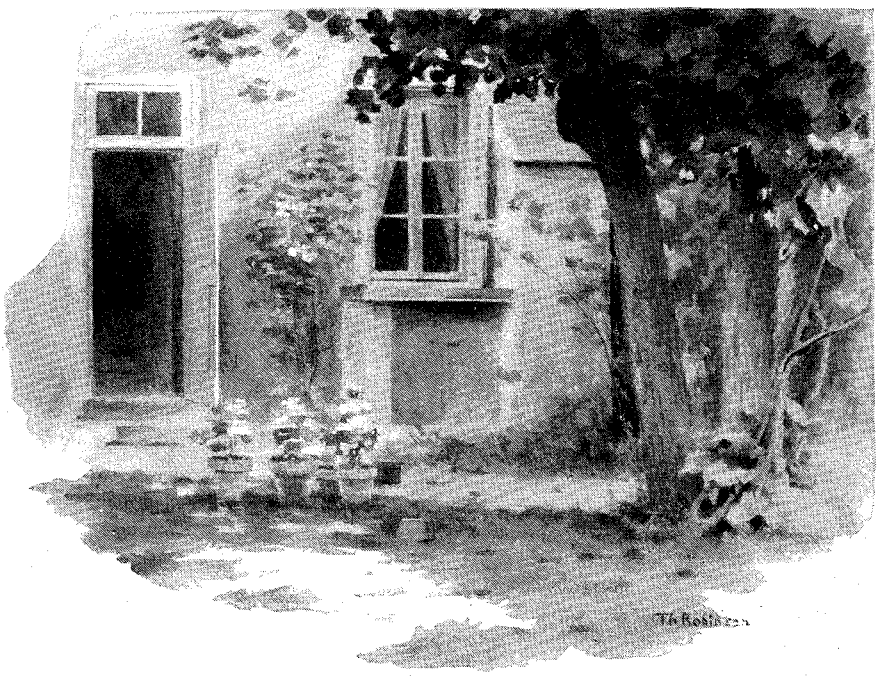

House of William M. Hunt, Barbizon, 1856.

sary to do." I do not answer your letter in explanations, but I beg you to believe that I think of you all the same. If my body has become weak, my heart is not colder."

From what you have told Felix, it appears that Mr. Atger's sale was not too disastrous for me. I had a great apprehension of what might take place. Twenty-two drawings thrown at once into the face of the public! However, what you have said to Felix gives me pleasure. You know that Detrimont came to see me to ask for some pictures.

I shall talk with you about that when the proper time comes, because, before anything is done, it is necessary to have an arrangement with Durand Ruel.

"Mr. Hartmann wrote me some time ago, announcing his visit about the end of this month. His picture of the 'Stacks' is nearly finished, and I am now giving a good pushing to the 'Buckwheat Threshers.'" We are very happy to hear that your health is better than usual, and that your hand is healing.

"Everyone embraces *you*."

When are you coming?

Tout à vous, my dear Sensier.

J. F. MILLET.

THE END.

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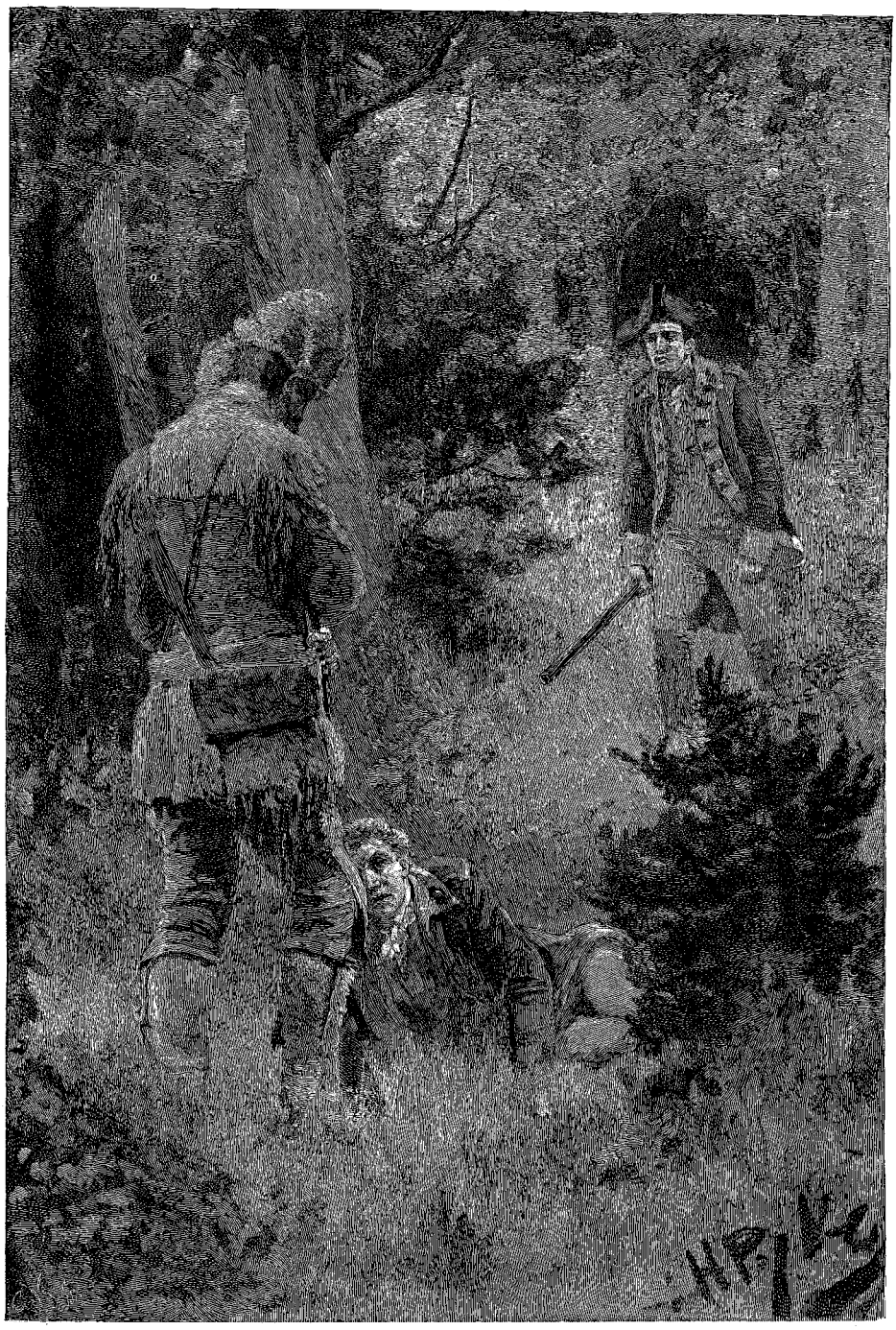

"There, half-stretched on the wet, blood-stained grass, lay Philip Cross."—Page 766.

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IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE BLOOD BE ON YOUR HEADS."

A BRIGHT, hot sun shone upon us the next morning—the never-to-be-forgotten sixth. There would have been small need for any waking rattle of the drums; the sultry heat made all willing to rise from the hard, dry ground, where sleep had been difficult enough even in the cooler darkness. At six o'clock the camp, such as it was, was all astir.

Breakfast was eaten in little groups squatted about in the clearing, or in the shade of the trees at its edges, members of families or close neighbors clustering together in parties once more, to share victuals prepared by the same housewives—it may be from the same oven or spit. It might well happen that for many of us this was the last meal on earth, for we were within hearing of the heavy guns of the Fort, and when three of these should be fired in succession we were to take up our final six-miles' march. But this reflection made no one sad, apparently. Everywhere you could hear merry converse and sounds of laughter. Listening, no one would have dreamed that this body of men stood upon the threshold of so grave an adventure.

I had been up earlier than most of the others, and had gone over to the spot where the horses were tethered. Of these animals there were some dozen, all told, and their appearance showed that they had had a bad night of it with the flies. After I had seen them led to water and safely brought back, and had watched that in the distribution of the scanty store of oats my steed had his proper share, I came back to breakfast with the Stone Arabia men, among whom I had many acquaintances. I contributed some sausages and slices of bread and meat, I remember, to the general stock of food, which was spread out upon one of Isaac Paris's blankets. We ate with a light heart, half-lying on the parched grass around the extemporized cloth. Some of the young farmers, their meal already finished, were up on their feet, scuffling and wrestling in jest and high spirits. They laughed so heartily from time to time that Mr. Paris would call out: "Less noise there, you, or we shall not hear the cannon from the Fort!"

No one would have thought that this was the morning before a battle.

Eight o'clock arrived, and still there had been no signal. All preparations had long since been made. The saddle-horses of the officers were ready under the shade, their girths properly tightened. Blankets had been rolled up and strapped, haversacks and bags properly repacked, a last look taken to flints and priming. The supply-wagon stood behind where the General's tent had been, all laden for the start, and with the horses harnessed to the pole. Still no signal came!

The men began to grow uneasy with the waiting. It had been against the prevalent feeling of impatience that we halted here the preceding day, instead of

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hastening forward to strike the blow. Now every minute's inaction increased this spirit of restlessness. The militiamen's faces—already saturnine enough, what with broken rest and three days' stubble of beard—were clouding over with dislike for the delay.

The sauntering to and fro began to assume a general trend toward the headquarters of the Brigadier. I had visited this spot once or twice before during the early morning, to offer suggestions or receive commands. I went again now, having it in mind to report to the General the evident impatience of the men. A doubt was growing with me, too, whether we were not too far away to be sure of hearing the guns from the Fort—quite six miles distant.

The privacy of the commander was indifferently secured by the posting of sentries, who guarded a square perhaps forty feet each way. In the centre of this inclosure was a clump of high bushes, with one or two young trees, bunched upon the bank of a tiny rivulet now almost dried up. Here, during the night, the General's small army-tent had been pitched, and here, now, after the tent had been packed on the wagon, he sat, on the only chair in camp, under the shadow of the bushes, within full view of his soldiers. These were by this time gathered three or four deep around the three front sides of the square, and were gradually pushing the sentries in. Five or six officers stood about the General, talking earnestly with him and with one another, and the growing crowd outside the square were visibly anxious to hear what was going on.

I have said before, I think, that I was the only officer of the Continental line in the whole party. This fact, and some trifling differences between my uniform and that of the militia colonels and majors, had attracted notice, not wholly of an admiring sort. I had had the misfortune, moreover, to learn in camp before Quebec to shave every day, as regularly as if at home, with the result that I was probably the only man in the clearing that morning who wore a clean face. This served further to make me a marked man among such of the farmer boys as knew me only by sight. As I pushed my way through the throng to get inside the square, I heard various comments by strangers from Canajoharie or Cherry Valley way.

"There goes Schuyler's Dutchman," said one. "He has brought his *friseur* with him."

"It would have been more to the point if he had brought some soldiers. Albany would see us hang before she would help us," growled another.

"Make way for Mynheer," said a rough joker in the crowd, half-laughing, half-scowling. "What they need inside yonder is some more Dutch prudence. When they have heard him they will vote to go into winter quarters and fight next spring!"

All this was disagreeable enough, but it was wisest to pretend not to hear, and I went forward to the groups around the Brigadier.

The question under debate was, of course, whether we should wait longer for the signal—or rather, whether it had not been already fired, and the sound failed to reach us on the sultry, heavy air. There were two opinions upon this, and for a time the difference was discussed in amiability, if with some heat. The General felt positive that if the shots had been fired we must have heard them.

I seem to see him now, the brave old man, as he sat there on the rough stool, imperturbably smoking, and maintaining his own against the dissenting officers. Even after some of them grew vexed, and declared that either the signal had been fired or the express had been captured, and that in either case it would be worse than folly to longer remain here, he held his temper. Perhaps his keen black eyes sparkled the brighter, but he kept his tongue calm, and quietly reiterated his arguments. The beleaguering force outside the Fort, he said, must outnumber ours two to one. They had artillery, and they had regular German troops, the best in Europe, not to mention many hundreds of Indians, all well armed and munitioned. It would be next to impossible to surprise an army thus supplied with scouts; it would be practically hopeless to attack them, unless we were backed up by a simultaneous sortie in force from the fort. In that, the Brigadier insisted, lay our only chance of success.

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"But I say the sortie *will* be made! They are waiting for us! Only we are too far off to hear their signal!" cried one of the impatient colonels.

"If the wind was in the east," said the Brigadier, "that might be the case. But in breathless air like this I have heard the guns from that Fort two miles farther back."

"Our messengers may not have got through the lines last night," put in Thomas Spencer, the half-breed. "The swamp back of the Fort is difficult travelling, even to one who knows it better than Helmer does, and Butler's Indians are not children, to see only straight ahead of their noses."

"Would it not be wise for Spencer here, and some of our young trappers, or some of Skenandoah's Indians, to go forward and spy out the land for us?" I asked.

"These would do little good now," answered Herkimer; "the chief thing is to know when Gansevoort is ready to come out and help us."

"The chief thing to know, by God," broke forth one of the colonels, with a great oath, "is whether we have a Patriot or a Tory at our head!"

Herkimer's tanned and swarthy face changed color at this taunt. He stole a swift glance at me, as if to say "this is what I warned you was to be looked for," and smoked his pipe for a minute in silence.

His brother-in-law, Colonel Peter Bellinger, took the insult less tamely.

"The man who says Honikol Herkimer is a Tory lies," he said bluntly, with his hand on his sword-hilt, and honest wrath in his gray eyes.

"Peace, Peter," said the Brigadier. "Let them think what they like. It is not my affair. My business is to guard the lives of these young men here, as if I were their father. I am a childless man, yet here I am as the parent of all of them. I could not go back again, and look their mothers in the eye if I had led them into trouble which could be avoided."

"We are not here to avoid trouble, but rather to seek it," shouted Colonel Cox, angrily.

He spoke loud enough to be heard by the throng beyond, which now numbered four-fifths of our whole force, and there rolled back to us from them a loud answering murmur of approval. At the sound of this, others came running up to learn what was going on, and the line, hitherto with difficulty kept back by the sentries, was broken in in more than one place. Matters looked bad for discipline, or wise action of any sort.

"A man does not show his bravery by running his head at a stone wall," said the Brigadier, still striving to keep his temper, but rising to his feet as he spoke.

"*Will* you give the order to go on?" demanded Cox, in a fierce tone, pitched even higher.

"Lead us on!" came loud shouts from many places in the crowd. There was a general pushing in of the line now, and some men at the back, misinterpreting this, began waving their hats and cheering.

"Give us the word, Honikol!" they yelled.

Still Herkimer stood his ground, though with rising choler.

"What for a soldier are you," he called out sharply, "to make mutiny like this? Know you not your duty better?"

"Our duty is to fight, not to sit around here in idleness. At least *we* are not cowards," broke in another, who had supported Cox from the outset.

"*You!*" cried Herkimer, all roused at last. "*You* will be the first to run when you see the British!"

There was no longer any pretence of keeping the square. The excited farmers pressed closely about us now, and the clamor was rising momentarily. All thought of order or military grade was gone. Men who had no rank whatever thrust their loud voices into the council, so that we could hear nothing clearly.

There was a brief interchange of further hot words between the Brigadier, Colonel Bellinger, and John Frey on the one side, and the mutinous colonels and men on the other. I heard the bitter epithets of "Tory" and "coward" hurled at the old man, who stood with chin defiant in air, and dark eyes ablaze, facing his antagonists. The scene was so shameful that I could scarce bear to look upon it.

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There came a hurly-burly of confusion and tumult as the shouts of the crowd grew more vehement, and one of the refractory colonels impetuously drew his sword and half turned as if to give the command himself.

Then I heard Herkimer, too incensed to longer control himself, cry: "If you will have it so, the blood be on your heads." He sprang upon the stool at this, waved his sword and shouted so that all the eight hundred could hear:

"VORWÄRTS!"

The tall pines themselves shook with the cheer which the yeomen raised.

There was a scramble on the instant for muskets, bags, and belongings. To rush was the order. We under-officers caught the infection, and with no dignity at all hurried across the clearing to our horses. We cantered back in a troop, Barent Coppernol leading the Brigadier's white mare at a hand-gallop by our side. Still trembling with excitement, yet perhaps somewhat reconciled to the adventure by the exultant spirit of the scene before him, General Herkimer got into the saddle, and watched closely the efforts of the colonels, now once more all gratified enthusiasm, to bring their eager men into form. It had been arranged that Cox with his Canajoharie regiment should have the right of the line, and this body was ready and under way in less time, it seemed, than I have taken to write of it. The General saw the other three regiments trooped, told Visscher to bring the supply-wagon with the rear, and then, with Isaac Paris, Jelles Fonda, and myself galloped to the head of the column, where Spencer and Skenandoah with the Oneida Indians were.

So, marching swiftly, and without scouts, we started forth at about nine in the morning.

The road over which we hurried was as bad, even in those hot, dry days of August, as any still to be found in the Adirondacks. The bottom lands of the Mohawk Valley, as is well known, are of the best farming soil in the world, but for that very reason they make bad roads. The highway leading to the Fort lay for the most part over low and springy land, and was cut through the thick beech and hemlock forest almost in a straight line, regardless of swales and marshy places. These had been in some instances bridged indifferently by corduroys of logs, laid the previous spring when Gansevoort dragged up his cannon for the defence of the Fort, and by this time too often loose and out of place. We, on horseback, found these rough spots even more trying than did the footmen; but for all of us progress was slow enough, after the first excitement of the start had passed away.

There was no outlook at any point. We were hedged in everywhere by walls of foliage, of mossy tree-trunks covered with vines, of tangled undergrowth and brush. When we had gained a hill-top, nothing more was to be seen than the dark-brown band of logs on the gulley-bottom before us, and the dim line of road losing itself in a mass of green beyond.

Neither Herkimer nor Paris had much to say, as we rode on in the van. Major Fonda made sundry efforts to engage them in talk, as if there had been no recent dispute, no harsh words, no angry recriminations, but without special success. For my part, I said nothing whatever. Surely there was enough to think of, both as to the miserable insubordination of an hour back, and as to what the next hour might bring.

We had passed over about the worst of these patches of corduroy road, in the bottom of a ravine between two hills, where a little brook, dammed in part by the logs, spread itself out over the swampy soil on both sides. We in the van had nearly gained the summit of the farther eminence, and were resting for the moment to see how Visscher should manage with his wagon in the rear. Colonel Cox had also turned in his saddle, some ten yards farther down the hill, and was calling back angrily to his men to keep in the centre of the logs and not tip them up by walking on the ends.

While I looked Barent Coppernol called out to me: "Do you remember? This is where we camped five years ago."

Before I could answer I heard a rifle report, and saw Colonel Cox fall headlong upon the neck of his horse.

There was a momentary glimpse of

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dark forms running back, a strange yell, a shot or two—and then the gates of Hell opened upon us.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FEARSOME DEATH-STRUGGLE IN THE FOREST.

Were I Homer and Shakespeare and Milton, merged all in one, I should still not know how fitly to depict the terrible scene which followed.

I had seen poor, headstrong, wilful Cox pitch forward upon the mane of his horse, as if all at once his spine had been turned into limp string; I saw now a ring of fire run out in spitting tongues of flame around the gulf, and a circle of thin whitish smoke slowly raise itself through the dark leaves of the girdling bushes. It was an appalling second of mental numbness during which I looked at this strange sight, and seemed not at all to comprehend it.

Then Herkimer cried out, shrilly: "My God! here it is!" and, whirling his mare about, dashed down the hillside again. I followed him, keeping ahead of Paris, and pushing my horse forward through the aimlessly swarming footmen of our van with a fierce, unintelligent excitement.

The air was filled now with shouts—what they were I did not know. The solid body of our troops on the corduroy bridge were huddling together like sheep in a storm. From the outer edges of this mass men were sinking to the ground. The tipping, rolling logs tossed these bodies on their ends off into the water, or under the feet of the others. Cox's horse had jumped sidelong into the marsh, and now, its hindquarters sinking in the mire, plunged wildly, flinging the inert body still fastened in the stirrups from side to side. Some of our men were firing their guns at random into the underbrush.

All this I saw in the swift gallop down the hill to rejoin the Brigadier.

As I jerked up my horse beside him, a blood-curdling chorus of strange barking screams, as from the throats of maniac women, rose at the farther side of the ravine, drowning the shouts of our men, the ping-g-g of the whistling bullets, and even the sharp crack of the muskets. It was the Indian war-whoop! A swarm of savages were leaping from the bush in all directions, and falling upon our men as they stood jammed together on the causeway. It was a horrible spectacle—of naked, yelling devils, daubed with vermilion and ghastly yellow, rushing with uplifted hatchets and flashing knives upon this huddled mass of white men—our friends and neighbors. These, after the first bewildering shock, made what defence they could, shooting right and left, and beating down their assailants with terrific smashing blows from their gunstocks. But the throng on the sliding logs made them almost powerless, and into their jumbled ranks kept pouring the pitiless rain of bullets from the bush.

By God's providence there were cooler brains and wiser heads than mine, here in the ravine, to face and grapple with this awful crisis.

Old Herkimer seemed before my very eyes to wax bigger and stronger and calmer in the saddle, as this pandemonium unfolded in front of us. His orders I forget now—or what part I played at first in carrying them out—but they were given swiftly and with cool comprehension of all our needs. I should think that within five minutes from the first shot of the attack our forces—or what was left of them—had been drawn out of the cruel helplessness of their position in the centre of the swamp. This could never have been done had not Honikol Herkimer kept perfectly his self-control and balance, like an eagle in a tempest.

Visscher's regiment, in the rear, had not got fairly into the gulf, owing to the delay in dragging the wagon along, when the ambushed Indians fired their first volley; and he and his men, finding themselves outside the fiery circle, promptly ran away. They were followed by many of the Indians, which weakened the attacking force on the eastern side of the ravine. Peter Bellinger, therefore, was able to push his way back again from the beginning of the corduroy bridge into the woods on both sides of the road beyond, where cover was to

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be had. It was a noble sight to see the stalwart Palatine farmers of his regiment—these Petries, Weavers, Helmers, and Dygerts of the German Flats—fight their path backward through the hail of lead, crushing Mohawk skulls as though they had been egg-shells with the mighty flail-like swing of their clubbed muskets, and returning fire only to kill every time. The bulk of Cox's Canajoharie regiment, and of Klock's Stone Arabia yeomen were pulled forward to the rising ground on the west side, and spread themselves out in the timber as well as they could, north and south of the road.

While these wise measures were being ordered, we three horsemen had, strangely enough, been out of the range of fire, but now, as we turned to ride back, a sudden shower of bullets came whizzing past us. My horse was struck in the head, and began staggering forward blindly. I leaped from his back as he toppled, only to come in violent collision with General Herkimer, whose white mare, fatally wounded, had toppled toward me. The Brigadier helped extricate himself from the saddle, and started with the rest of us to run up the hill for cover, but stumbled and stopped after a step or two. The bone of his right leg had been shattered by the ball which killed his steed, and his high boot was already welling with blood.

It was in my arms, never put to better purpose, that the honest old man was carried up the side-hill. Here, under a low-branched beech some two rods from the road, Dr. William Petrie stripped off the boot, and bandaged, as best he could, the wounded leg. The spot was not well sheltered, but here the Brigadier, a little pale, yet still calm and resolute, said he would sit and see the battle out. Several young men, at a hint from the doctor, ran down through the sweeping fire to the edge of the morass, unfastened the big saddle from his dead mare, and safely brought it to us. On this the brave old German took his seat, with the maimed leg stretched out on some boughs hastily gathered, and, coolly lighting his pipe, proceeded to look about him.

"Can we not find a safer place for you farther back, Brigadier?" I asked.

"No; here I will sit," he answered, stoutly. "The men can see me here; I will face the enemy till I die."

All this time the rattle of musketry, the screech of flying bullets, the hoarse din and clamor of forest warfare, had never for an instant abated. Looking down upon the open space of the gulley's bottom, we could see more than two-score corpses piled upon the logs of the road, or upon little mounds of black soil which showed above the level of the slough, half-hidden by the willows and tall, rank tufts of swamp-grass. Save for the dead, this natural clearing was well-nigh deserted. Captain Jacob Seeber was in sight, upon a hillock below us to the north, with a score of his Canajoharie company in a circle, firing outward at the enemy. Across the ravine Captain Jacob Gardenier, a gigantic farmer, armed with a captured Indian spear, had cut loose with his men from Visscher's retreat, and had fought his way back to help us. Farther to the south, some of the Cherry Valley men had got trees, and were holding the Indians at bay.

The hot August sun poured its fiercest rays down upon the heaps of dead and wounded in this forest cockpit, and turned into golden haze the mist of smoke encircling it. Through this pale veil we saw, from time to time, forms struggling in the dusk of the thicket beyond. Behind each tree-trunk was the stage whereon a life-drama was being played, with a sickening and tragic sameness in them all. The yeoman from his cover would fire; if he missed, forth upon him would dart the savage, raised hatchet gleaming—and there would be a widow the more in some one of our Valley homes.

"Put two men behind each tree," ordered keen-eyed Herkimer. "Then, when one fires, the other's gun will be loaded for the Indian on his running forward." After this command had been followed, the battle went better for us.

There was a hideous fascination in this spectacle stretched before us. An hour ago it had been so softly peaceful, with the little brook picking its clean way in the sunlight through the morass, and the kingfisher flitting among the willows, and the bees' drone laying like

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a spell of indolence upon the heated air. Now the swale was choked with corpses! The rivulet ran red with blood, and sluggishly spread its current around barriers of dead men. Bullets whistled across the gulf, cutting off boughs of trees as with a knife, and scattering tufts of leaves like feathers from a hawk stricken in its flight. The heavy air grew thick with smoke, dashed by swift streaks of dancing flame. The demon-like screams of the savages, the shouts and moans and curses of our own men, made hearing horrible. Yes—horrible is the right word!

A frightened owl, I remember, was routed by the tumult from its sleepy perch, and flew slowly over the open space of the ravine. So curious a compound is man!—we watched the great, brown-winged creature flap its purblind way across from wood to wood, and speculated there, as we stood in the jaws of death, if some random ball would hit it.

I am writing of all this as if I did nothing but look about me while others fought. Of course that could not have been the case. I recall now these fragmentary impressions of the scene around me with a distinctness and with a plenitude of minutiæ which surprise me, the more that I remember little enough of what I myself did. But when a man is in a fight for his life there are no details. He is either to come out of it or he isn't, and that is about all he thinks of.

I have put down nothing about what was now the most serious part of the struggle—the combat with the German mercenaries and Tory volunteers on the high ground beyond the ravine. I conceive it to have been the plan of the enemy to let the Indians lie hidden round about the gulf until our rear-guard had entered it. Then they were to disclose their ambuscade, sweeping the corduroy bridge with fire, while the Germans and Tories, meeting our van up on the crown of the hill beyond, were to attack and drive it back upon our flank in the gulf bottom, when we should have been wholly at the mercy of the encircling fusillade from the hills. Fortunately St. Leger had given the Indians a quart of rum apiece before they started; this was our salvation. The savages were too excited to wait, and closed too soon the fiery ring which was to destroy us all. This premature action cut off our rear, but it also prevented our van reaching the point where the white foe lay watching for us. Thus we were able to form upon our centre, after the first awful shock was over, and to then force our way backward or forward to some sort of cover before the Germans and Tories came upon us.

The fighting in which I bore a part was at the farthest western point, where the remnants of four or five companies, half-buried in the gloom of the impenetrable wood, on a line stretching along the whole crest of the hill, held these troops at bay. We lay or crouched behind leafy coverts—crawling from place to place as our range was reached by the enemy—shooting from the shield of tree-trunks, or of tangled clumps of small firs, or, best of all, of fallen and prostrate logs.

Often, when one of us, creeping cautiously forward, gained a spot which promised better shelter, it was to find it already tenanted by a corpse—perhaps of a near and dear friend. It was thus that I came upon the body of Major John Eisenlord, and, later, upon what was left of poor Barent Coppernol, lying half-hidden among the running hemlock, scalpless and cold. It was from one of these recesses, too, that I saw stout old Isaac Paris shot down, and then dragged away a prisoner by the Tories, to be handed over to the hatchets of their Indian friends a few days hence.

Fancy three hours of this horrible forest warfare, in which every minute bore a whole lifetime's strain and burden of peril!

We knew not then how time passed, and could but dimly guess how things were going beyond the brambled copse in which we fought. Vague intimations reached our ears, as the sounds of battle now receded, now drew near, that the issue of the day still hung in suspense. The war-yells of the Indians to the rear were heard less often now. The conflict seemed to be spreading out over a greater area, to judge from the faintness

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of some of the rifle reports which came to us. But we could not tell which side was giving way; nor was there much time to think of this. All our vigilance and attention were needed from moment to moment to keep ourselves alive.

All at once, with a terrific swoop, there burst upon the forest a great storm, with loud-rolling thunder and a drenching downfall of rain. We had been too grimly engrossed in the affairs of the earth to note the darkening sky. The tempest broke upon us unawares. The wind fairly roared through the branches high above us; blinding flashes of lightning blazed in the shadows of the wood. Huge boughs were wrenched bodily off by the blast. Streaks of flame ran zigzag down the sides of the tall, straight hemlocks. The forest fairly rocked under the convulsion of the elements.

We wrapped our neckcloths or kerchiefs about our gunlocks, and crouched under shelter from the pelting sheets of water as well as might be. As for the fight, it ceased utterly.

While we lay thus quiescent in the rain, I heard a low, distant report from the west, which seemed distinct among the growlings of the thunder; there followed another, and a third. It was the belated signal from the Fort!

I made my way back to the hill-side as best I could, under the dripping brambles, over the drenched and slippery ground-vines, upon the chance that the Brigadier had not heard the reports.

The commander still sat on his saddle under the beech-tree where I had left him. Some watch-coats had been stretched over the lowest branches above him, forming a tolerable shelter. His honest brown face seemed to have grown wan and aged during the day. He protested that he had little or no pain from his wound, but the repressed lines about his lips belied their assurance. He smiled with gentle irony when I told him of what I had heard, and how I had hastened to apprise him of it.

"I must indeed be getting old," he said, to his brother George. "The young men think I can no longer hear cannon when they are fired off."

The half-dozen officers who squatted or stood about under the tree, avoiding the streams which fell from the holes in the improvised roof, told me a terrible story of the day's slaughter. Of our eight hundred, nearly half were killed. Visscher's regiment had been chased northward toward the river, whither the fighting from the ravine had also in large part drifted. How the combat was going down there it was difficult to say. There were dead men behind every tree, it seemed. Commands were so broken up, and troops so scattered by the stern exigencies of forest fighting that it could not be known who was living and who was dead.

What made all this doubly tragic in my ears was that these officers, who recounted to me our losses, had to name their own kinsmen among the slain. Beneath the general grief and dismay in the presence of this great catastrophe were the cruel gnawings of personal anguish.

"My son Robert lies out there, just beyond the tamarack," said Colonel Samuel Campbell to me, in a hoarse whisper.

"My brother Stufel killed two Mohawks before he died; he is on the knoll there with most of his men," said Captain Fox.

Major William Seeber, himself wounded beyond help, said, gravely: "God only knows whether my boy Jacob lives or not; but Audolph is gone, and my brother Saffreness and his son James." The old merchant said this with dry eyes, but with the bitterness of a broken heart.

I told them of the shooting and capture of Paris and the death of Eisenlord. My news created no impression, apparently. Our minds were saturated with horror. Of the nine Snells who came with us, seven were said to be dead already.

The storm stopped as abruptly as it had come upon us. Of a sudden it grew lighter, and the rain dwindled to a fine mist. Great luminous masses of white appeared in the sky, pushing aside the leaden clouds. Then all at once the sun was shining.

On that instant shots rang out here and there through the forest. The fight began again.

The two hours which followed seem to

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me now but the indistinct space of a few minutes. Our men had seized upon the leisure of the lull to eat what food was at hand in their pockets, and felt now refreshed in strength. They had had time, too, to learn something of the awful debt of vengeance they owed the enemy. A sombre rage possessed them, and gave to their hearts a giant's daring. Heroes before, they became Titans now.

The vapors steaming up in the sunlight from the wet earth seemed to bear the scent of blood. The odor affected our senses. We ran forth in parties now, disdaining cover. Some fell; we leaped over their writhing forms, dashed our fierce way through the thicket to where the tell-tale smoke arose, and smote, stabbed, stamped out the life of the ambushed foe. Under the sway of this frenzy timorous men swelled into veritable paladins. The least reckless of us rushed upon death with breast bared and with clinched fists.

A body of us were thus scouring the wood on the crest of the hill, pushing through the tangle of dead brush and thick high brake, which soaked us afresh to the waist, resolute to overcome and kill whomsoever we could reach. Below us, in the direction of the river, though half a mile this side of it, we could hear a scattering fusillade maintained, which bespoke bush-fighting. Toward this we made our way, firing at momentary glimpses of figures in the thicket, and driving scattered groups of the foe before us as we ran.

Coming out upon the brow of the hill, and peering through the saplings and underbrush, we could see that big Captain Gardenier and his Caughnawaga men were gathered in three or four parties behind clumps of alders in the bottom, loading and firing upon an enemy invisible to us. While we were looking down and hesitating how best to go to his succor, one of old Sammons's sons came bounding down the side-hill, all excitement, crying:

"Help is here from the Fort!"

Sure enough, close behind him were descending some fourscore men, whose musket-barrels and cocked hats we could distinguish swaying above the bushes, as they advanced in regular order.

I think I see huge, burly Gardenier still, standing in his woollen shirt-sleeves, begrimed with powder and mud, one hand holding his spear, the other shading his eyes against the sinking sun, as he scanned the new-comers.

"Who's there?" he roared at them.

"From the Fort!" we could hear the answer.

Our hearts leaped with joy at this, and we began with one accord to get to the foot of the hill, to meet these preservers. Down the steep side we clambered, through the dense second-growth, in hot haste and all confidence. We had some friendly Oneidas with us, and I had to tell them to keep back, lest Gardenier, deeming them Mohawks, should fire upon them.

Coming to the edge of the swampy clearing we saw a strange sight.

Captain Gardenier was some yards in advance of his men, struggling like a mad Hercules with half a dozen of these new-comers, hurling them right and left, then falling to the ground, pinned through each thigh by a bayonet, and pulling down his nearest assailant upon his breast to serve as a shield.

While we took in this astounding spectacle young Sammons was dancing with excitement.

"In God's name, Captain," he shrieked. "You are killing our friends!"

"Friends be damned!" yelled back Gardenier, still struggling with all his vast might. "These are Tories. *Fire!* you fools! *Fire!*"

It was the truth. They were indeed Tories—double traitors to their former friends. As Gardenier shouted out his command these ruffians raised their guns, and there sprang up from the bushes on either side of them as many more savages, with weapons lifting for a volley.

How it was I know not, but they never fired that volley. Our muskets seemed to poise and discharge themselves of their own volition, and a score of the villains, white and red, tumbled before us. Gardenier's men had recovered their senses as well, and pouring in a deadly fusillade, dashed furiously forward with clubbed muskets upon the unmasked foe. These latter would now have retreated up the hill

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again, whence they could fire to advantage, but we at this leaped forth upon their flank, and they, with a futile shot or two, turned and fled in every direction, we all in wild pursuit.

Ah, that chase! Over rotten, moss-grown logs, weaving between gnarled tree-trunks, slipping on treacherous twigs, the wet saplings whipping our faces, the boughs knocking against our guns, in savage heat we tore forward, loading and firing as we ran.

The pursuit had a malignant pleasure in it; we knew the men we were driving before us. Cries of recognition rose through the woods; names of renegades were shouted out which had a sinister familiarity in all our ears.

I came upon young Stephen Watts, the boyish brother of Lady Johnson, lying piteously prone against some roots, his neck torn with a hideous wound of some sort; he did not know me, and I passed him by with a bitter hardening of the heart. What did he here, making war upon my Valley? One of the Papist Scots from Johnstown, Augus McDonell, was shot, knocked down, and left senseless behind us. So far from there being any pang of compassion for him, we cheered his fall, and pushed fiercely on. The scent of blood in the moist air had made us wild beasts all.

I found myself at last near the river, and on the edge of a morass, where the sun was shining upon the purple flowers of the sweet flag, and tall rushes rose above little miry pools. I had with me a young Dutch farmer—John Van Antwerp—and three Oneida Indians, who had apparently attached themselves to me on account of my epaulettes. We had followed thus far at some distance a party of four or five Tories and Indians; we came to a halt here, puzzled as to the course they had taken.

While my Indians, bent double, were running about scanning the soft ground for a trail, I heard a well-known voice close behind me say:

"They're over to the right, in that clump of cedars. Better get behind a tree."

I turned around. To my amazement Enoch Wade stood within two yards of me, his buckskin shirt wide open at the throat, his coon-skin cap on the back of his head, his long rifle over his arm.

"In heaven's name, how did you come here?"

"Lay down, I tell ye!" he replied, throwing himself flat on his face as he spoke.

We were too late. They had fired on us from the cedars, and a bullet struck poor Van Antwerp down at my feet.

"Now for it, before they can load!" cried Enoch, darting past me and leading a way on the open border of the swale, with long, unerring leaps from one raised point to another. The Indians raced beside him, crouching almost to a level with the reeds, and I followed.

A single shot came from the thicket as we reached it, and I felt a momentary twinge of pain in my arm.

"Damnation! I've missed him! Run for your lives!" I heard shouted excitedly from the bush.

There came a crack, crack, of two guns; one of my Indians rolled headlong upon the ground; the others darted forward in pursuit of some flitting forms dimly to be seen in the undergrowth beyond.

"Come here!" called Enoch to me. He was standing among the low cedars, resting his chin on his hands, spread palm down over the muzzle of his gun, and looking calmly upon something on the ground before him.

I hurried to his side. There, half-stretched on the wet, blood-stained grass, panting with the exertion of raising himself on his elbow, and looking me square in the face with distended eyes, lay Philip Cross.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ALONE AT LAST WITH MY ENEMY.

My stricken foe looked steadily into my face; once his lips parted to speak, but no sound came from them.

For my part I did not know what to say to him. A score of thoughts pressed upon my tongue for utterance, but none of them seemed suited to this strange occasion. Everything that occurred to me was either weak or over-violent. Two distinct ideas of this momentary irreso-

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lution I remember; one was to leave him in silence for my Oneidas to tomahawk and scalp; the other was to curse him where he lay.

There was nothing in his whitening face to help me to a decision. The look in his eyes was both sad and savage—an expression I could not fathom. For all it said to me, he might be thinking wholly of his wound, or of nothing whatever. The speechless fixity of this gaze embarrassed me. For relief I turned to Enoch, and said sharply:

"You haven't told me yet what you were doing here."

The trapper kept his chin still on its rest, and only for a second turned his shrewd gray eyes from the wounded quarry to me.

"You can see for yourself, can't ye?" he said. "What do people mostly do when there's shooting going on, and they've got a gun?"

"But how came you here at all? I thought you were to stay at—at the place where I put you."

"That was likely, wasn't it! Me loafing around the house like a tame cat among the niggers, while good fighting was going on up here!"

"If you wanted to come, why not have marched with us? I asked you."

"I don't march much myself. It suits me to get around on my own legs in my own way. I told you I wouldn't go into any ranks, or tote my gun on my shoulder when it was handier to carry it on my arm. But I didn't tell you I wouldn't come up and see this thing on my own hook."

"Have you been here all day?"

"If you come to that, it's none of your business, young man. I got here about the right time of day to save *your* bacon, anyway. That's enough for *you*, aint it?"

The rebuke was just, and I put no further questions.

A great stillness had fallen upon the forest behind us. In the distance, from the scrub-oak thickets on the lowlands by the river, there sounded from time to time the echo of a stray shot, and faint Mohawk cries of "Oonah! Oonah!" The battle was over!

"They were beginning to run away before I came down," said Enoch, in comment upon some of these dying-away yells of defeat which came to us. "They got handled too rough. If their white officers had showed themselves more, and took bigger risks, they'd have stood their ground. But these Tory fine gentlemen are a pack of cowards. They let the Injuns get killed, but they kept darned well hid themselves."

The man on the ground broke silence here.

"You lie!" he said, fiercely.

"Oh! you can talk, can you?" said Enoch. "No, I don't lie, Mr. Cross. I'm talking gospel truth. Herkimer's officers came out like men, and fought like men, and got shot by dozens; but till we struck you I never laid eyes on one of you fellows all day long, and my eyesight's pretty good, too. Don't you think it is? I nailed you right under the nipple, there, within a hair of the button I sighted on. I leave it to you if that ain't pretty fair shooting."

The cool brutality of this talk revolted me. I had it on my tongue to interpose, when the wounded man spoke again, with a new accent of gloom in his tone.

"What have I ever done to you?" he said, with his hand upon his breast.

"Why, nothing at all, Mr. Cross," answered Enoch, amiably. "There wasn't any feeling about it, at least on my part. I'd have potted you just as carefully if we'd been perfect strangers."

"Will you leave us here together for a little while, Enoch?" I broke in. "Come back in a few minutes—find out what the news is in the gulf—how the fight has gone. I desire some words with this—this gentleman."

The trapper nodded at this, and started off with his cat-like, springing walk, loading his rifle as he went. "I'll turn up in about a quarter of an hour," he said.

I watched his lithe, leather-clad figure disappear among the trees, and then wheeled around to my prostrate foe.

"I do not know what to say to you," I said, hesitatingly, looking down upon him.

He had taken his hand away from his breast, and was fumbling with it on the grass behind him. Suddenly he raised it, with a sharp cry of—

"I know what to say to you!"

There was a pistol in the air confront-

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ing me, and I, taken all aback, looked full into the black circle of its barrel as he pulled the trigger. The flint struck out a spark of flame, but it fell upon priming dampened by the wet grass.

The momentary gleam of eagerness in the pallid face before me died piteously away when no report came. If he had had the strength, he would have thrown the useless weapon at me. As it was, it dropped from his nerveless fingers. He closed his eyes under the knit brows, upon which cold sweat stood out, and groaned aloud.

"I do not know what to say to you," I went on, the episode of the pistol seeming, strangely enough, to have cleared my thoughts. "For two years —yes, for five years—I have been picturing to myself some such scene as this, where you should lie overthrown before me, and I should crush the life out of your hateful body with my heel, as one does with snakes. But now that it has come about, I am at a strange loss for words."

"That you were not formerly," said the wounded man. "Since I have known you, you have fought always exceedingly well with your mouth. It was only in deeds that you were slow."

He made this retort with a contemptuous coolness of tone which was belied by his white face and drawn brows, and by the troubled, clinging gaze in his eyes. I found myself looking with a curious impersonal interest upon this heavy, large-featured countenance, always heretofore so deeply flushed with color, and now coarsely blotched with varying depths of pallor.

"Doubtless it would be best to leave you here. None of your party will straggle this way. They have all fled. You can lie here and think of your misdeeds until——"

"Until the wolves come, you mean. Yes, go away. I prefer them to you."

The sky to the west was one great lurid, brassy glare, overhung with banks of sinister clouds, a leaden purple above, fiery crimson below. The unnatural light fell strongly upon us both. A big shadow passed for an instant across the sunset, and we, looking instinctively up, saw the circling bulk of some huge bird of prey. I shuddered at the sight.

"Yes, leave me to *them!*" he said, bitterly. "Go back and seize my lands, my house. While the beasts and the birds tear me to bits here in the forest, do you fatten upon my substance at home. You and they are of a kidney."

"You know I would touch nothing of yours!"

"No! not even my wife!"

The thrust went home. There was a world of sardonic disdain in his voice as he spoke, but in truth I thought little of his tone. The words themselves seemed to open a gulf before my feet. Was it indeed true, in welcoming this man's death, that I was thinking of the woman it would set free—for me?

It seemed a long, long time before I found tongue again. I walked up and down among the small cedars, fighting out in my own mind the issue of honor which had been with such brutal frankness raised. I could not make it seem wholly untrue—this charge he so contemptuously flung at me. There was no softening of my heart toward him; he was still the repellent, evil ruffian I had for years held him to be. I felt that I hated him the more because he had put me in the wrong. I went back to him, ashamed for the source of the increase of temper I trembled under, yet powerless to dissemble it.

"Why should I not kill you where you lie?" I shouted at him.

He made an effort at shrugging his shoulders, but vouchsafed no other reply.

"You"—I went on, in a whirl of rage at myself, at him, at the entire universe—"you have made my whole manhood bitter. I fought you the first time I saw you—when we were little boys. Even then you insulted, injured me! I have always hated you! You have always given me reason to hate you! It was you who poisoned Mr. Stewart's mind against me. It was you who stole my sweet sister away from me. Did this content you? No. You must drive the good old gentleman into paralysis and illness unto death—out of his mind—and you must overwhelm the poor, gentle girl with drunken brutality and cruelty, and, to cap all, with desertion. And this is not enough—my God! think of it!—*this* is not enough!

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—but you must come with the others to force Indian war upon our Valley, upon your old neighbors! There are hundreds lying dead here to-day in these woods—honest men, whose wives, parents, little children are waiting for them at home. They will never lay eyes on them again! Why? Because of you and your scoundrel friends. You have done too much mischief already. It is high time to put an end to you!"

The wounded man had listened to me wearily, with his free hand clutched tight over his wound, and the other tearing spasmodically at the grass beside him.

"I am bleeding to death," he said, with a voice obviously weakened since his last preceding words. "So much the better for you. You would like it so—you are not bold enough to knock me on the head, or merciful enough to go about your business and leave me in peace. I ought to be above bandying words with you—nor would I if it did not take my mind from my hurt. You are right, you have always been my enemy. You were jealous of me as a little boy. You had an apron, and you envied me my coat. When, like a fool, I came again to this cursed wilderness, your sour face rose up in front of me like an ugly dream. It was my first disagreeable thing. Still you were jealous of me, for I was a gentleman; you were a skin-pedler. I married a maiden who had beauty and wit enough to grace my station—even though she had not been born to it. It was you who turned her mind against me, and incited her to unhappiness in the home I had given her. It was you who made a damned rebel out of her, and drove me into going to Canada. She has ever been more your friend than mine. You are of her sort. An English gentleman could rightly have had no part or lot with either of you. Go back to her now—tell her you left me here waiting for the wolves—and that my dying message was——"

He followed with some painfully bitter and malignant words which I have not the heart to set down here in cold blood against him.

"Let me see your wound," I said, when he had finished and sank back, exhausted.

I knelt beside him and opened his green coat, and the fine, ruffled shirt beneath it. Both were soaked with blood on the whole right side, but the soft cambric had, in a measure, checked the flow. He made no resistance, and I spread over the ugly aperture some of the plaster with which my mother had fitted me out, and bound it fast, with some difficulty, by passing my sash under his body and winding it about his chest.

He kept his eyes closed while I was doing this. I could not tell whether he was conscious or not. Nor could I explain to myself why I was concerning myself with his wound. Was it to save, if possible, his life? Was it to lengthen out his term of torture here in the great final solitude, helplessly facing the end with snarling wolves and screaming kites for his death-watch? I scarcely knew which.

I try now to retrace the courses by which my thoughts, in the confused searchings of those few moments, reached finally a good conclusion; but the effort is beyond my powers. I know only that all at once it became quite clear to my mind that I must not leave my enemy to die. How much of this was due to purely physical compassion for suffering, how much to the higher pleadings of humanity, how much to the feeling that his taunts of baseness must be proved untrue, I cannot say.

I was still kneeling beside him, I know, when Enoch suddenly stood in front of me. His practised footsteps had made no sound. He glanced gravely at me and at the white, inanimate face of Cross. Emotions did not play lightly upon Enoch's leather-like visage; there was nothing in his look to tell whether he was surprised or not.

"Well, what news? How has the day gone?" I asked him.

"Your people hold the gulf. The British have gone back. It seems they were attacked in their rear from the Fort. The woods are full of dead men."

"What is Herkimer going to do?"

"They were making a litter to carry him off the field. They are going home again—down the Valley."

"So, then, we have lost the fight."

"Well, seeing that every three sound

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men have got to tote back one wounded man, and that about half the people you brought here are dead to begin with, it don't look much like a victory, does it?"

"But the British have retreated, you say, and there was a sortie from the Fort?"

"Yes, it's about six of one and half-dozen of t'other. I should say that both sides had got their bellyful of fighting. I guess they'll both want to rest for a spell."

I made no answer, being lost in a maze of thoughts upon the hideous carnage of the day, and upon what was likely to come of it. Enoch went on:

"They seemed to be pretty nigh through with their litter-making. They must be about ready to start. You'd better be spry if you want to go along with 'em."

"Did you speak to anyone of me? Did you tell them where I was?"

"I ain't quite a fool, young man," said the trapper, with a gaunt sort of smile. "If they'd caught sight of me, I wouldn't have got much chance to explain about myself, let alone you. It kind of occurred to me that strangers found loafing around in the woods wouldn't get much of an opening for polite conversation just now—especially if those strangers were fellows who had come down from Sillinger's camp with letters only a fortnight ago."

All this time Cross had been stretched at my knees, with his eyes closed. He opened them here, at Enoch's last words, and broke into our conversation with a weak, strangely altered voice:

"I know you now—damn you! I couldn't think before. You are the fellow I gave my letters to, there on Buck's Island. I paid you your own price—in hard gold—and now you shoot me in return. You are on the right side now. You make a good rebel."

"Now look here, Mr. Cross," put in Enoch, with just a trace of temper in his tone. "You paid me to carry those letters because I was going that way, and I carried 'em straight. You didn't pay me for anything else, and you couldn't, neither. There ain't been gold enough minted yet to hire me to fight for your King George against Congress. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"Come, Enoch," I here interrupted, "enough of that. The man is suffering. You must not vex him further by words."

"Suffering or not," returned the trapper, "he might keep a civil tongue in his head. Why, I even did something you didn't pay me for," he went on, scowling down at the prostrate soldier. "I delivered your message here to this man" (indicating me with a gesture of his thumb)—"all that, you know, about cutting out his heart when you met him, and feeding it to a Mississague dog."

Enoch's grim features relaxed into a sardonic smile as he added: "There may be more or less heart-eating round about here presently, but it don't look much as if it would be his, and the dogs that'll do it don't belong to anybody—not even to a Mississague buck."

The wounded man's frame shook under a spasm of shuddering, and he glowered at us both wildly, with a look half-wrath, half-pitiful pleading, which helped me the better to make up my mind.

Enoch had turned to me once more:

"Come," he said; "we better hustle along. It will be all right with me so long as I am with you, and there is no time to lose. They must be starting from the gulf by this time. If we step along brisk we'll soon catch them. As for this chap here—I guess we'd better leave him. He won't last long anyway, and your folks don't want any wounded prisoners. They've got too many litters to carry already."

"No," I made answer, with my resolve clear now before me. "We will make our own litter, and we will carry him to his home ourselves—by the river—away from the others."

"The hell you say!" said Enoch.

(To be concluded in the July number.)

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THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

III.—AS A USER OF PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

By Seth Low.

ONE is tempted to say that the only recognized right of the citizen as a traveller in the city of New York, and measurably in other cities, is the right to transportation. To be just, however, one must add that such travel is possible with a high degree of safety. It remains true, nevertheless, that almost all lines of city travel are greatly overcrowded. On the elevated roads and in the street-cars a gentleman who retains the old-time instinct of surrendering his seat to a lady must expect to stand most of the time. The company collects a full fare, with complete placidity, from these standing passengers, whom it generously warns to avail themselves of the straps which are provided because of the curves. It demands the same full return from those who hang on the platforms or the steps, as a witty Frenchman expressed it, "like grapes on a bunch." There is manifest nowhere, either on the part of the company or the public, the slightest recognition of any right on the part of the traveller except the right to safe transportation. So precisely is this the case that one frequently hears a railroad company, or the like, plume itself on having furnished the travelling public with more comfortable cars, sagely remarking at the same time that it is good business judgment to make its patrons comfortable. No doubt it is good business judgment, but that there is an obligation to do so is naïvely lost sight of. There can be but one adequate explanation of this situation. The standard of our people is not high enough. They do not demand from the companies which transport them a high enough quality of service. When they do, and ask for it intelligently, they will find that it is to be had for the asking. There is complaint enough certainly, but dissatisfaction is not the intelligent insistence on a higher standard of service. As to what it is reasonable to expect, let us learn a lesson from our fellow-republicans of the city of Paris. No vehicle in Paris is allowed to carry more passengers than can be seated. The sign "*complet*" warns the would-be traveller that he may not demand transportation for himself by making everybody else uncomfortable, while the law compels the companies to confront the proposition, "no seat, no fare." One result, no doubt, is seen in an immensely larger cab service, at low rates, and pavements which make travel on wheels tolerable. It is an interesting fact that public sentiment in this country, where the people always have been supreme, never has formulated so high a standard, much less enforced it. In another particular our cities make but a poor showing, in this relation, as compared with the cities of the old world. The most valuable city franchises in the United States have been parted with, for the most part, for nothing. In Europe they have been largely retained as a source of revenue to the community. If we can find the reason for the facts as they exist here, much light may be thrown on the question of remedy.

It would appear, first of all, then, that our people learn the art of government largely by experiment. The great majority of the community never have come in contact with conditions other than those they see about them, and therefore it scarcely occurs to them that corporations can be made to deal with the public otherwise than they themselves are dealt with. The remedy for this difficulty is adequate, but it takes time to operate. Public sentiment must be awakened to a higher standard by the simple process of education. The process is slow, but it is sure. For this great merit American communities certainly have, that they are teachable.

When the suggestion is made to a

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corporation that it should give a better service, the first reply usually is that it would be too costly. It must be admitted that the public cannot expect a quality of service which it will not pay for. But in most cases the returns made by the public would pay handsomely for the better service, except for certain general conditions for which the public itself is responsible. We have allowed it to become unduly costly to serve the public through a city franchise in two ways. Speaking broadly and of no particular locality, it has become almost impossible, under existing methods, to secure municipal consent for the grant of such a franchise except by incurring charges which at once add to the cost, and change all such enterprises at the outset from the safest kind of business undertakings into speculative movements. Many men will not be connected with such movements until they reach an advanced stage. Such undertakings inevitably float all the stock and bonds they can, aiming to give as little as they must, and to secure as large returns as possible. Let me say again I am not speaking of any city in particular, but of results which are traceable, with more or less distinctness, in cities everywhere in this country, which results flow, as I think, largely from faulty methods that admit of correction.

There was a time in the early part of this century when nobody thought of applying for a bank charter except to a legislature with which he was politically in sympathy. Such a charter was a gift only to be granted to those who might be favored for political or other reasons. The clause in the New York State Constitution forbidding the formation of corporations by special acts, indicates that the State was no more to be trusted with the power to decide on such matters by favor, than our cities have shown themselves competent to be. The truth is that the system is at fault. A public body which has valuable franchises to grant, at will, is peculiarly exposed to corruption. Until human nature changes, or is completely regenerated, it always will be so. The remedy is to be sought in depriving the public body, whatever it may be, of the power to make such grants at will. The remedy has been found as to bank charters, and it works perfectly, by granting the same privileges to everybody under general laws. The remedy is to be found as to city franchises, not by precisely the same method, but by working along the same general path. The power of the city government to grant or withhold consent at will must be taken away. One step has been taken in this direction in some cities by the provision compelling the sale at auction of such franchises. This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. As long as the city is kept in the position of granting or selling the right to do what somebody in particular wants to do, those who have planned the scheme come to the auction with everything in their favor. The relation of the city to such enterprises should be exactly reversed. Instead of the city holding the passive part of consent, upon it should be thrown exactly the opposite duty of actively planning the route that is to be operated and of protecting the public interests by specifying the conditions. When the public authorities of a city can specify all the conditions upon which public franchises can be operated, as they now specify some, we may hope for better accommodations. The so-called bobtail car has yielded in many places under precisely this pressure. Under existing methods no public franchise is sought until it promises to be profitable. Not improbably it is then sought to serve subsidiary private ends rather than the public convenience. If the initiative lay with the city, it might make the strong carry the weak. Profitable routes could be sold in connection with less promising ones to the great advancement of public convenience in the large sense. In any case, if the city were to seek bidders after due public notice, for specific work to be done in a specified way, under conditions which lifted the right to do the work entirely out of the range of favoritism, it can scarcely be doubted that capital would compete for the privileges so offered for sale much more cheaply than at present. It may be urged that public work done by contract is not always honestly done. Unhappily this is true, but the interest of a contractor in

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his work ceases the instant he is paid. The interest of a successful bidder for a public franchise lasts as long as he holds the franchise. Again, it may be urged that the city may favor individuals or localities, or may be unwise in its action, in the routes it lays out. This also is true. Human nature never reaches perfection anywhere. The contention is that the element of corruption as it affects city franchises may be eliminated by throwing upon the city the duty of devising instead of the duty of consenting. Under the protection given to individuals as property-owners, by the Constitution of New York State, it is believed that a safe and workable law to accomplish this result can be readily devised. It is interesting to point out that both of the laws now pending in the legislature, to deal with New York's rapid transit problem, proceed upon this theory. What is wanted is a general law applying this principle to all cities, and to all methods of communication within cities.

It remains to speak of the loss which citizens have sustained in the failure to make city franchises a source of municipal revenue. It would be idle to try to point out in figures the income that might have been received under wiser management. The important thing is to consider what can be done for the future. By a study of the past it is easy to determine the right and the wrong line of procedure. Singularly enough, New York City furnishes the most striking illustrations in both directions.

The city of New York never has parted with the ownership of its ferry franchises, certainly not with those which run to Brooklyn and to Staten Island within the State of New York. Since 1859 the Union Ferry Company has bought at public auction the franchise for five of the East River ferries. The last sale took place in 1886. It is interesting to notice in the careful provision for the public interest, the effect of putting the city in the positive attitude of saying what it wants, instead of limiting its function to the negative duty of consent. The lease provides:

1. For an upset price of 12½ per cent. of the total gross receipts.
2. The highest bidder other than the Union Ferry Company (the lessee at the time of sale) shall be required to purchase, at a fair appraised valuation, the boats, buildings, and other property of the Union Ferry Company.
3. The highest bidder to pay down $25,000 besides auctioneer's fees. All piers, slips, etc., to be kept in repair by lessee.
4. The lease shall contain covenants that ferries will be run in conformity with ordinances and laws.
5. Each ferry-boat shall contain a fire-engine and not less than 400 feet of hose, and each such boat shall be subject to the call of the New York Fire Department at the rate of $20 an hour.
6. The lessee agrees to dredge slips as necessary.

The lease also fixes fares, which, since 1870, have been for foot-passengers during commission hours, one cent, and at other times two cents, except that seventeen tickets could be bought at all times for 25 cents.

It is clear from this summary that the public interests have been well protected. A study of the series of leases since 1859 shows that each succeeding lease has been more and more favorable to the public. It is a notable fact that the largest price paid at any time for this lease was at the last sale, 12¾ per cent. of the gross receipts. What makes it notable is, that it was the first sale after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, which reduced the travel over the ferries of the Union Ferry Company about 33⅓ per cent. The conditions of this lease were the most stringent of any. It is another notable fact that the control of the Brooklyn Ferry Company has just been bought at 200 per cent. of the par value of the stock, while this lease has still more than one year to run. The proceeds to the city of New York of this single group of franchises since 1861 have been in round numbers $2,300,000. Meanwhile it is to be noted on the one hand that New York owns the franchises still, and will continue to profit by them; on the other hand, that the ferry service has been both cheap and excellent, and that the stock of the company has been uniformly a ten per cent. dividend-paying stock. No breath of scandal has ever attached to the sale of these franchises, except when Tweed, in 1870, gave a ten-year lease for the nominal sum of $1.00 per annum in return for the one-cent fare during commission hours. After Tweed's overthrow the

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city brought suit to set aside the lease. This suit was compromised by the Ferry Company by the payment of $300,000, the city meanwhile retaining the low rates of fare.

It may fairly be claimed, therefore, that the dealing of New York with these ferry franchises is a striking illustration of the right way to deal with all municipal franchises. The principles involved are few and simple.

1. The city offers for sale a lease which conveys a completed right.

2. It leases for a term of years only, and does not part with the title. It thus retains for itself a fair share of the increase of value which comes with time.

Both of these principles have been reversed in regard to most street franchises. The city's consent has been granted for a right that was not complete without it, and might not be complete with it; and this consent, in one instance, certainly, was obtained by bribes. The city has sold nothing until lately, and even now, in such cases, it does not offer for sale what it has been determined by public authorities in the public interest should be sold, but only what somebody with private ends in view wants to buy. Again the proceeding takes the form of a sale, not of a lease. So far as it can, the city parts with the title. It may be too late to reach franchises which have been already parted with under existing methods. It is not too late to protect the future as to all new franchises. A general law should be passed applying to all cities and to all city franchises, which law should do three things:

1. Give the city the initiative.

2. Compel the city to retain the title of all public franchises.

3. Compel the city to lease at auction for a term of years, in no case to exceed twenty years, all franchises, which in the public interest the proper authorities should decide to offer.

Other details, no doubt, are important; these are essential.

It remains to point out that better accommodations for the traveller are to be found along the same road. Only when the city at periodic intervals restates the conditions upon which a public franchise is to be enjoyed, can the public obtain the power and the opportunity to elevate the service to the advancing standards of a progressive people. Something is done undoubtedly by the companies in recognition of their own interests, but the full standard will be reached only when the public demands can be stipulated for as conditions of the franchise. If the interests of the companies and of the public were in all respects identical, the matter could well be left to take care of itself. As those interests are not identical, the public should be in a position to enforce as duties what an enlightened sentiment would demand.

In New York at the present time a great part of the difficulty arises from the inadequacy of travelling facilities of all kinds. If the city had the initiative, pressure could be brought to bear on the authorities to lay out new routes and to lease the necessary franchises. Probably there is a lack of adequate legal authority anywhere to remedy the evil. Such at least would be the fair inference from the special legislation which is being sought. It is difficult to see why a general law should not be passed dealing adequately with the whole question in all the cities of the State, on the general principles indicated in this paper. The public then would not be dependent either upon special legislation or upon the initiative of private parties. It would be as much a duty of the authorities to see that facilities for travel were kept adequate, as to see that the water-supply should not fail. The solution of the question lies in lodging as a duty somewhere, what now is no concern of the authorities except in the passive relation of giving consent to something somebody may wish to do.

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AMATEUR TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

By Charles P. Sawyer.

THE comparatively recent and very rapid spread of interest in amateur athletics throughout this country, is one of the significant indications that other things than business are beginning to occupy the time and attention of young Americans.

Few people have any idea of the extent to which this interest has reached. The Amateur Athletic Union, young as it is, is a power in the land, and nearly all of the amateur athletes in the country are members; the clubs with which they affiliate, to the number of 64, have joined the Union, carrying with them 33,000 men; and the Turn Vereins, with their 50,000 members, also under the protection of the Union, swell the total in this one organization to 83,000. There are other athletic organizations, not belonging to the Union, to be added, and it can safely be estimated that there are at least 100,000 young Americans, who at some time during the year, engage in amateur athletics. If the number of people who go to see sport of this character should be added, it will be seen that the total is very great.

The first amateur athletic meeting in the United States was that held by the New York Athletic Club, in the Empire City Skating Rink, on November 10, 1868, the club having been organized September 18th of the same year. Athletic contests among the students of Columbia College had been indulged in, however, at an earlier date. As there was no acknowledged definition of an "amateur," the New York Club made a sweeping one, and under it the athletes of the Caledonians took part in the meeting. On the programme were field and track events of all kinds, with the exception of walking. There were 197 entries, and of these 95 appeared at the meeting. The records made were very ordinary, the 220 yards dash being run in 28 seconds, the quarter-mile run in 1 minute, 2 seconds, and the half-mile in 2 minutes, 26 seconds, other records being in proportion.

Very slowly the interest in the sport increased, and the next year saw American amateur athletics modelled upon English rules. With each succeeding year the number of clubs and athletic meetings increased, until 1878, when there were thousands of amateur athletes. Many of them were, however, amateurs only in name. Many clubs were organized simply for the purpose of making money, and the number of entries at meetings was greater than it is at present. In 1879, on Thanksgiving Day, there were two meetings in New York City; one given by the Manhattan Athletic Club, for which there were 820 entries, and another by the Scottish American Athletic Club, with 752 entries. Winter meetings lasting two days were common, and walking was a prominent feature of them.

Early in 1879, the National Association of Amateur Athletes was formed, and in September of that year the first meeting was held. The number of clubs on the roll of membership increased with each year, and in 1886 twelve clubs in and around New York, and two outside clubs, were members. In the fall of 1887 the New York Athletic Club, which had resigned from the National Association, took steps toward the formation of another association of athletic clubs, which should be more strict than the National Association, and a preliminary convention was held October 1st. January 21, 1888, the Amateur Athletic Union was organized, and fifteen clubs joined. Then came the struggle for life between the two associations. The number of meetings which occurred during the year 1889 was larger than that of any previous year; the intense rivalry between the two organizations fostering the increase. Prizes of great

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value were offered at all competitions, and each association seemed to be striving to outdo the other in costly trophies for the winners of the various events on the programmes. Gold watches and diamond pins, costing in many cases $100, were given to the victors in the contests of speed, agility, or endurance, and the clubs seemed to be rushing headlong to their destruction, when a halt was suddenly called, and the athletic war ended. The reconciliation between the two factions was largely brought about by A. G. Mills, a member of the New York Athletic Club, and of the Board of Managers of the Amateur Athletic Union. He saw what the unhealthy rivalry was leading to; and, gathering the committee around him, soon effected a settlement of the whole trouble by joining the two organizations under the name of the Amateur Athletic Union. The clubs are rivals still, but they are in the same general organization, and a much better condition of things prevails.

The struggle of the clubs for supremacy has not only led to an increase in the number of athletes, but also to a decided improvement in the number and character of buildings. The first athletic club-house of any great beauty, and with modern appliances for practice, was that of the New York Club, on Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. It was, when it was built, a model in its way, and seemed to fulfil all the requirements demanded. There was a well-lighted gymnasium, dining-rooms, baths, and all the conveniences of a well-appointed club-house. The members thought that they had got as near perfection as possible at the time. A new field was secured on Travers Island, opposite Pelhamville, on Long Island Sound; a track was laid out, and a country club-house was built. Then the Boston Athletic Association built its beautiful house in Boston, and many things about the building were improvements on the New York house. The Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York City, was next. Plans were made for a club-house which should be even larger and better than the others, and in the fall of this year it will be ready for occupancy. There is little doubt but that the New York Club, dissatisfied with its house, will build a larger and better one in the near future. The Pastime Athletic Club, of St. Louis, Mo., has under way a club-house finer than any in the West. Every possible convenience for athletes will be provided; its gymnasium will be second to none in the country; and it will be opened during certain days of the week for the use of the women of the club. The Berkeley Athletic Club, of this city, has an offshoot in the form of a Woman's Athletic Club, which has lately opened its building in Forty-fourth Street, New York City, its rooms are open at all hours of the day, and an instructor is present in the gymnasium to show the women how to best utilize the apparatus. Many other clubs throughout the country have commodious houses.

The tendency of the larger amateur athletic clubs to secure as members the best athletes, is likely to lead them into difficulties. Already some of the clubs have members who live in far distant cities, and good men are being added to the rolls of membership without regard to their residence. The efforts of the clubs to increase the average excellence of their athletes will be, unless soon stopped, as great an evil as the excessive cost of prizes, and may end in serious trouble. A good remedy would be the enactment of a law by the Amateur Athletic Union, which would prevent athletes from joining any club more than a specified distance from their homes. Let the college men join a club near the college if necessary, or, better still, compel them to run races under their college colors as long as they are students. Too often, as soon as a promising runner or jumper is developed in the college games, do the athletic clubs strive to elect him a member, and in the struggle for success, it is possible that the laws which qualify amateurs may be broken in spirit—which is just as bad as if they were broken in the letter.

This leads us to the much debated question: What constitutes an amateur athlete? Authorities differ, and many declare that it is impossible to formulate a rule that will cover all cases. Such a thing ought not to be, the line of demarcation between the amateur and the

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professional should be sharp and clear. There should be no possibility of stepping over it. An amateur should be without a taint of professionalism. Field sports, rowing, and the kindred diversions of American manhood can be indulged in by amateurs, without any lack of competition; the races may be just as spirited, and as closely contested; and the public interest just as great, whether the prize is valued at a very small amount or at a hundred dollars. Amateurs should contest against each other in games of skill, strength, or endurance, simply for the honor of winning; that should be sufficient. With the positive elimination of value in the prizes, and the prohibition of betting, better things are bound to come. Contests between individuals for prizes of a set value to be purchased by the winner, and for which the loser has to pay, are little better than contests for money, which immediately constitute the competitors professionals. The amateur athletes should forbid these; force the men who struggle for supremacy in the various games to do so for the honor of winning, and punish everybody who disobeys those conditions quickly and effectively; and although there may be a thinning out of the amateur ranks, it will do a world of good. There will be a host of men left who will strive just as hard to win, and the people who witness the games will be just as well satisfied with the results.

During the year 1889 the newer men in amateur athletics came mainly from the colleges; and the question was often asked—not so often answered—whether college athletes, as a class, are not better than those who have come up from the vast army of clerks and business men. In years past, the honors appeared to be easy; what the coming year will bring forth is problematic. No college has yet turned out a runner as fast as L. E. Myers, who for so long was the best man America could produce, equally good at fifty yards and the intermediate distances up to a mile. He was a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club. For all distances below a mile he was practically invincible, and above that he was among the best. Many of the records he made still stand—a mark for the host of ambitious men who have come after him.

Sprinting—that is, races of 220 yards and under — is usually left for the younger athletes. It seems as if the particular qualities necessary for great speed at short distances, existed only in the early years of a man's life, for few sprinters have been in the first rank who were over twenty-five. The first requisite for this kind of runner is lightness; he seems to be able to do better, the more delicate he is in frame. Long legs with short body, muscles long rather than thick, and a full chest, go to make up the successful sprinter. The runner with long legs can take bigger strides, and this is a great feature in races at short distances, when only a few inches separate the competitors at the finish line.

Another and an important feature is the start. As every inch of the race is a factor, and the smallest fraction of a second may win the race for one or the other of the runners, each tries to get off on the instant of the pistol shot, and much practice is had in this important part of the race. The runners stand with their toes on the "scratch," the starter calls "set," and the men assume the positions which they think will get them into their best speed the quickest. Some stand almost erect, others lean forward so far that they are almost over-balanced, while a few start from a stooping position, with one hand on the ground. Many are the tricks devised to get away before the pistol is heard, and oftentimes a runner gains a foot or two by hearing the click of the pistol an instant before the report. One runner has been known to gain a good deal by watching his trainer—who stood in front of the line, and saw the pistol smoke before the others heard the report—move his hand slightly, and in this way sent his charge off a yard in advance of everybody else. Such tricks, however, should be discountenanced.

Among the athletes who have in some instances reached the high standard set by Myers, and in some cases passed it, may be mentioned Wendell Baker, Evert J. Wendell, C. H. Sherrill, W. C. Dohm, W. C. Downs, Luther L. Cary, J. Owen, Jr., V. L. Schifferstein, F.

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Westing, and A. F. Copland, the first five being college men.

Wendell Baker was one of Harvard's champions, a remarkably speedy man up to a quarter of a mile, but no further. He could cover any of the smaller distances in an exceedingly short space of time, and ran like a deer; he started well, and with every yard seemed to gain in speed, until he had left all of his opponents behind him. It seemed the easiest thing in the world for him to run, and he did it with so little exertion that it was not till the time was recorded by the stop-watches that any on-looker had an idea that records were in danger. His unbeaten records are 22 seconds for the 220 yards, and 47¾ seconds for the quarter-mile race. Another good Harvard runner was E. J. Wendell, and, although he did good work at distances over a hundred yards, he was best at that, 10 seconds being his record.

C. H. Sherrill, of Yale, belonging to the same class, cut down some records made by Myers, and then went further still, and beat Wendell Baker's best time in several instances. He never succeeded in putting his name among the ten-second men at 100 yards, but was only a shade behind them. It was at a little longer distance that he excelled, and in the early season of 1889 did his best work at record-breaking. His fastest running was at Fleetwood Park, just outside of New York City, and on a dirt track, by no means as fast as a cinder path. He was in the 100-yard race, with a number of competitors, and won in 10⅕ seconds. Arrangements had been made for him to continue to the 125 yard mark, and on he flew like the wind. At the 100-yard mark, he was only a foot ahead of his nearest rival, and then, with a splendid burst of speed, he covered the remaining 25 yards in 2⅕ seconds, putting on the list of records, 12⅖ seconds for 125 yards.

In the Staten Island games, W. C. Dohm, of Princeton, and W. C. Downs, of Harvard, came together in the match at 220 yards. The two clean-limbed athletes ran side by side, stride for stride, for nearly the whole distance. At the end, however, Dohm drew away, and won comfortably. In point of style, the men are very much alike; they are about the same height, their methods of starting are the same, and each runs with long, loping strides. The quarter is thought to be Dohm's best distance, although, at a members' meeting of the New York Athletic Club in June, he ran the half-mile in 1 minute 55¼ seconds—a new record for America.

Luther L. Cary, now of Princeton, formerly of the Chicago Athletic Club, came up very rapidly last season. Little was known of him until the Western Championships were to be settled at the Amateur Athletic Meeting in Detroit, Mich., when, together with J. Owen, Jr., he made his appearance in the 100-yard run. Each won one heat; they came together at the final, and a splendid race resulted, Cary winning by about three feet in 10 seconds. In the 220-yard dash they met again, and again Cary won, this time in 22⅕ seconds. He also won the quarter-mile run. To see Cary on the track would soon convince anyone of his extraordinary speed. He is a tall, slender young man, and his stride is even and long.

Owen had a trial at the records in August, in Detroit. It was a beautiful summer's day, the grounds were in good condition, the track was just right for record-making. In the 100-yard dash, he took 9⅘ seconds to go the distance, and he covered 220 yards in 21⅘ seconds. During these races, however, the wind was blowing half a gale behind the runners, and Owen did not claim a record on the performance, but he showed very conclusively that he was a sprinter of a high rank. His next appearance was at the championship meeting in September, when, on a very heavy track, and at times in a pouring rain, he beat the best sprinters in America in the 100-yard and the 220-yard dashes.

Schifferstein is a sprinter and jumper of more than average ability; he has made, with others, the best record for the 100-yard dash, and is within a very few inches of the best long jump on record. On account of the unfortunate quarrel between the associations last year, he did not come East to compete, remaining in California. Westing, one of the best sprinters during the year, did not seem to be able to run in anything like his usual style, and was not very

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successful. A. F. Copland, a hurdler by nature, devoted himself more or less to sprint-running, and although seldom a winner, was always dangerous.

Probably at no time during the year was there a more enjoyable meeting than that of the Intercollegiate Association. Many of the old athletes were absent, but in their places were newer and even better men. Sherrill was an easy winner in the sprint running, and Dohm captured the quarter; in the half-mile run W. C. Downs, of Harvard, was the victor. In the mile race C. O. Wells, of Amherst, took first place among the mile runners of the year.

Herbert Mapes ran away from everybody, and beat the intercollegiate record in both hurdle races. Mapes is probably the best man in hurdle running in America to-day. He takes the hurdles in his stride, not pausing for an instant on the flat, and never by any chance clears the pathway for his followers.

Hurdle racing is, like the steeple chase at horse races, a very pretty sight and a great pleasure to the spectators. There are two kinds of hurdles used, those three feet six inches high, generally for races of 150 yards and under; and those two feet six inches high for distances over 150 yards. In the first, or what are known as low hurdles, the qualities of the jumper and sprinter combined must exist in the contestant. He must be able to jump well, and at the same time run fast. In the second, or the low hurdles, the distance between the obstacles is greater than in the first, and sprinting qualities come more into play. There is but little jumping, for when the runner gets to the hurdle he has adapted his stride to the height he has to get over and does not pause for an instant after he is over, but continues on as if there had been no obstruction in his path. He must be possessed of great speed and accuracy in calculating distances; he begins to jump before he reaches the hurdle, when he gets there rises easily and safely, clears the bar, and settles into his sprinting stride immediately, keeping it until he prepares for the next hurdle.

During the year the long-distance runners of consequence were Sidney Thomas, P. D. Skillman, W. D. Day, T. P. Conneff, W. T. Young, and A. B. George; Day and Skillman were the only Americans among them, and Day led all. He ran well in the spring, suffered from over-work in the summer, and was unbeaten in the fall. The close of the out-door athletic sports came on November 16th on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, when Day placed to his credit a new record for four miles, covering the distance in 20 minutes 15⅘ seconds, better time than ever before had been made in this country. Day is also a cross-country runner of the highest class. Although he is light and small, there appears to be no one in America able to approach him in this exciting sport.

Field athletics, as distinguished from track athletics (which are running and walking races on a measured track), include jumping, vaulting, and the casting of heavy weights. In jumping there are four different kinds: the running high and broad jumps, and the standing high and broad jumps. The two last named are rarely practised now, and the reason for this is simple. It is obviously impossible for any man to jump as high or as far from a standing position as when he is aided by the impetus given by a long run before the jump. There is but little glory in jumping ten or twelve feet from a mark, when the distance can be doubled if a short run is first made. Spectators do not understand the relative merits of the two performances, and consequently prefer the sport which apparently shows the best performances. The weight contests include throwing the hammer, usually a 16-pound shot with a handle four feet long; putting the shot, generally 16-pound weight, from the shoulder; and throwing the 56-pound weight. The men who compete in this are, as a rule, more mature than the other athletes, as strength is the principal feature necessary. In these competitions the athlete is big and brawny, and as he stands at a mark with a hammer, whirls the sixteen pounds of iron around his head two or three times, and hurls it a hundred feet through the air, his muscular figure and the exhibition of

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great strength are sure to excite admiration.

In 1889 field sports were made interesting by the fact that only very good men took part in them. In the contests with the heavy weights, mention may be made of C. A. J. Queckberner, George R. Gray, J. S. Mitchell, W. L. Coudon, and F. L. Lambrecht, none of them new men, all strong, and nearly all record-breakers. The broad jumping was fairly good, but no one was able to beat Ford's record, made so long ago.

Running high jumping brought out many young men who were able to clear five feet ten inches, but at no time was six feet reached. R. K. Pritchard was chief among the jumpers, and, with William Byrd Page out of the list of contestants, will probably be the champion of 1890. One of the chief attractions of running high jumping is the ability of the athletes to jump over a bar somewhat above their own heads, and this without any artificial aid, and from the solid ground. Page, the man who has jumped higher than any other man in the world, is an example of this; although he is only 5 feet $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, he has jumped over a bar 6 feet 4 inches from the ground. Pritchard, the coming jumper, is one-half an inch over 6 feet, but has not yet jumped that height; and in the past Guy C. Richards and Malcolm W. Ford, both small men, have jumped much higher than their own heads.

Pole vaulting is probably one of the most interesting of the field sports, and this is due largely to the elements of danger in it, in combination with the hardihood of the vaulter, and the amount of skill necessary for an athlete to leap over a bar five feet or more higher than his head. The participant in this game starts well behind the uprights on which the bar is placed, and grasping his pole with both hands, runs toward them; when he reaches what he thinks is a proper distance from the bar, he sticks his pole in the ground, and, rising in the air from the force of his run, clears the bar and lands in the soft dirt on the other side. H. H. Baxter, of the New York Athletic Club, with a record of 11 feet 5 inches, and the Englishmen, E. L. Stones and Thomas Ray, with respective records of 11 feet 7 inches and 11 feet $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches, are the best men at this sport. Stones came to this country last year, but was unable to reach within a foot of his record, and as Baxter did not vault but once, except for the contest between Leavett and Shearman in the intercollegiate games, little was done. Baxter's method of vaulting is by far the best, for he never changes the position of his hands on the pole after he leaves the ground; he raises himself by his hands and throws his body over the bar, gracefully and scientifically—invariably calling forth the applause of the spectators.

The method adopted by Stones and Ray is very different. It is known as the English style of vaulting, and its principal variation from the American method is the climbing. Ray's hands are far above the bar when he goes over it, and in some cases they are about four feet higher than they were when he left the ground. He does not move his hands as a rope-climber, one over the other, but slides them along the pole, one after the other, getting over the bar feet first, and in a nearly upright position. While Baxter and Ray are both over six feet tall, Stones is a smaller man, being but 5 feet 8 inches in height. He uses a pole with a tripod on the end which is placed on the ground, and climbs in the same way as does Ray, throwing himself over the bar when he has climbed far enough. With the change of hands and a possible development of the tripod, the height over which Stones could vault would seem to be limited only by the distance he could fall without breaking his neck.

In England some records were broken, a few athletes made remarkable time, and some new runners astonished the people of that country. In June, on the Stourbridge Grounds in London, in perfect weather, and on as good a track as could be well desired, E. H. Pelling and H. C. L. Tindall won their respective races in excellent time. Tindall's performance in the quarter-mile run was a splendid one. His time was $48\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a new record for England, but still behind Wendell Baker's time

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made in Boston. On August 31st, J. Kibblewhite, of the Spartan Harriers, in his club games at Stourbridge, ran three miles in 14 minutes, 29⅗ seconds, taking ten seconds off the best previous amateur record in the world. The best performance of the year in England was in the sports of the London Athletic Club in September, when E. H. Pelling won the 200 yard dash. The second heat was won by him in 19⅘ seconds. There was no wind in that heat, but in the final there was a light breeze blowing. When the last heat was run Pelling was in third place until a short distance from the finish, when, with a tremendous rush, he came away, finishing in 19⅗ seconds. Pelling's best distance is probably about 280 yards, and it is not likely that any man in the world can approach him there.

It is quite evident that the palm for superiority in all branches of athletics does not yet lie with college men. In distance-running they are decidedly inferior to the others, and this may be expected, for they do not, as a rule, take part in races of over one mile. In the heavy-weight contests, the same story may be told, and from the very nature of these, it can hardly be expected that the young men who are students in the institutions of learning in this country should be as strong as the men who are more mature, and who have a decade of years the advantage of them in physical strength. It is in the other events, where the two classes meet on equal terms, that the rivalry is marked. In the running races under one mile, college men ought to have the advantage. They have the benefit of college physical training, which obviously helps them greatly. The best trainers have been secured by the colleges, the grounds are well kept, and with each year more money is spent for the encouragement of athletics. College men have more leisure than others in which to practise, they can be kept in stricter training, and obey orders better. They keep at work each year of their four or more years, and are thus gradually improved. When a race is over they do not lapse from training, but are kept at just enough work to prevent them from getting in that condition the athletes call "stale." They are rarely overtrained or trained too rapidly. When they enter a race they are fit to run at their best speed, and do not often lose a race from lack of judgment.

On the other hand, the men who rely upon their athletic club for training facilities, are too often quickly trained. They enter a race, a bundle of nerves, their flesh reduced by heroic means which must weaken them, and before the season is over they often break down.

Although the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, last September, gave but one championship to a college man, it may be said in passing that the best athletes from the colleges did not appear in those contests. In the club meetings, during the season, they were present, however, and the average observer would come to the conclusion that they excelled in the sports in which they entered.

The chief athletic events of the coming year are the annual contest of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which takes place in New York on May 31st; the games for the championship of the Amateur Athletic Union in the East and in the West; and the meeting at Washington, D. C., where the championships of the Amateur Athletic Union in the United States will be decided. Besides these, the more prominent athletic clubs will hold spring and fall meetings, where many events full of interest will be seen.

During the present season, the lovers of athletic sports look to the colleges for champions, and much is expected of both old and new men. The new-comers will naturally take a higher position than they have held heretofore. In sprinting, Luther L. Cary and J. Owen, Jr., are the most promising. C. H. Sherrill, of Yale, will work harder than ever before to keep his position. F. Westing and V. E. Schifferstein will represent the Manhattan Athletic Club and San Francisco, respectively, in the year's work. The probabilities of victory in the sprinting contests of 1890 are with the colleges.

Among the middle distance runners

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(that is, over 220 yards and under 1,000), at the head of the list is Princeton's runner, W. C. Dohm. Nobody in America could beat him in 1889, and no one seems likely to do it in 1890. The other athletes in this class, from the colleges, who are speedy and strong, are H. M. Banks, of Columbia, J.C. Devereaux, also of Columbia, and W. C. Downs, of Harvard. T. P. Conneff, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and A. W. S. Cochrane, of the New York Athletic Club, are the best of the others. Here the college athletes seem to be reasonably certain of victory.

In runs of one mile and over, C. O. Wells, of Amherst, seems to be about the only dependence of the colleges. In this class of contests there is every probability of exciting sport. Among the really first-class men in the athletic clubs, the two Americans, W. D. Day and P. D. Skillman, will be pitted against A. B. George, an Englishman who has done remarkably well during the short time he has been in this country, W. T. Young, another Englishman, T. P. Conneff, the Irish champion, and Sidney Thomas, champion of England. Much is expected of Day in the way of record-breaking.

There will, in all probability, be some excellent contests in hurdle racing, and Columbia College has in Herbert Mapes a strong man. Walking matches will be indulged in as usual, but there is little interest in them.

In field sports there are no new men in sight. The competitors for honors in the weight-throwing contests will be the same as last year, and Baxter is the most prominent among pole vaulters.

Although a man may succeed in placing new records to his credit for running, walking, jumping, etc., and derive a great deal of pleasure in so doing, the question naturally arises, does it all pay? What benefit is it to a man in after-life, if he was in his youth able to cover a short distance of ground in less time than any of his rivals? Does it do good to any man if he can walk a mile in a few seconds less than it has ever been walked before? Athletes who have done these things say that it does; that the habits of training inculcated in their early athletic days still stay by them, and physically they are in better condition than they would have been had they not gained the habit of taking care of themselves. A strong man is always at a greater advantage in the world than is a weaker one, and is apt to keep up his early training all through his life, for that reason if for no other.

The long distance runners, however, seem to be the most rational in their choice of sport. In this there appears to be a real benefit. Emergencies may arise at any time in a man's life when he must get to one place from another in as short a time as possible; then the man who has accustomed himself to going long distances sees the value of his choice. Sprinting is of little value in such a case, and fast walking does not enter into it.

In connection with the long distance running, which is so steadily growing into favor, has come the organization of outing clubs, and a rapid increase in the number of cross-country runs. Where, a few years ago, but a dozen men could be found to take part in these, now there are hundreds. Every Sunday, when the weather is favorable, the different athletics clubs have a practice run, and there are many out for a ten or fifteen mile spin over fields and hills, through bush and briar.

There are also clubs of older men who take their weekly tramps, of which the Fresh Air Club is a good example. Once a week during the season, this Club is out for an all-day jaunt, and often at least twenty-five miles are covered before the day is done. Other clubs are being formed for the same purpose, and the old athletes are beginning to see the advantage of it. Exercise only is the object, and with this comes the most valuable thing of all, good health, and an ability to endure the indoor life of the city during the week; and quiet, restful sleep at night—the best gift to man.

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ROSAMOND.

By Barrett Wendell.

SCENE.—The Bower at Woodstock.

ROSAMOND (*reading*). "So fare thee well, Rose of the World. From France
One shall ride swift with greetings. Day by day
My thoughts shall fly to thee. Rebellious sons
Of their curst mother take me from thee now.
The cares of state, the turmoil of the wars
Keep my wits busy—yet no day shall pass
Without an embassy of love to thee.
Watch for them day by day, and when they fail
Know me no longer thy Plantagenet."—
This from Southampton. Ay, and days have passed,
And nights have I lain waking for the words
I would not sleep for reading. Yet none came.
So I begun to dread lest far away
In France, in all the pomp of royalty,
Henry Plantagenet had little thought
For these dull glades of Woodstock. Then, but now,
Has come the summons calling forth the guard;
And these dear lines I have so often conned
I con again, to take farewell of them.
For fresher greetings hurry to me now,
And what has latest touched King Henry's hand
Is dearest to my heart.—I hear one come
Hurrying hither with the words of love
That now henceforth shall greet me day by day.
Come hither quickly!

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN (*to attendants without*). Stay without there! I
Would enter here alone.

ROS. Would enter here?
Pray, lady, by what leave? Meseems it were

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Fitter that I should chide thy sauciness
Than question any further.
QUEEN. Rosamond
Men call thee.
ROS. 'Twas a name not dear to me
Until I knew it dear to him whose lips
Have kissed my soul away——
QUEEN. Say no word more.
Those thou hast said already were enough
To prove my visit timely.
ROS. With your leave.
I know not who you are. But this I know:
The name that greets me from the royal lips
Of Henry is a name no other tongue
May speak to me unchallenged. All but he.
Call me the Lady Clifford.
QUEEN. To thy face.
What I have heard thee called sounds little like
A term of honor.
ROS. How you entered here
I know not. He who guards me waits without,
Bound by allegiance so to do my will
In Woodstock here as though King Henry's voice
Spoke through my lips. Here I am royal too.
The whims of kings are laws. A word from me,
And your shrill voice is silenced.
QUEEN. Silly girl,
Dost thou not know me?
ROS. No, nor would. Go safe.
I give you leave to leave me, for that now
Your voice and look speak ill of none but me,
And I am merciful to-day, when fresh
From France come greetings from my royal love.
QUEEN. Greetings to-day!
ROS. You are not safe to wait.
I am a woman full of fantasy.
Perchance my whim shall change. Your reverend airs
Would not avail you should I speak the word
Of doom instead of mercy.
QUEEN. Know me, then,
Elinor of Guienne.
ROS. How came you here?
QUEEN. My guards without have mastered thine. This bower
Is mine, who rule in England while my lord
The King is busy with his wars in France.
ROS. Sir Richard, ho!
QUEEN. Sir Richard hears, perchance;
They say the dead have ears, but all too low
Their voices are to answer.

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Ros. Dead!
QUEEN. Ay, dead!
He strove to bar my passage with such news
Of Henry's dotings as you prate. He fought
Those I bade clear my way. So he is gone
To see if at the gate of Paradise
His royal master's name may more avail
Than here on earth.
Ros. And I am here alone,
And at thy mercy?
QUEEN. Mercy, Rosamond?
Look not for that from me. Here I am come
To do a deed of justice.
Ros. If the King
Were by, to judge between us——
QUEEN. These grave wars
In France distract the King. While he is gone
To chide his warring children, I remain
To do the petty works he leaves behind—
Smile on the fawning courtiers, vex the Jews
Till they bring forth their hoards, proclaim the laws,
And judge what forfeit those shall pay whose deeds
Work mischief here in England.
Ros. Tell me, then,
What forfeit she must pay who long ago,
When Henry's children gathered at her knee,
Whispered them tales of how, in times gone by,
Princes waxed strong had harried hapless kings
Into their graves.
QUEEN. 'Tis thou that in the ear
Of yielding Henry whisperest these tales
To stir up strife betwixt him and the wife
God gave him.
Ros. Now, by all the blessed saints
That pray in Heaven for our sins on earth,
You name a sin I am not guilty of.
QUEEN. Let the saints judge of that.
Ros. Nay, let them judge
As sternly as God will what I have done—
And I am very sinful, nor will plead
Aught save that from the day when first he smiled
On me, a virgin, in my father's house,
I have not thought a thought, nor spoke a word,
Nor done a deed I have not done and spoke
And thought to make him happy.—Let the saints
Doom me for that. 'Tis justice. But believe
I never slandered thee.
QUEEN. Why, even now,
Here, to my face, thou spakest out the words
Thou wouldst disclaim.

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Ros. Ay, to thy face I spake
What men have told for truth. But unto him,
Henry, my king, my love——
QUEEN. My husband, girl!
Ros. So be it.—I have never spoken word
To stir his wrath against a living thing.
Vexed with the cares of state, with wars, with plots,
With all the turmoil that I know not of,
He comes to me, to lay aside awhile
The tedious pomp of royalty. And days
Have passed, and months, and years—the which I count
For so much Heaven granted me on earth—
And through them all betwixt the King and me
Pass words of peace, and love, and joyousness.
Believe me, we have dearer business
Than thee and thy misdoing.
QUEEN. Rosamond,
Thy time grows short.
Ros. Well, take me where thou wilt.
Woodstock is thine now. Send me forth, and search it
For that great treasure which till now it housed,
King Henry's heart.
QUEEN. Thou hast not far to go.
In Godstowe Church I bade the monks prepare
A chamber for thee. 'Tis a narrow one;
I would it were so narrow that therein
Thou couldst not keep thy treasure. But, alas,
My power is all too little to bereave
Thee of the love that thy fair looks have stolen
From me in all my royalty.
Ros. From thee,
Lady, I have stolen nothing. Surely, then,
Thou wouldst not have me die!
QUEEN. Ah, Rosamond,
Think'st thou I love him not?
Ros. Thou? Love the King?
QUEEN. Ay, love him with a consecrated love
Made holy by the blessing of the church.
Oh, I am old. Thy locks are ruddy gold,
And mine grow grizzled. Thy fair face is smooth,
And my grim visage wrinkled with the cares
Of years that were no more long ere thine eyes
Laughed back the sunshine. But my heart awoke
Almost as late as thine. When first the King
Came in his bridal pomp to take this hand
That made him master of those lands in France
My fathers ruled, I looked upon the face
Thou knowest as well as I. Then first I knew
What life might be on earth. Ay, curl thy lip.
Louis of France had known me; then proclaimed

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How some black-bearded Saracen, long since
Gone to his lying prophet, made me sin
Against his honor and the cross of Christ;
So cast me forth. These tales are old. But hear
One older still: how younger yet than thou
When first King Henry saw thee, I was made
Bride to that stale, unloving prince of France,
Who craved Guienne, and took me as the price
They made him pay for purchase.—Royalty
Men deem most worthy state of mortal men.
I have reigned Queen of France; I reign to-day
Lady of England. Wouldst thou change with me?
Take all my honors? give me in return
Only the love of Henry?

Ros. Rather die,
As die I must if what thou speak'st be true.

Queen. And dost thou think that aught but truth could wring
From me, from Elinor the Queen, these tales
That speak the story of my wretched life—
A wife unloving, then a wife unloved?

Ros. Lady, my sins are deeper than I knew.
Heaven, I knew, forbade me so to love
As what was earthly in me made me love.
I turned from Heaven. Henry's love on earth
Was Heaven enough for me.

Queen. So, too, for me
Who bore him children, served his every nod,
Watching and praying through the lingering years
That, wheresoever his light fancy strayed,
His eye at length might fall on me, and know
The wife that loved him. Oh, that look of love
That never came had saved thee even now.

Ros. Lady, forgive me. I am very frail,
And young, and sinful. Now at last I know
That thou hast right to be as stern as God
In judging me. Yet I have dared to hope
That God, for Christ's sweet sake, and for the saints'
That pray for us in Heaven, might perchance
Forgive the sin I sinned against His law,
Knowing the love that bound me. Elinor,
Thou knowest that love. Be merciful. Forgive.
I am afraid to die.

Queen. If thou wert I
Wouldst thou forgive?

Ros. Alas, I know not. I
Have in my veins none of that godlike blood
That feeds the life of princes.

Queen. Rosamond,
I have forgotten what my fathers were,
And what I am to-day, save that I am

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A woman and a wife much sinned against.
Here, take this phial.

Ros. Lady! Elinor!
Have mercy! To thy right I bow myself.
I will go forth from hence, will hide my head,
Where'er thou wilt, where none may find me out,
And there live out my life in penitence
For the great wrongs I did thee. Nevermore
Shall Henry see my face——

Queen. And thinkest thou
This earth is wide enough to hold a spot
That love cannot search out? Oh, Rosamond,
Through all the unseen centuries to come
Men will remember that thy locks were fair
And twined about the heart of him whose love
I yearned to win in vain. In Godstowe Church
Men will shed tears above thee sleeping there,
Loved, unforgotten. All that blessedness
Is thine forever. And my lot must be
What it has been on earth. Where'er I sleep
The sneers of men shall pierce the marble through
And quiver in my bony ears the news
That here in death, as erst in life, one lies
Royal, unloved, forsaken.

Ros. Pity me——

Queen. Nay, rather pity me. Here, take this glass.
In to thy chamber. There make peace with God.
Then drink the potion. In an hour's time
My men shall come to find thee—if in death,
To bear thee reverently to Godstowe Church
There to have burial. But lest thy faint heart
Should fail to speed thee on thy road to God
They shall bear daggers with them.

Ros. Fare thee well.
Thy men shall find me even as thou wilt.
May God have mercy on me. I have loved
Even as thou. And were I thou, perchance
Like thee I should do justice. If the King
Ask thee in time to come how when thou camest
To Woodstock here thou found'st poor Rosamond,
Tell him that in her hand she bore this scroll
His hand had written; conning it again,
Though well she knew the lines, for that they bore
Tidings of what was hers—and never thine—
His love.

Queen. "So fare thee well, Rose of the World."

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

YOU probably remember who it was that called travelling the fool's paradise. I do not recall his name at this moment, and my books are elsewhere; but he was a man of sense and I am of his opinion. I say *I* am of his opinion, for this is a personal protest. I dare say no one else feels as I do about it, or has the same sense of injury. Writing this eleventh day of April—and begging humbly any future reader's pardon for carrying him so far back toward the inclement spring—I ask, Where is the Rogers family, with whom it is my habit to dine on Thursdays? Where are the Robinsons, who invited me to dinner the day before I went to New York, and were to have renewed the invitation when I got back? Where are the Joneses with whom I dine on Sundays? Where are the Browns that have such pleasant girls with such attractive Easter hats to visit them after Lent? Where are most of the people who are *folks*, and keep the breath of life stirring in this town of Wayback?

The Rogerses! The Rogerses went to Florida about the first of February, and are now at Fort Monroe on their way back. They may be home again by the first of May. The Robinsons went to Mexico last week with the Fitztoms. They gave no bonds to return, and won't be back until—until nobody knows when. The Joneses have been spending the winter in the South of Europe and are at Monte Carlo, and the Browns are still in Colorado. What sort of a spring it is for me any coherent reader can piece out of what he imagines about the number of people in Wayback who are folkable according to my personal taste.

And how is it for the summer? Some of the Wayback tramps will be at home again then, perhaps—for little spells of time. I hope so; but in the summer I like to get away myself for a few days. But where to? The whole family of Iresons—father, mother, aunts, and all six of the children—who used to make Pittox so lively in August, sail on the City of Jericho the first Wednesday in June, to be gone until September. The Blenkinsops, who had such a good place at Sopton for September, have rented it, and propose to spend June in Japan and August in Norway. Alenson, who used to come up for our September tennis, is going to the Feejee Islands this year instead. He says he wants to go to some place that isn't next door, and that it takes a little while to reach. The Easterlings have hired a moor in Scotland, and the Westons a castle somewhere—in Spain, I believe—and Newport will know neither of them this summer. No one who has a place will be in it, and there's no out-of-the-way corner of the globe where you won't be more liable to run up against your next-door neighbor than you would be to find him next door.

For my part I protest against all this straggling and globe-trotting. If there was any limit or end, or any legitimate purpose to it, it might be tolerated. But there is not. It is simply a return to vagrancy and nomadism. The same people who are doing all this straggling this year will be at it again next year, or the year after at the outside. Once the habit is formed they never stay at home except for so long as suffices for necessary measures of financial retrievement.

Of course there is some use in travel. It is instructive to have seen the world and to

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know what is in it. It gives the means of making comparisons, imparts culture, and opens the eyes generally. But these contemporary tramps of ours have long since passed the stage of learning anything. Their notion of travel is rest and repairs, and to have fun—good things in their way, but by this generation inordinately pursued. I say they are a frivolous lot—our tramps; that they try to dodge life; that by keeping perpetually on the go they succeed in evading the habits of work and the natural ties that stay-at-home people have to form, and the responsibilities that they have to share.

In conversation the other day with this expostulator, an eminent man of letters, who bids fair only too soon to be the dean of the American literary guild, said that he had travelled thoroughly abroad some thirty years ago, and got great benefit from it, but had not been to Europe since. "My doctor," he said, "said to me a number of years ago, 'You must absolutely stop all work and go abroad.' I said to him, 'If I quit work can't I stay at home?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'if you can do it. What I want is to stop the work. The European part of it is not essential.' So I stayed at home, and hardly made a mark with a pen for six months."

Here was a man who might have gone to Europe and didn't. The excuse came to him ready-made; he had the inevitable doctor to put the responsibility upon, but he stayed at home. It was borne in upon me that his example was one that ought to be published as a corrective to that vagrant spirit of the age, against which Miss Cobbe filed a passing protest when she wrote, the other day: "The gadfly which pursued poor Io seems to have stung us all, and we flit about the globe restlessly, until it has nearly come to pass that everyone who has a home has let it to somebody else, and the last place to expect to find a man is at home."

THERE is no weakness of the human mind more curious than the very common and apparently unreasonable one of instinctive repulsion between man and man. We can all be good haters upon occasion; but hatred is always due to some great underlying cause readily determined. For the slighter feeling, on the contrary, it is often extremely hard to assign a reason—so hard, in fact, that the difficulty became proverbial long ago, in the familiar rhyme of Doctor Fell. X—— is a man of recognized ability, whose own unaided efforts have won him the world's notice; on all sides I hear his praises sounded by his troops of friends. Yet it is my misfortune to dislike him, though ours is a mere bowing acquaintance of the most formal kind. In long years nothing has occurred to strengthen this dislike, which has increased, nevertheless, until now it is an effort for me to return his salute with civility. Obviously, in my case at least, antipathy, like jealousy, is a monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on. But all the arguments in Shakespeare will not reason it away. Were X—— and I to be stranded alone upon a desert island, we should become either bitter enemies or warm friends—the latter, probably; since in friendship, as in matrimony, it is safest, as Mrs. Malaprop says, to begin with a little aversion. While we do but pass each other day by day among the haunts of men, my attitude toward him must remain one of armed neutrality.

Pondering this long I have at last traced the flood of bitterness to its source. X—— met me but once; at that meeting, I remember, his manner did not overflow with cordiality. I am not distinguished, but I would have accepted gladly an assurance that he felt I should be so. The need of making this demonstration never occurred to him. He was content to be civil. He could not read my thought, and his own prompted him no further. My whole prejudice dates, then, from a moment of wounded vanity. Had I been a shade less supersensitive, nay, had I waked that morning in a less reflective mood, I should fling up my hat to-day in his train with the others. Truly, it is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus; within our own quintessence of dust must we seek for the origin of our antipathies. Lest, like X——, we go about unconsciously incurring them, it is well to remember that men are most subject to morbid sensibility in early youth and in extreme old age—before the skin has been toughened by contact with the world's atmosphere, and after long use has weak-

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ened it. To be loved as a companion, then, one must employ a peculiar deference in dealing with these opposite phases of life. Boys, especially, shrink from any approach to ridicule on the part of their elders. Only yesterday a wise and amiable philosopher confessed to me that his disapproval of a certain person of note arose from nothing more serious than an unlucky question put to him in his boyhood by the celebrity we were discussing. The man, meaning to be pleasantly jocose, in the presence of others had asked the boy what he thought of matters and things in general. The fitting repartee is not apparent at once even to a mature mind; and the poor victim had remained confused and silent, recalling his painful position ever afterward at sight of his tormentor—until displeasure, thriving upon itself, grew into resentment.

We may be so unfortunate as to encounter antipathetic creatures at all seasons of our lives; but surely the antipathies most deeply-rooted have their seed sown early, as this one was. Beware of youth! it is to be dreaded, not despised. The callow fledgling whom we laugh at may burst into song one day. Worse than that, he may impale us for our shortcomings with a shaft of satire, as the poet of the ages did poor Justice Shallow. We, through him, may live eternally inglorious, while he reads his history in all nations' eyes.

A MAN died the other day of whom it was told, in all his obituary notices, that in his physical equipment there was this curious defect, that he could not hear the sound of S, or of the shrill notes. He would be walking in the street with a policeman at night sometimes, and would see the officer go through the motions of blowing a whistle. The whole neighborhood might echo with the shrill noise, but not a sound would reach him. That was bad, but it was a mere bagatelle compared with another thing that was the matter with him. The poor gentleman had the intellectual defect of being unable to see a joke, even when it took form in the newspaper of which he was editor. One day one of his reporters, in describing an egg of extra size, mentioned that it had all been laid by one hen. He sent for that reporter next day and asked him if he really supposed that two hens could lay a single egg between them.

That two inabilities so curiously analogous should coexist in the same person furnishes an almost irresistible opportunity for the construction of didactic parallels. It is worth noting that the unfortunate gentleman was at great pains to remedy his physical defect and to obviate its consequences, but his intellectual—or would you call it spiritual—infirmity he seems not to have attempted to cure. It shows how green our civilization still is, and how much the world has to learn, that no treatment has been devised to remedy a defective sense of humor. The deaf are taught to hear with their eyes, the dumb are taught to speak with their fingers and to talk actually with their vocal organs. If the blind have the least glimmer of light left to them the very utmost is made of it, but the man who cannot see a joke gets no help at all, and is exceptionally lucky if he even meets with sympathy. Let us hope it will not be so much longer; but that by hypnotism, or Christian Science, or some unexpected application of electricity, the seat of humor may be reached and quickened. Love is the great sweetener that makes living tolerable, and dying a good deal more comfortable than most people think; but after love, is there any other corrective of existence that is fit to compare with humor? It greases the wheels so! It makes so many burdens endurable that must have been crushing without it!

And if the lack of it is detrimental to anyone, it is so above all others to an American. It will not be seriously disputed that Americans have the sense of humor more generally developed than any other people (unless it is the Irish); but of all people they need it most, for the wear and tear of American life is prodigious, and the best friends of the American climate do not vaunt it as a conservator of energy. Irish humor owes its development, perhaps, to a protracted scarcity of the means of material enjoyment. Where people cannot find pleasure in what they possess, or what they consume, it behooves them to have what fun they may with what they think and say. And that the Irish do; as witness Mr. Frederic's report of a remark of Baron Dowse, who died last month,

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that it was better to have a small career in Ireland than a great one in England, because in Ireland when one said funny things people comprehended them, and that made life worth living.

Of course, when humor overflows its limits, and from being an aid to serious existence becomes its end, it loses its savor, and ceases to be of use. It is no longer humor, then, but something coarser and material. It is not the grease on the wheels any more, but the load on the wagon. It is with humor as it is with piety, it is liable to degenerate into self-worship, and then it is all up with it. "Very great is the difference," severely says Noah Porter, "whether we see through the disguise, the look of which the frivolous Bohemian can never rid himself, or the broad, swimming eyes of love with which Hood always looked through all his fun, or the sad earnestness into which Lamb relaxed as soon as he had stammered out his joke or his pun." Very great the difference, truly. The Publican may have brought his sense of humor with him when he came out of the temple, but the Pharisee didn't. His was lost; humor is inconsistent with his frame of mind.

While it may be necessary to recognize that men may fall short of a desirable standard of moral excellence without being wholly worthless, this must not win any toleration for Ouida's pleasing suggestion —made in a paper on Shelley in a recent magazine—that for men of genius there shall be no moral standard whatever. On Ouida's bookshelves there is probably the record of the life of an Italian person (Italian by adoption) who would have applauded this view and agreed with it from his heart. But alas, his name was Tito Melema! Ouida's strength has never been considered to lie in her ability to take sound and healthful views of human morals, and perhaps it does not matter much when her utterance on such subjects is wrong; but it was really not so difficult to say the right thing about Shelley's errors without resuscitating this venerable proposition, which no man of genius ever actually made in his own defence.

It takes some years to determine whether a man is a man of genius or not; and in the case of any given subject it may transpire after he has made fragments of the decalogue in his struggles to free his supposed genius from restraint, that he hasn't any genius at all, but only an eccentric order of misguided talent. Genius that comes to earth must accept us as it finds us; or, if it chooses to run counter to the laws which human experience has found to be necessary to the due regulation of human conduct, it must take the consequences. Reasonable restraint will not hinder it nearly as much as Ouida seems to fear. Where lawless indulgence has resulted in one masterpiece, stern self-denial can show a score; but if it were true that genius and decent morals were hopelessly antagonistic it would not be morals that the world could better spare.

Murder never helped the quality of Benvenuto Cellini's matchless work, but its consequences were a constant impediment to his industry. House-breaking was no invaluable source of inspiration to Villon. Our god-like Webster would have been a greater man still if he could have strengthened the relation between his expenses and his income. Genius is energy, power, perception—capacities that, uncontrolled by moral sense and law, make monsters—Frankensteins, not men. Burdens carried, trusts fulfilled, happiness compelled by being made a minor consideration—those are what make men; and discipline of that sort is as good for men of genius as it is for common clay. The greatest mission of a poet is to inspire other human souls with high thoughts that have been born in his own. Shelley delights, but does he inspire? It may be that if he could have exacted from himself the fidelity that we expect from ordinary good men, his song would have gained a quality that would have made it a strengthening inspiration to higher souls than Ouida's.

END OF VOLUME VII.

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